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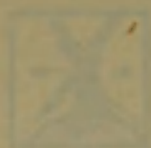


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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS  
THE FALL OF TROY  
PITHAGORAS  
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS





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# QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

## THE FALL OF TROY

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY  
ARTHUR S. WAY, D.Lit.



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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
DEPOSIT

THE FALL OF TROY  
SMYRNAES  
GILLES

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE  
SIEGE OF TROY



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## INTRODUCTION

HOMER'S *Iliad* begins towards the close of the last of the ten years of the Trojan War: its incidents extend over some fifty days only, and it ends with the burial of Hector. The things which came before and after were told by other bards, who between them narrated the whole "cycle" of the events of the war, and so were called the Cyclic Poets. Of their works none have survived; but the story of what befell between Hector's funeral and the taking of Troy is told in detail, and well told, in a poem about half as long as the *Iliad*. Some four hundred years after Christ there lived at Smyrna a poet of whom we know scarce anything, save that his first name was Quintus. He had saturated himself with the spirit of Homer, he had caught the ring of his music, and he perhaps had before him the works of those Cyclic Poets whose stars had paled before the sun.

We have practically no external evidence as to the date or place of birth of Quintus of Smyrna, or for the sources whence he drew his materials. His date is approximately settled by two passages in

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Now, it is just in describing such natural phenomena, and in blending them with the turmoil of battle, that Quintus is in his element; yet for such a scene he substitutes what is, by comparison, a lame and impotent conclusion. Of that awful cry that rang over the sea heralding the coming of Thetis and the Nymphs to the death-rites of her son, and the panic with which it filled the host, Quintus is silent. Again, Homer (*Od.* iv. 274–89) describes how Helen came in the night with Deiphobus, and stood by the Wooden Horse, and called to each of the hidden warriors with the voice of his own wife. This thrilling scene Quintus omits, and substitutes nothing of his own. Later on, he makes Menelaus slay Deiphobus unresisting, “heavy with wine,” whereas Homer (*Od.* viii. 517–20) makes him offer such a magnificent resistance, that Odysseus and Menelaus together could not kill him without the help of Athena. In fact, we may say that, though there are echoes of the *Iliad* all through the poem, yet, wherever Homer has, in the *Odyssey*, given the outline-sketch of an effective scene, Quintus has uniformly neglected to develop it, has sometimes substituted something much weaker—as though he had not the *Odyssey* before him!

For this we have no satisfactory explanation to offer. He *may* have set his own judgment above Homer—a most unlikely hypothesis: he may have been consistently following, in the framework of his story, some original now lost to us: there may be more, and longer, *lacunae* in the text than any

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editors have ventured to indicate: but, whatever theory we adopt, it must be based on mere conjecture.

The Greek text here given is that of Koechly (1850) with many of Zimmermann's emendations, which are acknowledged in the notes. Passages enclosed in square brackets are suggestions of Koechly for supplying the general sense of *lacunae*. Where he has made no such suggestion, or none that seemed to the editors to be adequate, the *lacuna* has been indicated by asterisks, though here too a few words have been added in the translation, sufficient to connect the sense.

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In the notes P = *Codex Purpurascens*.

v = *vulgata, plerorumque lectio*.





## BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE first MS. (*Codex Hydruntinus*) of the *Posthomericæ* ever discovered was found in the fifteenth century by Cardinal Bessarion in a convent at Otranto in Calabria, from which circumstance the poet has been named *Quintus Calaber*. This MS. has been lost, but many hasty and imperfect copies were early made of it.

The most ancient, and also the best, of the extant MSS. are the *Codex Parrhasianus*, which is complete, and the *Codex Monacensis*, which contains I.-III., IV. 1-10, and XII.

Next in value is the *Codex Venetus*, which is extant in a copy that belonged to Cardinal Bessarion. This MS. contains the *Iliad*, *Posthomericæ*, *Odyssey*, *Hymns*, and *Batrachomyomachia*.

### PRINCIPAL TEXTS AND COMMENTARIES.

The first printed edition was that of Aldus (*Venice*, 1504), compiled from various imperfect transcripts of the *Codex Hydruntinus*. A carefully collated edition was, after thirty years' critical study, produced by Rhodomann (*Hanover*, 1604). Tychsen's great revision appeared in 1807 (*Deux Ponts*); that of Lehrs (*Bibliothèque Diderot, Paris*) in 1839; that of Koechly, with *prolegomena* and commentary (*Leipsic*) in 1850; that of Zimmermann, with full *apparatus criticus*, in 1891 (*Teubner, Leipsic*).

### MONOGRAPHS, ETC.

Sainte-Beuve, *Quinte Smyrne* in *Études sur Virgile* (*Paris*, 1871).

Kemptgow, *De Quinti Smyrnaei fontibus* (*Kiel*, 1891).



# THE FALL OF TROY

## BOOK I

# ΚΟΙΝΤΟΥ

## ΤΩΝ ΜΕΘ ΟΜΗΡΟΝ

### ΛΟΓΟΣ ΠΡΩΤΟΣ

Εὐθ' ὑπὸ Πηλείωνι δάμῃ θεοεΐκελος Ἴκτωρ  
καὶ ἐπὶ πυρὴν κατέδαψε καὶ ὅστέα γαῖα κεκεύθει,  
δὴ τότε Τρῶες ἔμιμνον ἀνὰ Πριάμοιο πόλῃ  
δειδιότες μένος ἢ τὸ θρασύφρονος Αἰακίδαο·  
ἢ τ' ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι βόες βλοσυροῖο λέοντος 5  
ἐλθέμεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν ἐναντίαι, ἀλλὰ φέβονται  
ἰληδὸν πτώσσουσai ἀνὰ ῥωπήια πυκνά·  
ὥς οἱ ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ὑπέτρεσαν ὄβριμον ἄνδρα  
μνησάμενοι προτέρων, ὅπόσων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἴαψεν  
θύων Ἰδαίοιο περὶ προχοῇσι Σκαμάνδρου, 10  
ἢ δ' ὅσους φεύγοντας ὑπὸ μέγα τέϊχος ὄλεσεν,  
Ἴκτορά θ' ὥς ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀμφείρυσσε πόλῃ,  
ἄλλους θ' ὥς ἐδάϊξε δι' ἀκαμάτοιο θαλάσσης  
ὁππότε δὴ τὰ πρῶτα φέρε Τρῶεςσιν ὄλεθρον.  
τῶν οἳ γε μνησθέντες ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ἔμιμνον. 15  
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφίσι πένθος ἀνιηρὸν πεπότητο  
ὥς ἤδη στονόεντι καταιθομένης πυρὶ Τροίης.



# QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

## THE FALL OF TROY

### BOOK I

*How died for Troy the Queen of the Amazons,  
Penthesileia*

WHEN godlike Hector by Peleides slain  
Passed, and the pyre had ravined up his flesh,  
And earth had veiled his bones, the Trojans then  
Tarried in Priam's city, sore afraid  
Before the might of stout-heart Aeacus' son :  
As kine they were, that midst the copses shrink  
From faring forth to meet a lion grim,  
But in dense thickets terror-huddled cower ;  
So in their fortress shivered these to see  
That mighty man. Of those already dead  
They thought—of all whose lives he reft away  
As by Scamander's outfall on he rushed,  
And all that in mid-flight to that high wall  
He slew, how he quelled Hector, how he haled  
His corse round Troy ;—yea, and of all beside  
Laid low by him since that first day whereon  
O'er restless seas he brought the Trojans doom.  
Ay, all these they remembered, while they stayed  
Thus in their town, and o'er them anguished grief  
Hovered dark-winged, as though that very day  
All Troy with shrieks were crumbling down in fire.

Καὶ τότε Θερμώδοντος ἀπ' εὐρυπόροιο ῥεέθρων  
 ἤλυθε Πενθεσίλεια θεῶν ἐπιειμένη εἶδος,  
 ἄμφω καὶ στονόεντος ἐελδομένη πολέμοιο 20  
 καὶ μέγ' ἀλευαμένη στυγερὴν καὶ ἀεικέα φήμην,  
 μή τις ἐὼν κατὰ δῆμον ἐλεγχείησι χαλέψῃ  
 ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτης, ἧς εἵνεκα πένθος ἄεξεν,  
 Ἴππολύτης· τὴν γάρ ῥα κατέκτανε δουρὶ  
 κραταιῷ,  
 οὐ μὲν δὴ τι ἐκοῦσα, τιτυσκομένη δ' ἐλάφοιο· 25  
 τοῦνεκ' ἄρα Τροίης ἐρικυδέος ἵκετο γαῖαν·  
 πρὸς δ' ἔτι οἱ τότε θυμὸς ἀρήιος ὀρμαίνεσκεν,  
 ὄφρα καθηραμένη περὶ λύματα λυγρὰ φόνοιο  
 σμερδαλέας θυέεσσιν Ἐρινύας ἰλάσσηται,  
 αἷ οἱ ἀδελφειῆς κεχολωμένοι αὐτίχ' ἔποντο 30  
 ἄφραστοι· κεῖναι γὰρ αἰεὶ περὶ ποσσὶν ἀλιτρῶν  
 στρωφῶντ', οὐδέ τιν' ἐστὶ θεὰς ἀλιτόνθ' ὑπαλύξαι.  
 σὺν δέ οἱ ἄλλαι ἔποντο δυνάδεκα πᾶσαι ἀγαναί,  
 πᾶσαι ἐελδόμεναι πόλεμον καὶ ἀεικέα χάρμην,  
 αἷ οἱ δμῳίδες ἔσκον ἀγακλειταί περ' εὐοῦσαι· 35  
 ἀλλ' ἄρα πασάων μέγ' ὑπείρεχε Πενθεσίλεια·  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀν' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἐν ἀστράσι διὰ σελήνῃ  
 ἐκπρέπει ἐν πάντεσσιν ἀριζήλῃ γεγανῖα  
 αἰθέρος ἀμφιραγέντος ὑπὸ νεφέων ἐριδούπων,  
 εὖτ' ἀνέμων εὐδῆσι μένος μέγα λάβρον ἀέντων· 40  
 ὥς ἢ γ' ἐν πάσῃσι μετέπρεπεν ἐσσυμένησιν.  
 ἔνθ' ἄρ' ἔην Κλονίῃ Πολεμοῦσά τε Δηρινόῃ τε  
 Εὐάνδρῃ τε καὶ Ἀντάνδρῃ καὶ διὰ Βρέμουσα  
 ἠδὲ καὶ Ἴπποθόῃ, μετὰ δ' Ἀρμοθόῃ κυανῶπις  
 Ἀλκιβίῃ τε καὶ Ἀντιβρότῃ καὶ Δηριμάχεια, 45  
 τῇ δ' ἔπι Θερμώδωσα μέγ' ἔγχεϊ· κυδιόωσα·  
 τόσσαι ἄρ' ἀμφιέποντο δαΐφρονι Πενθεσιλείῃ·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then from Thermodon, from broad-sweeping  
streams,  
Came, clothed upon with beauty of Goddesses,  
Penthesileia—came athirst indeed  
For groan-resounding battle, but yet more  
Fleeing abhorred reproach and evil fame,  
Lest they of her own folk should rail on her  
Because of her own sister's death, for whom  
Ever her sorrows waxed, Hippolytè,  
Whom she had struck dead with her mighty spear,  
Not of her will—'twas at a stag she hurled.  
So came she to the far-famed land of Troy.  
Yea, and her warrior spirit pricked her on,  
Of murder's dread pollution thus to cleanse  
Her soul, and with such sacrifice to appease  
The Awful Ones, the Erinnyes, who in wrath  
For her slain sister straightway haunted her  
Unseen : for ever round the sinner's steps  
They hover ; none may 'scape those Goddesses.  
And with her followed twelve beside, each one  
A princess, hot for war and battle grim,  
Far-famous each, yet handmaids unto her :  
Penthesileia far outshone them all.  
As when in the broad sky amidst the stars  
The moon rides over all pre-eminent,  
When through the thunderclouds the cleaving  
heavens  
Open, when sleep the fury-breathing winds ;  
So peerless was she mid that charging host.  
Cloniè was there, Polemusa, Derinoè,  
Evandrè, and Antandrè, and Bremusa,  
Hippothoè, dark-eyed Harmothoè,  
Alcibiè, Derimacheia, Antibrotè,  
And Thermodosa glorying with the spear.  
All these to battle fared with warrior-souled  
Penthesileia : even as when descends

οἷη δ' ἀκαμάτοιο κατέρχεται Οὐλύμποιο  
 Ἥως μαρμαρέοισιν ἀγαλλομένη φρένας ἵπποις  
 Ὀράων μετ' εὐπλοκάμων, μετὰ δέ σφισι πάσης 50  
 ἐκπρέπει ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ἀμωμήτοις περ εἰούσης·  
 τοίη Πενθεσίλεια μόλεν ποτὶ Τρώιον ἄστν  
 ἔξοχος ἐν πάσῃσιν Ἀμαζόσιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες  
 πάντοθεν ἐσσύμενοι μέγ' ἐθάμβεον, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο  
 Ἄρεος ἀκαμάτοιο βαθυκνήμιδα θύγατρα 55  
 εἰδομένην μακάρεσσιν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ  
 ἄμφω σμερδαλέον τε καὶ ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ὀρώρει,

\* \* \* \* \*

μειδιόωσ' ἐρατεινόν, ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δ' ἱμερόεντες  
 ὀφθαλμοὶ μάρμαιρον ἀλίγκιον ἀκτίνεσσιν,  
 αἰδῶς δ' ἀμφερύθηνε παρήια, τῶν δ' ἐφύπερθε 60  
 θεσπεσίη ἐπέκειτο χάρις καταειμένη ἀλκήν.

Λαοὶ δ' ἀμφεγάννυντο καὶ ἀχνύμενοι τὸ πάροιθεν·  
 ὥς δ' ὁπότε θρήσαντες ἀπ' οὐρεος ἀγροῖῳται  
 Ἴριν ἀνεγρομένην ἐξ εὐρυπόροιο θαλάσσης,  
 ὄμβρου ὅτ' ἰσχανόωσι θεουδέος, ὁππότε ἄλῳαί 65  
 ἤδη ἀπαυαίνονται ἐελδόμεναι Διὸς ὕδωρ,  
 ὁψὲ δ' ὑπηχλύνθη μέγας οὐρανός, οἱ δ' ἐσιδόντες  
 ἐσθλὸν σῆμ' ἀνέμοιο καὶ ὑετοῦ ἐγγὺς ἔοντος  
 χαίρουσιν, τὸ πάροιθεν ἐπιστενάχοντες ἀρούραις·  
 ὥς ἄρα Τρῳῆοι υἷες, ὅτ' ἔδρακον ἔνδοθι πάτρης 70  
 δεινὴν Πενθεσίλειαν ἐπὶ πτόλεμον μεμαυῖαν,  
 γήθεον· ἐλπῳρὴ γὰρ ὅτ' ἐς φρένας ἀνδρὸς ἵκηται  
 ἀμφ' ἀγαθοῦ, στονόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνει κακότητα.  
 τοῦνεκα καὶ Πριάμοιο νόος πολέα στενάχοντος  
 καὶ μέγ' ἀκηχεμένοιο περὶ φρεσὶ τυτθὸν ἰάνθη 75  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἀλαοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασι πολλὰ μογήσας  
 ἰμείρων ἰδέειν ἱερὸν φάος ἢ θανέεσθαι



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Dawn from Olympus' crest of adamant,  
Dawn, heart-exultant in her radiant steeds  
Amidst the bright-haired Hours ; and o'er them all,  
How flawless-fair soever these may be,  
Her splendour of beauty glows pre-eminent ;  
So peerless amid all the Amazons  
Unto Troy-town Penthesileia came.  
To right, to left, from all sides hurrying thronged  
The Trojans, greatly marvelling, when they saw  
The tireless War-god's child, the mailèd maid,  
Like to the Blessèd Gods ; for in her face  
Glowed beauty glorious and terrible.  
Her smile was ravishing : beneath her brows  
Her love-enkindling eyes shone like to stars,  
And with the crimson rose of shamefastness  
Bright were her cheeks, and mantled over them  
Unearthly grace with battle-prowess clad.

Then joyed Troy's folk, despite past agonies,  
As when, far-gazing from a height, the hinds  
Behold a rainbow spanning the wide sea,  
When they be yearning for the heaven-sent shower,  
When the parched fields be craving for the rain ;  
Then the great sky at last is overgloomed,  
And men see that fair sign of coming wind  
And imminent rain, and seeing, they are glad,  
Who for their corn-fields' plight sore sighed before ;  
Even so the sons of Troy when they beheld  
There in their land Penthesileia dread  
Afire for battle, were exceeding glad ;  
For when the heart is thrilled with hope of good,  
All smart of evils past is wiped away :  
So, after all his sighing and his pain,  
Gladdened a little while was Priam's soul.  
As when a man who hath suffered many a pang  
From blinded eyes, sore longing to behold  
The light, and, if he may not, fain would die,

ἡ πόνῳ ἰητῆρος ἀμύμονος ἡὲ θεοῖο  
 ὄμματ' ἀπαχλύσαντος ἴδῃ φάος ἠριγενείης,  
 οὐ μὲν ὅσον τὸ πάροιθεν, ὅμως δ' ἄρα βαιὸν ἰάνθη 80  
 πολλῆς ἐκ κακότητος, ἔχει δ' ἔτι πῆματος ἄλγος  
 αἶνόν ὑπὸ βλεφάροισι λελειμμένον· ὥς ἄρα δεινὴν  
 υἱὸς Λαομέδοντος ἐσέδρακε Πενθεσίλειαν·  
 παῦρον μὲν γήθησε, τὸ δὲ πλεόν εἰσέτι παίδων  
 ἄχυντ' ἀποκταμένων. ἄγε δ' εἰς ἐὰ δώματ' ἀνασσαν, 85  
 καί μιν προφρονέως τίεν ἔμπεδον εὖτε θύγατρα  
 τηλόθι νοστήσασαν ἐεικοστῷ λυκάβαντι,  
 καί οἱ δόρπον ἔτευξε πανείδατον, οἶον ἔδουσι  
 κυδάλιμοι βασιλῆες, ὅτ' ἔθνεα δηώσαντες  
 δαίνυντ' ἐν θαλίῃσιν ἀγαλλόμενοι περὶ νίκης· 90  
 δῶρα δέ οἱ πόρε καλὰ καὶ ὄλβια, πολλὰ δ' ὑπέστη  
 δωσέμεν, ἣν Τρώεσσι δαῖζομένοις ἐπαμύνη.  
 ἡ δ' ἄρ' ὑπέσχετο ἔργον, ὃ οὐποτε θνητὸς ἐώλπει,  
 δηώσειν Ἀχιλῆα καὶ εὐρέα λαὸν ὀλέσσειν  
 Ἀργείων, πυρσὸν δὲ νεῶν καθύπερθε βαλέσθαι· 95  
 νηπίῃ· οὐδέ τι ἤδη εὐμμελίην Ἀχιλῆα,  
 ὅσσον ὑπέρτατος ἦεν ἐνὶ φθισήνορι χάρμη.

Τῆς δ' ὥς οὖν ἐπάκουσεν ἐὺς παῖς Ἡετίωνος  
 Ἀνδρομάχη, μάλα τοῖα φίλῳ προσελέξατο θυμῷ·  
 “ ἂ δειλὴ, τί νυ τόσσα μέγα φρονέουσ' ἀγορεύεις; 100  
 οὐ γάρ τοι σθένος ἐστὶν ἀταρβεῖ Πηλεῖωνι  
 μάρνασθ', ἀλλὰ σοὶ ὦκα φόνον καὶ λοιγὸν ἐφήσει.  
 λευγαλέη, τί μέμνηας ἀνὰ φρένας; ἡ νύ τοι ἄγχι  
 ἔστηκεν Θανάτοιο τέλος καὶ δαίμονος Αἴσα.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then at the last, by a cunning leech's skill,  
Or by a God's grace, sees the dawn-rose flush,  
Sees the mist rolled back from before his eyes,—  
Yea, though clear vision come not as of old,  
Yet, after all his anguish, joys to have  
Some small relief, albeit the stings of pain  
Prick sharply yet beneath his eyelids ;—so  
Joyed the old king to see that terrible queen—  
The shadowy joy of one in anguish whelmed  
For slain sons. Into his halls he led the Maid,  
And with glad welcome honoured her, as one  
Who greets a daughter to her home returned  
From a far country in the twentieth year ;  
And set a feast before her, sumptuous  
As battle-glorious kings, who have brought low  
Nations of foes, array in splendour of pomp,  
With hearts in pride of victory triumphing.  
And gifts he gave her costly and fair to see,  
And pledged him to give many more, so she  
Would save the Trojans from the imminent doom.  
And she—such deeds she promised as no man  
Had hoped for, even to lay Achilles low,  
To smite the wide host of the Argive men,  
And cast the brands red-flaming on the ships.  
Ah fool !—but little knew she him, the lord  
Of ashen spears, how far Achilles' might  
In warrior-wasting strife o'erpassed her own !

But when Andromache, the stately child  
Of king Eetion, heard the wild queen's vaunt,  
Low to her own soul bitterly murmured she :  
“ Ah hapless ! why with arrogant heart dost thou  
Speak such great swelling words ? No strength is thine  
To grapple in fight with Peleus' aweless son.  
Nay, doom and swift death shall he deal to thee.  
Alas for thee ! What madness thrills thy soul ?  
Fate and the end of death stand hard by thee !

Ἐκτωρ γὰρ σέο πολλὸν ὑπέρτερος ἔπλετο δουρί· 105  
ἀλλ' ἐδάμῃ κρατερός περ ἐὼν, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε

Τρῶας,

οἳ ἐ θεὸν ὥς πάντες ἀνὰ πτόλιν εἰσορόωντο·  
καί μοι ἔην μέγα κῦδος ἰδ' ἀντιθέοις τοκέεσσι  
ζωὸς ἐὼν· ὥς εἴ με χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα κεκεύθει,  
πρὶν ἐ δι' ἀνθερεῶνος ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι. 110  
νῦν δ' ἄρ' ἀάσπετον ἄλγος οἷζυρῶς ἐσάθρησα,  
κεῖνον ὅτ' ἀμφὶ πόλῃα ποδώκεες εἵρουν ἵπποι  
ἀργαλέως Ἀχιλῆος, ὃ μ' ἀνέρος εὖνιν ἔθηκε  
κουριδίου, τό μοι αἰνὸν ἄχος πέλει ἤματα πάντα."

Ὡς φάθ' ἐὼν κατὰ θυμὸν ἐϋσφυρος Ἡετιῶν 115  
μνησαμένη πόσιος· μάλα γὰρ μέγα πένθος ἀέξει  
ἀνδρὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο σαόφροσι θηλυτέρησιν.

Ἡέλιος δὲ θεῶσιν ἐλίσσόμενος περὶ δίνης  
δύσατ' ἐς ὠκεανοῖο βαθὺν ῥόον, ἥνυτο δ' ἡώς.  
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ παύσαντο ποτοῦ δαιτός· τ' ἐρατεινῆς, 120  
δὴ τότε που δμῳαὶ στόρεσαν θυμῆρεα λέκτρα  
ἐν Πριάμοιο δόμοισι θρασύφρονι Πενθεσιλείῃ·  
ἡ δὲ κιούσ' εὐδεσκεν· ὕπνος δέ οἱ ὅσσε κάλυψε  
νήδυμος ἀμφιπεσών· μόλε δ' αἰθέρος ἐξ ὑπάτοιο  
Παλλάδος ἐννεσίῃσι μένος δολόεντος Ὀνείρου, 125  
ὅππως μιν λεύσσουσα κακὸν Τρῶεσσι γένηται  
οἱ τ' αὐτῇ, μεμανῖα ποτὶ πτολέμου στροφάλιγγα.<sup>1</sup>  
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ὥρμαινε δαΐφρων Τριτογένεια·  
τῇ δ' ἄρα λυγρὸς Ὀνειρος ἐφίστατο πατρὶ ἐοικώς,  
καὶ μιν ἐποτρύνεσκε ποδάρκεος αὐτ' Ἀχιλῆος 130

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for πτολέμοιο φάλαγγας of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Hector was mightier far to wield the spear  
Than thou, yet was for all his prowess slain,  
Slain for the bitter grief of Troy, whose folk  
The city through looked on him as a God.  
My glory and his noble parents' glory  
Was he while yet he lived—O that the earth  
Over my dead face had been mounded high,  
Or ever through his throat the breath of life  
Followed the cleaving spear ! But now have I  
Looked—woe is me !—on grief unutterable,  
When round the city those fleet-footed steeds  
Haled him, steeds of Achilles, who had made  
Me widowed of mine hero-husband, made  
My portion bitterness through all my days.”

So spake Eetion's lovely-ankled child  
Low to her own soul, thinking on her lord.  
So evermore the faithful-hearted wife  
Nurseth for her lost love undying grief.

Then in swift revolution sweeping round  
Into the Ocean's deep stream sank the sun,  
And daylight died. So when the banqueters  
Ceased from the wine-cup and the goodly feast,  
Then did the handmaids spread in Priam's halls  
For Penthesileia dauntless-souled the couch  
Heart-cheering, and she laid her down to rest ;  
And slumber mist-like overveiled her eyes [depths  
Like sweet dew dropping round. From heavens' blue  
Slid down the might of a deceitful dream  
At Pallas' hest, that so the warrior-maid  
Might see it, and become a curse to Troy  
And to herself, when strained her soul to meet  
The whirlwind of the battle. In this wise  
The Triton-born, the subtle-souled, contrived :  
Stood o'er the maiden's head that baleful dream  
In likeness of her father, kindling her  
Fearlessly front to front to meet in fight

θαρσαλέως μάρνασθαι ἐναντίον· ἡ δ' αἶψα  
 γήθεεν ἐν φρεσὶ πάμπαν· οἷσσαντο γὰρ μέγα ἔργον  
 ἐκτελέσειν αὐτῆμαρ ἀνὰ μόθον ὀκρυόεντα·  
 νηπίη· ἡ ῥ' ἐπίθησεν οἷζυρῶ περ' Ὀνείρῳ  
 ἐσπερίῳ, ὃς φύλα πολυτλήτων ἀνθρώπων  
 θέλγει ἐνὶ λεχέεσσιν ἄδην ἐπικέρτομα βάζων,  
 ὃς μιν ἄρ' ἐξαπάφησεν ἐποτρύνων πονέεσθαι.

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Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐπόρουσε ῥοδόσφυρος ἠριγένεια,  
 δὴ τότε Πενθεσίλεια μέγ' ἐνθεμένη φρεσὶ κάρτος  
 ἐξ εὐνῆς ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ἀμφ' ὥμοισιν ἔδυνε  
 τεύχεα δαιδαλόεντα, τά οἱ θεὸς ὥπασεν Ἄρης.  
 πρῶτα μὲν ἄρ' κνήμησιν ἐπ' ἀργυφῆσιν ἔθηκε  
 κνημίδας χρυσέας, αἷ οἱ ἔσαν εὖ ἀραρυῖαι·  
 ἔσσαντο δ' αὖ θώρηκα παναίολον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὥμοις  
 θήκατο κυδιόωσα μέγα ξίφος, ᾧ πέρι πάντη  
 κουλεὸς εὖ ἦσκητο δι' ἀργύρου ἡδ' ἐλέφαντος·  
 ἂν δ' ἔλετ' ἀσπίδα δῖαν ἀλίγκιον ἄντυγι μῆνης,  
 ἡ θ' ὑπὲρ ὠκεανοῖο βαθυρρόου ἀντέλλησιν  
 ἥμισυ πεπληθυῖα περὶ γναμπτῆσι κεραίῃς·  
 τοίη μαρμαίρεσκεν ἀάσπετον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κρατὶ  
 θῆκε κόρυν κομόωσαν ἐθείρησι χρυσέῃσιν·  
 ὥς ἡ μὲν μορόεντα περὶ χροῖ θήκατο τεύχη.  
 ἀστεροπῇ δ' ἀτάλαντος εἶδετο, τὴν ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου  
 ἐς γαῖαν προΐησι Διὸς μένος ἀκαμάτοιο  
 δεικνὺς ἀνθρώποισι μένος βαρυηχέος ὄμβρου  
 ἡὲ πολυρροίζων ἀνέμων ἄλληκτον ἰωήν.

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## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Fleetfoot Achilles. And she heard the voice,  
And all her heart exulted, for she weened  
That she should on that dawning day achieve  
A mighty deed in battle's deadly toil—  
Ah, fool, who trusted for her sorrow a dream  
Out of the sunless land, such as beguiles  
Full oft the travail-burdened tribes of men,  
Whispering mocking lies in sleeping ears,  
And to the battle's travail lured her then !

But when the Dawn, the rosy-ankled, leapt  
Up from her bed, then, clad in mighty strength  
Of spirit, suddenly from her couch uprose  
Penthesileia. Then did she array  
Her shoulders in those wondrous-fashioned arms  
Given her of the War-god. First she laid  
Beneath her silver-gleaming knees the greaves  
Fashioned of gold, close-clipping the strong limbs.  
Her rainbow-radiant corslet clasped she then  
About her, and around her shoulders slung,  
With glory in her heart, the massy brand  
Whose shining length was in a scabbard sheathed  
Of ivory and silver. Next, her shield  
Unearthly splendid, caught she up, whose rim  
Swelled like the young moon's arching chariot-rail  
When high o'er Ocean's fathomless-flowing stream  
She rises, with the space half filled with light  
Betwixt her bowing horns. So did it shine  
Unutterably fair. Then on her head  
She settled the bright helmet overstreamed  
With a wild mane of golden-glistening hairs.  
So stood she, lapped about with flaming mail,  
In semblance like the lightning, which the might,  
The never-wearied might of Zeus, to earth  
Hurleth, what time he showeth forth to men  
Fury of thunderous-roaring rain, or swoop  
Resistless of his shouting host of winds.



αὐτίκα δ' ἐγκονέουσα διὲκ μεγάροιο νέεσθαι  
 δοιοὺς εἴλετ' ἄκοντας ὑπ' ἀσπίδα, δεξιτερῇ δὲ  
 βουπλήγ' ἀμφίτυπον, τόν οἱ Ἔρις ὥπασε δεινὴ  
 θυμοβόρου πολέμοιο πελώριον ἔμμεναι ἄλκαρ. 160  
 τῷ ἐπικαγχαλώωσα τάχ' ἤλυθεν ἔκτοθι πύργων  
 Τρῶας ἐποτρύνουσα μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν  
 ἐλθέμεναι· τοὶ δ' ὦκα συναγρόμενοι πεπíθοντο  
 ἄνδρες ἀριστῆες, καίπερ πάρος οὐκ ἐθέλοντες  
 στήμεναι ἄντ' Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ γὰρ περιδάμνατο  
 πάντας. 165

ἡ δ' ἄρα κυδιάασκεν ἀάσχετον· ἔξετο δ' ἵππῳ  
 καλῷ, ὠκυτάτῳ, τόν οἱ ἄλοχος Βορέας  
 ὥπασεν Ὠρεΐθυια πάρος Θρήκηνδε κιούση  
 ξείνιον, ὃς τε θοῇσι μετέπρεπεν Ἀρπυίῃσι.  
 τῷ ῥα τόθ' ἐξομένη λίπεν ἄστεος αἰπὰ μέλαθρα 170  
 ἐσθλὴ Πενθεσίλεια· λυγραὶ δέ μιν ὀτρύνεσκον  
 Κῆρες ὁμῶς πρώτην τε καὶ ὑστατίην ἐπὶ δῆριν  
 ἐλθέμεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες ἀνοστήτοισι πόδεσσι  
 πολλοὶ ἔποντ' ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀναιδέα τλήμονι κούρη  
 ἰλαδόν, ἡὔτε μῆλα μετὰ κτίλον, ὃς θ' ἅμα πάντων 175  
 νισσομένων προθέησι δαημοσύνησι νομῆος·  
 ὥς ἄρα τῇ γ' ἐφέποντο βίῃ μέγα μαιμώνωντες  
 Τρῶες εὖσθενέες καὶ Ἀμαζόνες ὀβριμόθυμοι.  
 ἡ δ' οἷη Τριτωνίς, ὅτ' ἤλυθεν ἄντα Γιγάντων,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then in hot haste forth of her bower to pass  
Caught she two javelins in the hand that grasped  
Her shield-band; but her strong right hand laid  
hold

On a huge halberd, sharp of either blade,  
Which terrible Eris gave to Ares' child  
To be her Titan weapon in the strife  
That raveneth souls of men. Laughing for glee  
Thereover, swiftly flashed she forth the ring  
Of towers. Her coming kindled all the sons  
Of Troy to rush into the battle forth  
Which crowneth men with glory. Swiftly all  
Hearkened her gathering-cry, and thronging came,  
Champions, yea, even such as theretofore  
Shrank back from standing in the ranks of war  
Against Achilles the all-ravager.

But she—in pride of triumph on she rode  
Throned on a goodly steed and fleet, the gift  
Of Oreithyia, the wild North-wind's bride,  
Given to her guest the warrior-maid, what time  
She came to Thrace, a steed whose flying feet  
Could match the Harpies' wings. Riding thereon  
Penthesileia in her goodlihead  
Left the tall palaces of Troy behind.

And ever were the ghastly-visaged Fates  
Thrusting her on into the battle, doomed  
To be her first against the Greeks—and last!  
To right, to left, with unreturning feet  
The Trojan thousands followed to the fray,  
The pitiless fray, that death-doomed warrior-maid,  
Followed in throngs, as follow sheep the ram  
That by the shepherd's art strides before all.  
So followed they, with battle-fury filled,  
Strong Trojans and wild-hearted Amazons.  
And like Tritonis seemed she, as she went  
To meet the Giants, or as flasheth far

ἥ Ἐρις ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἄτσοῦσα, 180  
τοίῃ ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι θοῇ πέλε Πενθεσίλεια.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Κρονίῳνι πολυτλήτους ἀναείρας  
χεῖρας Λαομέδοντος εὔς γόνος ἀφνειοῖο  
εὔχετ' ἐς ἱερὸν αἰπὺ τετραμμένος Ἰδαίοιο  
Ζηνός, ὃς Ἴλιον αἰὲν ἐοῖς ἐπιδέρκεται ὅσσοις· 185  
“ κλῦθι, πάτερ, καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαικὸν ἥματι τῷδε  
δὸς πεσέειν ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀρηιάδος βασιλείης,  
καὶ δ' αὖ μιν παλίνορσον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα σώωσον  
ἄζόμενος τεὸν νῖα πελώριον ὄβριμον Ἄρην,  
αὐτὴν θ', οὐνεκ' ἔοικεν ἐπουρανίησι θεῇσιν 190  
ἐκπάγλως, καὶ σείο θεοῦ γένος ἐστὶ γενέθλης.  
αἰδεσθαὶ δ' ἐμὸν ἦτορ, ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ τέτληκα  
παίδων ὀλλυμένων, οὓς μοι περὶ Κῆρες ἔμαρψαν  
Ἀργείων παλάμησι κατὰ στόμα δηιοτήτος·  
αἶδεο δ', ἕως ἔτι παῦροι ἀφ' αἵματός εἰμεν ἀγαυοῦ 195  
Δαρδάνου, ἕως ἀδάϊκτος ἔτι πτόλις, ὅφρα καὶ ἡμεῖς  
ἐκ φόνου ἀργαλέοιο καὶ Ἄρεος ἀμπνεύσωμεν.”

Ἦ ῥα μέγ' εὐχόμενος· τῷ δ' αἰετὸς ὄξυ κεκληγῶς  
ἦδη ἀποπνεύουσαν ἔχων ὀνύχεσσι πέλειαν  
ἐσσυμένως οἴμησεν ἀριστερός· ἀμφὶ δὲ θυμῷ 200  
τάρβησε Πριάμοιο νόος, φάτο δ' οὐκέτ' ἀθρήσειν  
ζωὴν Πενθεσίλειαν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο κιοῦσαν·  
καὶ τὸ μὲν ὥς ἡμελλον ἐτήτυμον ἥματι κείνῳ  
Κῆρες ὑπεκτελέειν· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἄχυντο θυμὸν ἐαγῶς.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Through war-hosts Eris, waker of onset-shouts.  
So mighty in the Trojans' midst she seemed,  
Penthesileia of the flying feet.

Then unto Cronos' Son Laomedon's child  
Upraised his hands, his sorrow-burdened hands,  
Turning him toward the sky-encountering fane  
Of Zeus of Ida, who with sleepless eyes  
Looks ever down on Ilium ; and he prayed :  
“ Father, give ear ! Vouchsafe that on this day  
Achaëa's host may fall before the hands  
Of this our warrior-queen, the War-god's child ;  
And do thou bring her back unscathed again  
Unto mine halls : we pray thee by the love  
Thou bear'st to Ares of the fiery heart  
Thy son, yea, to her also !—is she not  
Most wondrous like the heavenly Goddesses ?  
And is she not the child of thine own seed ?  
Pity my stricken heart withal ! Thou know'st  
All agonies I have suffered in the deaths  
Of dear sons whom the Fates have torn from me  
By Argive hands in the devouring fight.  
Compassionate us, while a remnant yet  
Remains of noble Dardanus' blood, while yet  
This city stands unwasted ! Let us know  
From ghastly slaughter and strife one breathing-  
space ! ”

In passionate prayer he spake :—lo, with shrill  
scream

Swiftly to left an eagle darted by  
And in his talons bare a gasping dove.  
Then round the heart of Priam all the blood  
Was chilled with fear. Low to his soul he said :  
“ Ne'er shall I see return alive from war  
Penthesileia ! ” On that selfsame day  
The Fates prepared his boding to fulfil ;  
And his heart brake with anguish of despair.

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐθάμβεον, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο 205  
 Τρῶας ἐπεσσυμένους καὶ Ἀρηίδα Πενθεσίλειαν,  
 τοὺς μὲν δὴ θήρεσσιν ἐοικότας, οἳ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
 ποίμνης εἰροπόκοισι φόνον στονόεντα φέρουσι,  
 τὴν δὲ πυρὸς ῥιπῇ ἐναλίγκιον, ἥ τ' ἐπὶ θάμνοισι  
 μαίνεται ἄζαλέοισιν ἐπειγομένου ἀνέμοιο· 210

καὶ τις ἄμ' ἀγρομένοισιν ἔπος ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπεν·  
 “ τίς δὴ Τρῶας ἔγειρε μεθ' Ἑκτορα δηωθέντα,  
 οὓς φάμεν οὐκέτι νῶιν ὑπαντιάσειν μεμαῶτας ;  
 νῦν δ' ἄφαρ ἀτσοῦσι λιλαιόμενοι μέγα χάρμης.  
 καὶ νύ τις ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐποτρύνει πονέεσθαι· 215  
 φαῖης κεν θεὸν ἔμμεν, ἐπεὶ μέγα μῆδεται ἔργον.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε θάρσος ἅατον ἐνὶ στέρνοισι λαβόντες  
 ἀλκῆς μνησώμεσθα δαῖφρονος· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡμεῖς  
 νόσφι θεῶν Τρώεσσι μαχησόμεθ' ἡματι τῷδε.”

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δὲ φαεινὰ περὶ σφίσι τεύχεα  
 θέντες 220

νηῶν ἐξεχέοντο μένος καταειμένοι ὤμοις·  
 σὺν δ' ἔβαλον θήρεσσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοβόροισι  
 δῆριν ἐς αἱματόεσσαν, ὁμοῦ δ' ἔχον ἔντεα καλά,  
 ἔγχεα καὶ θώρηκας εὖσθενέας τε βοείας  
 καὶ κόρυθας βριαράς, ἕτερος δ' ἑτέρου χροῖα χαλκῷ 225  
 τύπτον ἀπηλεγέως· τὸ δ' ἐρέυθετο Τρώιον οὐδας.

Ἐνθ' ἔλε Πενθεσίλεια Μολίονα Περσινόον τε  
 Εἰλίσσον τε καὶ Ἀντίθεον καὶ ἀγήνορα Λέρνον  
 Ἴππαλμόν τε καὶ Αἰμονίδην κρατερόν τ' Ἑλάσ-  
 ιππον·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Marvelled the Argives, far across the plain  
Seeing the hosts of Troy charge down on them,  
And midst them Penthesileia, Ares' child.  
These seemed like ravening beasts that mid the hills  
Bring grimly slaughter to the fleecy flocks ;  
And she, as a rushing blast of flame she seemed  
That maddeneth through the copses summer-  
scorched,

When the wind drives it on ; and in this wise  
Spake one to other in their mustering host :  
“ Who shall this be who thus can rouse to war  
The Trojans, now that Hector hath been slain—  
These who, we said, would never more find heart  
To stand against us ? Lo now, suddenly  
Forth are they rushing, madly afire for fight !  
Sure, in their midst some great one kindleth them  
To battle's toil ! Thou verily wouldst say  
This were a God, of such great deeds he dreams !  
Go to, with aweless courage let us arm  
Our own breasts : let us summon up our might  
In battle-fury. We shall lack not help  
Of Gods this day to close in fight with Troy.”

So cried they ; and their flashing battle-gear  
Cast they about them : forth the ships they poured  
Clad in the rage of fight as with a cloak.  
Then front to front their battles closed, like beasts  
Of ravin, locked in tangle of gory strife.  
Clanged their bright mail together, clashed the  
spears,

The corslets, and the stubborn-welded shields  
And adamant helms. Each stabbed at other's flesh  
With the fierce brass : was neither ruth nor rest,  
And all the Trojan soil was crimson-red.

Then first Penthesileia smote and slew  
Molion ; now Persinous falls, and now  
Eilissus ; reeled Antitheus 'neath her spear :

Δηρινόη δ' ἔλε Λαογόνον, Κλονίη δὲ Μένιππον, 230  
ὅς ῥα πάρος Φυλακῆθεν ἐφέσπετο Πρωτεσιλάῳ,  
ὅππως κε Τρώεσσιν ἐϋσθενέεσσι μάχεται.

τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀποφθιμένοιο Ποδάρκει θυμὸς ὀρίνθη  
Ἴφικληιάδῃ· τὸν γὰρ μέγα φίλαθ' ἐταίρων·  
αἴψα δ' ὃ γ' ἀντιθέην Κλονίην βάλε, τῆς δὲ διαπρὸ 235  
ἦλθε δόρυ στιβαρὸν κατὰ νηδύος, ἐκ δέ οἱ ὦκα  
δουρὶ χύθη μέλαν αἷμα, συνέσπετο δ' ἔγκατα πάντα·  
τῆς δ' ἄρα Πενθεσίλεια χολώσατο, καί ῥα  
Ποδάρκεα

οὔτασεν ἐς μῦθον παχὺν περιμήκει δουρὶ  
χειρὸς δεξιτερῆς, διὰ δὲ φλέβας αἱματοέσσας 240  
κέρσε, μέλαν δέ οἱ αἷμα δι' ἔλκεος οὔταμένοιο  
ἔβλυσεν ἐσσυμένως· ὃ δ' ἄρα στενάχων ἀπόρουσεν  
εἰσοπίσω· μάλα γάρ οἱ ἐδάμνατο θυμὸν ἀνίη·  
τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀπεσσυμένοιο ποθὴ Φυλάκεσσιν ἐτύχθη  
ἄσπετος· ὅς δ' ἄρα βαιὸν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο λιασθεὶς 245  
κάτθανε καρπαλίμως σφετέρων ἐν χερσὶν ἐταίρων.  
Ἰδομενεὺς δὲ Βρέμουσαν ἐνήρατο δούρατι τύφας  
δεξιτερὸν παρὰ μαζόν, ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἔλυσεν·  
ἣ δ' ἔπεσεν μελίῃ ἐναλίγκιος, ἦν τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
δουροτόμοι τέμνουσιν ὑπείροχον, ἣ δ' ἀλεγεινὸν 250  
ῥοίζον ὁμῶς καὶ δοῦπον ἐρειπομένη προΐησιν·  
ὥς ἣ ἀνοιμῶξασα πέσεν, τῆς δ' ἄψα πάντα  
λῦσε μόρος, ψυχὴ δ' ἐμίγη πολυαέσιν αὔραις.  
Εὐάνδρην δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἰδὲ Θερμῶδωσαν  
εἶλεν ἐπεσσυμένας ὁλοὴν ἀνὰ δημοτῆτα 255



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

The pride of Lernus quelled she : down she bore  
Hippalmus 'neath her horse-hoofs ; Haemon's son  
Died ; withered stalwart Elasippus' strength.  
And Derinoè laid low Laogonus,  
And Cloniè Menippus, him who sailed  
Long since from Phylace, led by his lord  
Protesilaus to the war with Troy.  
Then was Podarces, son of Iphiclus,  
Heart-wrung with ruth and wrath to see him lie  
Dead, of all battle-comrades best-beloved.  
Swiftly at Cloniè he hurled, the maid  
Fair as a Goddess : plunged the unswerving lance  
'Twixt hip and hip, and rushed the dark blood forth  
After the spear, and all her bowels gushed out.  
Then wroth was Penthesileia ; through the brawn  
Of his right arm she drave the long spear's point,  
She shore atwain the great blood-brimming veins,  
And through the wide gash of the wound the gore  
Spirted, a crimson fountain. With a groan  
Backward he sprang, his courage wholly quelled  
By bitter pain ; and sorrow and dismay  
Thrilled, as he fled, his men of Phylace.  
A short way from the fight he reeled aside,  
And in his friends' arms died in little space.  
Then with his lance Idomeneus thrust out,  
And by the right breast stabbed Bremusa. Stilled  
For ever was the beating of her heart.  
She fell, as falls a graceful-shafted pine  
Hewn mid the hills by woodmen : heavily,  
Sighing through all its boughs, it crashes down.  
So with a wailing shriek she fell, and death  
Unstrung her every limb : her breathing soul  
Mingled with multitudinous-sighing winds.  
Then, as Evandrè through the murderous fray  
With Thermodosa rushed, stood Meriones,  
A lion in the path, and slew : his spear

τῇ μὲν ἄρ' ἐς κραδίην ἐλάσας δόρυ, τῇ δ' ὑπὸ νηδὺν  
φάσγανον ἐγχρίμψας· τὰς δ' ἐσσυμένως λίπεν  
αἰών.

Δηρινόην δ' ἐδάμασσε· Ὀϊλέος ὄβριμος υἱὸς  
ἔγχεϊ ὀκριόεντι διὰ κληῖδα τυχήσας.

Ἄλκιβίης δ' ἄρα Τυδεΐδης καὶ Δηριμαχείης 260

ἄμφω κρᾶτ' ἀπέκοψε σὺν αὐχέσιν ἄχρις ἐπ' ὤμους  
ἄορι λευγαλέῃ· ταὶ δ' ἡὔτε πόρτιες ἄμφω  
κάππεσον, ἅς τ' αἰζήσας ἄφαρ ψυχῆς ἀπαμέρση  
κόψας αὐχενίους στιβαρῶ βουπλήγι τένοντας·

ὥς αἱ Τυδεΐδαο πέσον παλάμησι δαμῆσαι 265

Τρώων ἄμ πεδίον σφετέρων ἀπὸ νόσφι καρήνων.  
τῇσι δ' ἔπι Σθένελος κρατερὸν κατέπεφνε Κάβειρον,  
ὃς κίεν ἐκ Σηστοῖο λιλαιόμενος πολεμίζειν  
Ἀργείοις, οὐδ' αὖθις ἔην νοστήσατο πάτρην.

τοῦ δὲ Πάρις κραδίην ἐχολώσατο δηωθέντος, 270

καί ῥ' ἔβαλε Σθενέλοιο καταντίον· οὐδ' ἄρα τὸν γε  
οὔτασεν ἐσσύμενός περ, ἀπεπλάγχθη γὰρ οἷστος  
ἄλλῃ, ὅπῃ μιν Κῆρες ἀμείλιχοι ἰθύνεσκον·

κτεῖνε δ' ἄρ' ἐσσυμένως Εὐήνορα χαλκεομίτρην,  
ὃς ῥ' ἐκ Δουλιχίοιο κίεν Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι. 275

τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀποφθιμένοιο πάϊς Φυλῆος ἀγαυοῦ<sup>1</sup>  
ὠρίνθη· μάλα δ' ὤκα λέων ὥς πώεσι μῆλων  
ἐνθορε· τοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ὑπέτρεσαν ὄβριμον  
ἄνδρα·

κτεῖνε γὰρ Ἴτυμονῆα καὶ Ἴππασίδην Ἀγέλαον,  
οἳ ῥ' ἀπὸ Μιλήτοιο φέρον Δαναοῖσιν ὁμοκλήν 280  
Νάστη ὑπ' ἀντιθέῳ καὶ ὑπ' Ἀμφιμάχῳ μεγαθύμῳ,

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, from P for ἀγαυὸς of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Right to the heart of one he drave, and one  
Stabbed with a lightning sword-thrust 'twixt the  
hips :

Leapt through the wounds the life, and fled away.

Oileus' fiery son smote Derinoë

'Twixt throat and shoulder with his ruthless spear ;

And on Alcibië Tydeus' terrible son

Swooped, and on Derimacheia : head with neck

Clean from the shoulders of these twain he shore

With ruin-wreaking brand. Together down

Fell they, as young calves by the massy axe

Of brawny flesher felled, that, shearing through

The sinews of the neck, lops life away.

So, by the hands of Tydeus' son laid low

Upon the Trojan plain, far, far away

From their own highland-home, they fell. Nor these

Alone died ; for the might of Sthenelus

Down on them hurled Cabeirus' corse, who came

From Sestos, keen to fight the Argive foe,

But never saw his fatherland again.

Then was the heart of Paris filled with wrath

For a friend slain. Full upon Sthenelus

Aimed he a shaft death-winged, yet touched him not,

Despite his thirst for vengeance : elsewhere

The arrow glanced aside, and carried death

Whither the stern Fates guided its fierce wing,

And slew Evenor brazen-tasleted,

Who from Dulichium came to war with Troy.

For his death fury-kindled was the son

Of haughty Phyleus : as a lion leaps

Upon the flock, so swiftly rushed he : all

Shrank huddling back before that terrible man.

Itymoneus he slew, and Hippasus' son

Agelaus : from Miletus brought they war

Against the Danaan men by Nastes led,

\* \* \* \* \*

οὐ Μυκάλην ἐνέμοντο Λάτμοιό τε λευκὰ κάρηνα  
 Βράγχου τ' ἄγkea μακρὰ καὶ ἠιόεντα Πάνορμον  
 Μαιάνδρου τε ῥέεθρα βαθυρρόου, ὅς ῥ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν  
 Καρῶν ἀμπελόεσσιν ἀπὸ Φρυγίης πολυμήλου 285  
 εἴσι πολυγνάμπτουσιν ἐλισσόμενος προχοῇσι.  
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέπεφνε Μέγης ἐν δημοτῇτι·  
 ἄλλους δ' αὖτ' ἐδάμασσε, ὅσους κίχε δουρὶ  
 κελαινῷ·

ἐν γάρ οἱ στέρνοισι θράσος βάλε Τριτογένεια, .  
 ὄφρα κε δυσμενέεσσιν ὀλέθριον ἦμαρ ἐφείη. 290  
 Δρησαῖον δ' ἐδάμασσε ἀρηίφιλος Πολυποίτης,  
 τὸν τέκε δῖα Νέαιρα περίφρονι Θειοδάμαντι  
 μιχθεῖσ' ἐν λεχέεσσιν ὑπαὶ Σιπύλῳ νιφόμεντι,  
 ἦχι θεοὶ Νιόβην λᾶαν θέσαν, ἥς ἔτι δάκρυ  
 πουλὺ μάλα στυφελῆς καταλείβεται ὑψόθι  
 πέτρης, 295

καὶ οἱ συστοναχοῦσι ῥοαὶ πολυηχέος Ἑρμου  
 καὶ κορυφαὶ Σιπύλου περιμήκεες, ὧν καθύπερθεν  
 ἐχθρὴ μηλονόμοισιν αἰὲ περιπέπτατ' ὁμίχλη·  
 ἢ δὲ πέλει μέγα θαῦμα παρεσσυμένοισι βροτοῖσιν,  
 οὔνεκ' ἔοικε γυναικὶ πολυστόνῳ, ἣ τ' ἐπὶ λυγρῷ 300  
 πένθει μυρομένη μάλα μυρία δάκρυα χεύει·  
 καὶ τὸ μὲν ὑτρεκέως φῆς ἔμμεναι, ὅππότε ἄρ'  
 αὐτὴν

τηλόθεν ἀθρήσειας· ἐπὴν δέ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἵκηαι,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

The god-like, and Amphinachus mighty-souled.  
On Mycale they dwelt ; beside their home  
Rose Latmus' snowy crests, stretched the long glens  
Of Branchus, and Panormus' water-meads.  
Maeander's flood deep-rolling swept thereby,  
Which from the Phrygian uplands, pastured o'er  
By myriad flocks, around a thousand forelands  
Curls, swirls, and drives his hurrying ripples on  
Down to the vine-clad land of Carian men.  
These mid the storm of battle Meges slew,  
Nor these alone, but whomsoe'er his lance  
Black-shafted touched, were dead men ; for his  
breast

The glorious Triton-born with courage thrilled  
To bring to all his foes the day of doom.  
And Polypoetes, dear to Ares, slew  
Dresaeus, whom the Nymph Neaera bare  
To passing-wise Theiodamas : for these  
Spread was the bed of love beside the foot  
Of Sipylus the Mountain, where the Gods  
Made Niobe a stony rock, wherefrom  
Tears ever stream : high up, the rugged crag  
Bows as one weeping, weeping : waterfalls  
Cry from far-echoing Hermus, wailing moan  
Of sympathy : the sky-encountering crests  
Of Sipylus, where alway floats a mist  
Hated of shepherds, echo back the cry.  
Weird marvel seems that Rock of Niobe  
To men that pass with feet fear-goaded : there  
They see the likeness of a woman bowed,  
In depths of anguish sobbing, and her tears  
Drop, as she mourns grief-stricken, endlessly.  
Yea, thou wouldst say that verily so it was,  
Viewing it from afar ; but when hard by  
Thou standest, all the illusion vanishes ;  
And lo, a steep-browed rock, a fragment rent

φαίνεται αἰπήεσσα πέτρη Σιπύλοιό τ' ἀπορρώξ.  
 ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν μακάρων ὀλοὸν χόλον ἐκτελέουσα 305  
 μύρεται ἐν πέτρησιν ἔτ' ἀχθυμένη εἰκυῖα.

Ἄλλοι δ' ἀμφ' ἄλλοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρ' ἐτίθεντο  
 ἀργαλέην· δεινὸς γὰρ ἐνεστρωφᾶτο Κυδοιμὸς  
 λαοῖς ἐν μέσσοισιν· ἀταρτηρὸν δέ οἱ ἄγχι  
 εἰστήκει Θανάτοιο τέλος, περὶ δέ σφισι Κῆρες 310  
 λευγαλαίαι στρωφῶντο φόνον στονόμεντα φέρουσαι.  
 πολλῶν δ' ἐν κονίησι λύθη κέαρ ἥματι κείνῳ  
 Τρώων τ' Ἀργείων τε, πολὺς δ' ἀλαλητὸς ὀρώρει·  
 οὐ γάρ πως ἀπέληγε μένος μέγα Πενθεσιλείης,  
 ἀλλ' ὥς τίς τε βόεσσι κατ' οὔρεα μακρὰ λείαινα 315  
 ἐνθόρῃ ἀΐξασα βαθυσκοπέλου διὰ βήσσης  
 αἵματος ἰμείρουσα, τό οἱ μάλα θυμὸν λαίνει·  
 ὥς τῆμος Δαναοῖσιν Ἀρηιάς ἐνθορε κούρη.  
 οἱ δ' ὀπίσω χάζοντο τεθηπότα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,  
 ἢ δ' ἔπετ' ἡὔτε κῦμα βαρυγδούποιο θαλάσσης 320  
 νήεσιν ὠκείησιν, ὅθ' ἰστία λευκὰ πετάσσει  
 οὔρος ἐπειγόμενος, βοόωσι δὲ πάντοθεν ἄκραι  
 πόντου ἐρευγομένοιοι ποτὶ χθονὸς ἥονα μακρὴν.  
 ὥς ἢ γ' ἐσπομένη Δαναῶν ἐδάϊζε φύλαγγας,  
 καὶ σφιν ἐπηπείλησε μέγα φρεσὶ κυδιώσα· 325  
 “ὦ κύνες, ὡς Πριάμοιο κακὴν ἀποτίσετε λῶβην  
 σήμερον· οὐ γάρ πώ τις ἐμὸν σθένος ἐξυπαλύξας  
 χάρμα φίλοις τοκέεσσι καὶ νιάσιν ἡδ' ἀλόχοισιν  
 ἔσσεται· οἴωνοῖς δὲ βόσις καὶ θηρσὶ θανόντες

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

From Sipylus—yet Niobe is there,  
Dreeing her weird, the debt of wrath divine,  
A broken heart in guise of shattered stone.

All through the tangle of that desperate fray  
Stalked slaughter and doom. The incarnate Onset-  
shout

Raved through the rolling battle ; at her side  
Paced Death the ruthless, and the Fearful Faces,  
The Fates, beside them strode, and in red hands  
Bare murder and the groans of dying men.

That day the beating of full many a heart,  
Trojan and Argive, was for ever stilled,  
While roared the battle round them, while the fury  
Of Penthesileia fainted not nor failed ;

But as amid long ridges of lone hills  
A lioness, stealing down a deep ravine,  
Springs on the kine with lightning leap, athirst  
For blood wherein her fierce heart revelleth ;  
So on the Danaans leapt that warrior-maid.  
And they, their souls were cowed : backward they  
shrank,

And fast she followed, as a towering surge  
Chases across the thunder-booming sea  
A flying bark, whose white sails strain beneath  
The wind's wild buffeting, and all the air  
Maddens with roaring, as the rollers crash  
On a black foreland looming on the lee  
Where long reefs fringe the surf-tormented shores.  
So chased she, and so dashed the ranks asunder  
Triumphant-souled, and hurled fierce threats before :  
“ Ye dogs, this day for evil outrage done  
To Priam shall ye pay ! No man of you  
Shall from mine hands deliver his own life,  
And win back home, to gladden parents' eyes,  
Or comfort wife or children. Ye shall lie  
Dead, ravined on by vultures and by wolves,



κείσεσθ', οὐδέ τι τύμβος ἐφ' ὑμέας ἵξεται αἴης. 330  
 πῇ νῦν Τυδείδαο βίη, πῇ δ' Αἰακίδαο,  
 ποῦ δὲ καὶ Αἴαντος; τοὺς γὰρ φάτις ἔμμεν ἀρίσ-  
 τους·

ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ οὐ τλήσονται ἐναντία δηριάασθαι,  
 μὴ σφιν ἀπὸ μελέων ψυχὰς φθιμένοισι πελάσσω."

Ἡ ῥα καὶ Ἀργείοισι μέγα φρονέουσ' ἐνόρουσε 335  
 θηρὶ βίην εἰκυῖα, πολλὺν δ' ὑπεδάμνατο λαὸν  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν βουπλήγι βαρυστόμφ, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
 πᾶλλου· ὅξυν ἄκοντα· φέρεν δέ οἱ αἰόλος ἵππος  
 ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξον ἀμείλιχον, εἴ που ἄρ' αὐτῇ  
 χρεῖ' ἀν' αἱματόεντα μόθον βελέων ἀλεγεινῶν 340  
 καὶ τόξοιο πέλοιτο· θεοὶ δέ οἱ ἄνδρες ἔποντο  
 Ἐκτορος ἀγχεμάχοιο κασίγνητοί τε φίλοι τε  
 ὄβριμον ἐν στέρνοισιν ἀναπνεύοντες Ἄρηα,  
 οἱ Δαναοὺς ἐδάϊζον εὐξέστης μελήσιν·  
 τοὶ δὲ θεοὶς φύλλοισιν εἰκότες ἢ ψεκάδεσσι 345  
 πίπτον ἐπασσύτεροι, μέγα δ' ἔστενεν ἄσπετος αἶα  
 αἵματι δενομένη νεκύεσσί τε πεπληθυῖα·  
 ἵπποι δ' ἀμφὶ βέλεσσι πεπαρμένοι ἢ μελήσιν  
 ὑστάτιον χρεμέτιζον ἐὼν μένος ἐκπνεύοντες·  
 οἱ δὲ κόνιν βρυγμοῖσι<sup>1</sup> δεδραγμένοι ἀσπαίρεσκον· 350  
 τοὺς δ' ἄρα Τρῳῆοι ἵπποι ἐπεσσύμενοι μετόπισθεν  
 ἄντλον ὅπως στείβεσκον ὁμοῦ κταμένοισι πεσόν-  
 τας.

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for λαχμοῖσι of Koechly, and δραχμοῖσι of AMP.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

And none shall heap the earth-mound o'er your  
clay.

Where skulketh now the strength of Tydeus' son,  
And where the might of Aeacus' scion? Where  
Is Aias' bulk? Ye vaunt them mightiest men  
Of all your rabble. Ha! they will not dare  
With me to close in battle, lest I drag  
Forth from their fainting frames their craven souls!"

Then heart-uplifted leapt she on the foe,  
Resistless as a tigress, crashing through  
Ranks upon ranks of Argives, smiting now  
With that huge halberd massy-headed, now  
Hurling the keen dart, while her battle-horse  
Flashed through the fight, and on his shoulder bare  
Quiver and bow death-speeding, close to her hand,  
If mid that revel of blood she willed to speed  
The bitter-biting shaft. Behind her swept  
The charging lines of men fleet-footed, friends  
And brethren of the man who never flinched  
From close death-grapple, Hector, panting all  
The hot breath of the War-god from their breasts,  
All slaying Danaans with the ashen spear,  
Who fell as frost-touched leaves in autumn fall  
One after other, or as drops of rain.  
And aye went up a moaning from earth's breast  
All blood-bedrenched, and heaped with corse on  
corse.

Horses pierced through with arrows, or impaled  
On spears, were snorting forth their last of strength  
With screaming neighings. Men, with gnashing  
teeth

Biting the dust, lay gasping, while the steeds  
Of Trojan charioteers stormed in pursuit,  
Trampling the dying mingled with the dead  
As oxen trample corn in threshing-floors.

Καί τις ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀγάσσατο μακρὰ γεγη-  
θώς,

ὥς ἶδε Πενθεσίλειαν ἀνὰ στρατὸν αἰῶσουσαν  
λαίλαπι κυανέῃ ἐναλίγκιον, ἥ τ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ 355  
μαίνειθ', ὅτ' αἰγοκερῇ συνέρχεται ἡελίου ἕς·  
καί ῥ' ὁ γε μαψιδίησιν ἐπ' ἐλπωρῇσιν ἔειπεν·  
ὦ φίλοι, ὡς ἀναφανδὸν ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ εἰλήλουθε  
σήμερον ἀθανάτων τις, ἵν' Ἀργείοισι μάχηται  
ἡμῖν ἦρα φέρουσα Διὸς κρατερόφρονι βουλῇ, 360  
ὃς τάχα που μέμνηται εὖσθενέος Πριάμοιο,  
ὃς ῥά οἱ εὐχεται εἶναι ἀφ' αἵματος ἀθανάτοιο.  
οὐ γὰρ τήνδε γυναῖκά γ' ὄτομαι εἰσοράασθαι  
αὐτῶς θαρσαλέην τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ τεύχε' ἔχουσαν,  
ἀλλ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίην ἢ καρτερόθυμον Ἐννῶ 365  
ἢ Ἐριδ' ἢ κλειτὴν Λητωίδα· καί μιν ὁτῶ  
σήμερον Ἀργείοισι φόνον στονόεντα βαλέσθαι  
νῆας τ' ἐμπρήσειν ὀλοῇ πυρί, τῇσι πάροιθεν  
ἤλυθον ἐς Τροίην νῶιν κακὰ πολλὰ φέροντες,  
ἤλυθον ἄσχετον ἄμμιν ὑπ' Ἀρεΐ πῆμα φέροντες· 370  
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν παλίνορσοι ἐς Ἑλλάδα νοστήσαντες  
πάτρην εὐφρανέουσιν, ἐπεὶ θεὸς ἄμμιν ἀρήγει."

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Τρώων τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πάγχυ γεγηθώς,  
νήπιος· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐφράσσατ' ἐπεσσύμενον βαρὺ  
πῆμα

οἱ αὐτῷ καὶ Τρωσὶ καὶ αὐτῇ Πενθεσιλείῃ. 375  
οὐ γὰρ πῶ τι μόθοιο δυσηχέος ἀμφιπέπυστο  
Αἴας ὀβριμόθυμος ἰδὲ πτολίπορθος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
ἀλλ' ἄμφω περὶ σῆμα Μενoitιάδαο κέχυντο  
μνησάμενοι ἐτάριοι· γόος δ' ἔχεν ἄλλυδις ἄλλον.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then one exulting boasted mid the host  
Of Troy, beholding Penthesileia rush  
On through the foes' array, like the black storm  
That maddens o'er the sea, what time the sun  
Allies his might with winter's Goat-horned Star;  
And thus, puffed up with vain hope, shouted he:  
"O friends, in manifest presence down from heaven  
One of the deathless Gods this day hath come  
To fight the Argives, all of love for us,  
Yea, and with sanction of almighty Zeus,  
He whose compassion now remembereth  
Haply strong-hearted Priam, who may boast  
For his a lineage of immortal blood.  
For this, I trow, no mortal woman seems,  
Who is so aweless-daring, who is clad  
In splendour-flashing arms: nay, surely she  
Shall be Athene, or the mighty-souled  
Enyo—haply Eris, or the Child  
Of Leto world-renowned. O yea, I look  
To see her hurl amid yon Argive men  
Mad-shrieking slaughter, see her set aflame  
Yon ships wherein they came long years ago  
Bringing us many sorrows, yea, they came  
Bringing us woes of war intolerable.  
Ha! to the home-land Hellas ne'er shall these  
With joy return, since Gods on our side fight."

In overweening exultation so  
Vaunted a Trojan. Fool!—he had no vision  
Of ruin onward rushing upon himself  
And Troy, and Penthesileia's self withal.  
For not as yet had any tidings come  
Of that wild fray to Aias stormy-souled,  
Nor to Achilles, waster of tower and town.  
But on the grave-mound of Menoetius' son  
They twain were lying, with sad memories  
Of a dear comrade crushed, and echoing

τοὺς γὰρ δὴ μακάρων τις ἐρήτυε νόσφι κυδοιμοῦ, 380  
 ὄφρ' ἀλεγεινὸν ὄλεθρον ἀναπλήσωσι δαμέντες  
 πολλοὶ ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι καὶ ἐσθλῇ Πενθεσιλείῃ,  
 ἣ σφιν ἐπασσυντέροις κακὰ μῆδετο, καὶ οἱ ἄεξεν  
 ἀλκὴ ὁμῶς καὶ θάρσος ἐπὶ πλέον, οὐδέ ποτ'  
 αἰχμὴν

μαψιδίην ἵθυνεν, αἰεὶ δ' ἡ νῶτα δαίζε 385  
 φευγόντων ἡ στέρνα καταντίον αἰσσόντων·  
 θερμῷ δ' αἵματι πάμπαν ἐδεύετο, γυῖα δ' ἐλαφρὰ  
 ἔπλετ' ἐπεσσυμένης· κάματος δ' οὐ δάμνατο  
 θυμὸν

ἄτρομον, ἀλλ' ἀδάμαντος ἔχεν μένος· εἰσέτι γάρ  
 μιν,

οὐπω ἐπὶ κλόνον αἶνὸν ἐποτρύνουσ' Ἀχιλῆα,<sup>1</sup> 389a  
 Αἴσα λυγρὴ κύδαινε, ἀπόπροθι δ' ἐστηνῖα 390  
 χάρμης κυδιάσκειν ὀλέθριον, οὐνεκ' ἔμελλε  
 κούρην οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν ὑπ' Αἰακίδαο χέρεσσι  
 δάμνασθ'· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν ζόφος ἔκρυφε· τὴν δ'  
 ὀρόθυνεν

αἰὲν αἴστος ἐοῦσα καὶ ἐς κακὸν ἤγεν ὄλεθρον  
 ὕστατα κυδαίνουσ'· ἡ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον ἔναιρεν. 395  
 ὥς δ' ὀπόθ' ἐρσήεντος ἔσω κήποιο θοροῦσα  
 ποίης ἐλδομένη θυμηδέος εἶαρι πόρτις  
 ἀνέρος οὐ παρεόντος ἐπέσσυνται ἄλλοθεν ἄλλη  
 σινομένη φυτὰ πάντα νέον μάλα τηλεθόωντα,  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ κατέδαψε, τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶν ἡμάλ-  
 δυνεν· 400

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for MS. οὐνεκα μοῖρα ποτὶ κλεινὸν ὀτρύνουσ' ἀχιλῆα.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Each one the other's groaning. One it was  
Of the Blest Gods who still was holding back  
These from the battle-tumult far away,  
Till many Greeks should fill the measure up  
Of woeful havoc, slain by Trojan foes  
And glorious Penthesileia, who pursued  
With murderous intent their rifted ranks,  
While ever waxed her valour more and more,  
And waxed her might within her: never in vain  
She aimed the unswerving spear-thrust: aye she  
pierced

The backs of them that fled, the breasts of such  
As charged to meet her. All the long shaft dripped  
With steaming blood. Swift were her feet as wind  
As down she swooped. Her aweless spirit failed  
For weariness nor fainted, but her might  
Was adamantine. The impending Doom,  
Which roused unto the terrible strife not yet  
Achilles, clothed her still with glory; still  
Aloof the dread Power stood, and still would shed  
Splendour of triumph o'er the death-ordained  
But for a little space, ere it should quell  
That Maiden 'neath the hands of Aeacus' son.  
In darkness ambushed, with invisible hand  
Ever it thrust her on, and drew her feet  
Destruction-ward, and lit her path to death  
With glory, while she slew foe after foe.  
As when within a dewy garden-close,  
Longing for its green springtide freshness, leaps  
A heifer, and there rangeth to and fro,  
When none is by to stay her, treading down  
All its green herbs, and all its wealth of bloom,  
Devouring greedily this, and marring that  
With trampling feet; so ranged she, Ares' child,

ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιῶν νῆας ἐπεσσυμένη καθ' ὄμιλον  
κούρη Ἐνναλίη τοὺς μὲν κτάνε, τοὺς δ' ἐφόβησε.

Τρωιάδες δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἀρήια ἔργα γυναικὸς  
θαύμαζον, πολέμοιο δ' ἔρως λάβεν ἵπποδάμοιο  
Ἀντιμάχοιο θύγατρα Μενεπτολέμοιο δ' ἄκοιτιν 405

Τισιφόνην· κρατερῇσι δ' ὑπὸ φρεσὶν ἐμμεμαυῖα  
θαρσαλέον φάτο μῦθον ὁμήλικας ὀτρύνουσα  
δῆριν ἐπὶ στονόεσσαν· ἔγειρε δέ οἱ θράσος ἀλκήν·

“ὦ φίλαι, ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἐνὶ στέρνοισι λαβοῦσαι  
ἀνδράσιν ἡμετέροισιν ὁμοίον, οἱ περὶ πάτρης 410

δυσμενέσιν μάρνανται ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ ἡμέων,  
οὔ ποτ' ἀναπνεύοντες ὀϊζύος—ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ  
παρθέμεναι φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἴσης μνησώμεθα χάρμης·

οὐ γὰρ ἀπόπροθέν εἶμεν εὖσθενέων αἰζηῶν,  
ἀλλ' οἶον κείνοισι πέλει μένος ἔστι καὶ ἡμῖν· 415

ἴσοι δ' ὀφθαλμοὶ καὶ γούνατα, πάντα δ' ὁμοῖα,  
ξυνὸν δ' αὖ πάντεσσι φάος καὶ νήχυτος ἀήρ,  
φορβὴ δ' οὐχ ἑτέρη· τί δ' ἐπ' ἀνδράσι λώιον ἄλλο  
θῆκε θεός; τῷ μή τι φεβώμεθα δημοτῆτα.

ἢ οὐχ ὁράατε γυναῖκα μέγ' αἰζηῶν προφέρουσαν 420  
ἀγχεμάχων; τῆς δ' οὔ τι πέλει σχεδὸν οὔτε

γενέθλη

οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐὼν πτολίεθρον, ὑπὲρ ξείνοιο δ' ἄνακτος  
μάρναται ἐκ θυμοῖο καὶ οὐκ ἐμπάζεται ἀνδρῶν  
ἐνθεμένη φρεσὶ θάρσος ἀταρτηρόν τε νόημα·

ἡμῖν δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα παραὶ ποσὶν ἄλγεα κεῖται· 425  
τῆς μὲν γὰρ φίλα τέκνα καὶ ἀνέρες ἀμφὶ πόλῃ



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Through reeling squadrons of Achaea's sons,  
Slew these, and hunted those in panic rout.

From Troy afar the women marvelling gazed  
At the Maid's battle-prowess. Suddenly  
A fiery passion for the fray hath seized  
Antimachus' daughter, Menepolemus' wife,  
Tisiphone. Her heart waxed strong, and filled  
With lust of fight she cried to her fellows all,  
With desperate-daring words, to spur them on  
To woeful war, by recklessness made strong :  
“ Friends, let a heart of valour in our breasts  
Awake ! Let us be like our lords, who fight  
With foes for fatherland, for babes, for us,  
And never pause for breath in that stern strife !  
Let us too throne war's spirit in our hearts !  
Let us too face the fight which favoureth none !  
For we, we women, be not creatures cast  
In diverse mould from men : to us is given  
Such energy of life as stirs in them.  
Eyes have we like to theirs, and limbs : throughout  
Fashioned we are alike : one common light  
We look on, and one common air we breathe :  
With like food are we nourished :—nay, wherein  
Have we been dowered of God more niggardly  
Than men ? Then let us shrink not from the fray !  
See ye not yonder a woman far excelling  
Men in the grapple of fight ? Yet is her blood  
Nowise akin to ours, nor fighteth she  
For her own city. For an alien king  
She warreth of her own heart's prompting, fears  
The face of no man ; for her soul is thrilled  
With valour and with spirit invincible.  
But we — to right, to left, lie woes on woes  
About our feet : this mourns beloved sons,  
And that a husband who for hearth and home

ἄλλυνθ', αἱ δὲ τοκῆας ὀδυρόμεθ' οὐκέτ' ἔοντας·  
 ἄλλαι δ' αὖτ' ἀκάχηνται ἀδελφειῶν ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ  
 καὶ πηῶν· οὐ γάρ τις ὀϊζυρῆς κακότητος  
 ἄμμορος· ἐλπωρὴ δὲ πέλει καὶ δούλιον ἡμαρ 430  
 εἰσιδέειν· τῷ μὴ τις ἔτ' ἀμβολίῃ πολέμοιο  
 εἴη τειρομένησιν· ἔοικε γὰρ ἐν δαῖ μᾶλλον  
 τεθνάμεν ἢ μετόπισθεν ὑπ' ἄλλοδαποῖσιν ἄγεσθαι  
 νηπιάχοις ἅμα παισὶν ἀνιερῇ ὑπ' ἀνάγκῃ  
 ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο καὶ ἀνδρῶν οὐκέτ' ἔοντων.” 435

ὧς ἄρ' ἔφη· πάσῃσι δ' ἔρως στυγεροῖο μόθοιο  
 ἔμπεσεν· ἐσσυμένως δὲ πρὸ τείχεος ὀρμαίνεσκον  
 βήμεναι ἐν τεύχεσσι ἀρηγέμεναι μεμαυῖαι  
 ἄστεϊ καὶ λαοῖσιν· ὀρίνετο δὲ σφισι θυμός.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἔσω σίμβλοιο μέγ' ἰύζωσι μέλισσαι 440  
 χείματος οὐκέτ' ἔοντος, ὅτ' ἐς νομὸν ἐντύνονται  
 ἐλθέμεν, οὐδ' ἄρα τῇσι φίλον πέλει ἔνδοθι μίμνειν,  
 ἄλλη δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρην προκαλίζεται ἐκτὸς ἄγεσθαι·  
 ὥς ἄρα Τρωιάδες ποτὶ φύλοπιν ἐγκονέουσai  
 ἀλλήλας ὠτρυνον· ἀπόπροθι δ' εἴρια θέντο 445  
 καὶ ταλάρους, ἀλεγεινὰ δ' ἐπ' ἔντεα χεῖρας ἱαλλον.

Καί νύ κεν ἄστεος ἐκτὸς ἅμα σφετέροισιν ὄλοντο  
 ἀνδράσι καὶ σθεναρῇσιν Ἀμαζόσιν ἐν δαῖ κείνῃ,  
 εἰ μὴ σφεας κατέρυξε πύκα φρονέουσα Θεανὼ  
 ἐσσυμένας πινυτοῖσι παραυδήσας· ἐπέεσσι· 450  
 “τίπτε ποτὶ κλόνον αἰνὸν ἐελδόμεναι πονέεσθαι,  
 σχέτλιαι, οὔτι πάροιθε πονησάμεναι περὶ χάρμης,  
 ἀλλ' ἄρα νηίδες ἔργον ἐπ' ἄτλητον μεμαυῖαι

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Hath died ; some wail for fathers now no more ;  
Some grieve for brethren and for kinsmen lost.  
Not one but hath some share in sorrow's cup.  
Behind all this a fearful shadow looms,  
The day of bondage ! Therefore flinch not ye  
From war, O sorrow-laden ! Better far  
To die in battle now, than afterwards  
Hence to be haled into captivity  
To alien folk, we and our little ones,  
In the stern grip of fate leaving behind .  
A burning city, and our husbands' graves."

So cried she, and with passion for stern war  
Thrilled all those women ; and with eager speed  
They hasted to go forth without the wall  
Mail-clad, afire to battle for their town  
And people : all their spirit was aflame.  
As when within a hive, when winter-tide  
Is over and gone, loud hum the swarming bees  
What time they make them ready forth to fare  
To bright flower-pastures, and no more endure  
To linger therewithin, but each to other  
Crieth the challenge-cry to sally forth ;  
Even so bestirred themselves the women of Troy,  
And kindled each her sister to the fray.  
The weaving-wool, the distaff far they flung,  
And to grim weapons stretched their eager hands.

And now without the city these had died  
In that wild battle, as their husbands died  
And the strong Amazons died, had not one voice  
Of wisdom cried to stay their maddened feet,  
When with dissuading words Theano spake :  
" Wherefore, ah wherefore for the toil and strain  
Of battle's fearful tumult do ye yearn,  
Infatuate ones ? Never your limbs have toiled  
In conflict yet. In utter ignorance

ὄρνυσθ' ἀφραδέως; οὐ γὰρ σθένος ἔσσεται ἴσον  
ἡμῖν καὶ Δαναοῖσιν ἐπισταμένοισι μάχεσθαι. 455

αὐτὰρ Ἀμαζόσι δῆρις ἀμείλιχος ἵππασίαι τε  
εὐαδον ἐξ ἀρχῆς καὶ ὅς' αἰέρες ἔργα μέλονται·  
τοῦνεκ' ἄρα σφίσι θυμὸς ἀρήιος αἰὲν ὄρωρεν,  
οὐδ' ἀνδρῶν δεύονται, ἐπεὶ πόσος ἐς μέγα κάρτος  
θυμὸν ἀνῆέξησε καὶ ἄτρομα γούνατ' ἔθηκε. 460

τὴν δὲ φάτις καὶ Ἄρῃος ἔμην κρατεροῖο θύγατρα·  
τῷ οἱ θηλυτέρην τιν' ἐριζέμεν οὔτι ἔοικεν·

ἢ ἐκ τῆς τάχ' ἀθανάτων τις ἐπήλυθεν εὐχομένοισιν.  
πᾶσι δ' ἄρ' ἀνθρώποισιν ὁμὸν γένος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ ἔργα  
στρωφῶντ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλα· πέλει δ' ἄρα κεῖνο  
φέριστον 465

ἔργον, ὃ τι φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἐπιστάμενος πονέηται·  
τοῦνεκα δημοτῆτος ἀποσχόμεναι κελαδεινῆς  
ἰστὸν ἐπεντύνεσθε φίλων ἔντοσθε μελάθρων.

ἀνδράσι δ' ἡμετέροισι περὶ πτολέμοιο μελήσει.  
ἐλπωρὴ δ' ἀγαθοῖο τάχ' ἔσσεται, οὔνεκ' Ἀχαιοὺς 470  
δερκόμεθ' ὀλλυμένους, μέγα δὲ κράτος ὄρνυται  
ἀνδρῶν

ἡμετέρων· οὐδ' ἔστι κακοῦ δέος· οὔτι γὰρ ἄστυ  
δήιοι ἀμφὶς ἔχουσιν ἀνηλέες, οὔτ' ἀλεγεινὴ  
γίνετ' ἀναγκαίῃ καὶ θηλυτέρησι μάχεσθαι."

Ὡς φάτο· ταὶ δ' ἐπὶ θοῶντο παλαιότερῃ περ ἐούσῃ, 475  
ὑσμίνην δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐσέδρακον. ἢ δ' ἔτι λαοὺς  
δάμνατο Πενθεσίλεια, περιτρομέοντο δ' Ἀχαιοί,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Panting for labour unendurable,  
Ye rush on all-unthinking ; for your strength  
Can never be as that of Danaan men,  
Men trained in daily battle. Amazons  
Have joyed in ruthless fight, in charging steeds,  
From the beginning : all the toil of men  
Do they endure ; and therefore evermore  
The spirit of the War-god thrills them through.  
They fall not short of men in anything :  
Their labour-hardened frames make great their hearts  
For all achievement : never faint their knees  
Nor tremble. Rumour speaks their queen to be  
A daughter of the mighty Lord of War.  
Therefore no woman may compare with her  
In prowess—if she be a woman, not  
A God come down in answer to our prayers.  
Yea, of one blood be all the race of men,  
Yet unto diverse labours still they turn ;  
And that for each is evermore the best  
Whereto he bringeth skill of use and wont.  
Therefore do ye from tumult of the fray  
Hold you aloof, and in your women's bowers  
Before the loom still pace ye to and fro ;  
And war shall be the business of our lords.  
Lo, of fair issue is there hope : we see  
The Achaeans falling fast : we see the might  
Of our men waxing ever : fear is none  
Of evil issue now : the pitiless foe  
Beleaguer not the town : no desperate need  
There is that women should go forth to war."

So cried she, and they hearkened to the words  
Of her who had garnered wisdom from the years ;  
So from afar they watched the fight. But still  
Penthesileia brake the ranks, and still  
Before her quailed the Achaeans : still they found "

οὐδέ σφιν θανάτοιο πέλε στονόεντος ἄλυξις·  
 ἀλλ' ἄτε μηκάδες αἶγες ὑπὸ βλοσυρῇσι γένουσι  
 πορδάλιος κτείνοντο, ποθὴ δ' ἔχεν οὐκέτι χάρμης 480  
 ἀνέρας ἀλλὰ φόβοιο, καὶ ἄλλυδις ἦιον ἄλλοι  
 οἱ μὲν ἀπορρίψαντες ἐπὶ χθόνα τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων,  
 οἱ δ' ἄρα σὺν τεύχεσσι, καὶ ἡνιόχων ἀπάνευθεν  
 ἵπποι ἴσαν φεύγοντες· ἐπεσσυμένοις δ' ἄρα χάρμα  
 ἔπλετ', ἀπολλυμένων δὲ πολὺς στόνος· οὐδέ τις  
 ἀλκὴ

485

γίνετο τειρομένοισι· μινυνθάδιοι δὲ πέλοντο  
 πάντες, ὅσους ἐκίχανεν ἀνὰ κρυερὸν στόμα χάρμης.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσασα μέγα στονόεσσα θύελλα  
 ἄλλα μὲν ἐκ ῥιζέων χαμάδις βάλε δένδρεα μακρὰ  
 ἄνθεσι τηλεθόωντα, τὰ δ' ἐκ πρέμνοιο κέδασσεν 490  
 ὑψόθεν, ἀλλήλοισι δ' ἐπὶ κλασθέντα κέχυνται·  
 ὥς Δαναῶν κέκλιντο πολὺς στρατὸς ἐν κονίῃσι  
 Μοιράων ἰότητι καὶ ἔγχεϊ Πενθεσιλείης.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ καὶ νῆες ἐνιπρήσεσθαι ἔμελλον  
 χερσὶν ὑπὸ Τρώων, τότε που μενεδήιος Αἴας 495  
 οἰμωγῆς ἐσάκουσε καὶ Αἰακίδην προσέειπεν·  
 “ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, περὶ δὴ μοι ἀπείριτος ἦλυθεν αὐδὴ  
 οὔασιν ὥς πολέμοιο συνεσταότος μεγάλοιο·  
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν, μὴ Τρῶες ὑποφθάμενοι παρὰ νηυσὶν  
 Ἀργείους ὀλέσωσι, καταφλέξωσι δὲ νῆας· 500  
 νῶιν δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐλεγχεῖν ἀλεγεινὴ  
 ἔσσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε Διὸς μεγάλοιο γεγῶτας  
 αἰσχύνειν πατέρων ἱερὸν γένος, οἳ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Nor screen nor hiding-place from imminent death.  
As bleating goats are by the blood-stained jaws  
Of a grim panther torn, so slain were they.  
In each man's heart all lust of battle died,  
And fear alone lived. This way, that way fled  
The panic-stricken : some to earth had flung  
The armour from their shoulders ; some in dust  
Grovelled in terror 'neath their shields : the steeds  
Fled through the rout unreined of charioteers.  
In rapture of triumph charged the Amazons,  
With groan and scream of agony died the Greeks.  
Withered their manhood was in that sore strait ;  
Brief was the span of all whom that fierce maid  
Mid the grim jaws of battle overtook.  
As when with mighty roaring bursteth down  
A storm upon the forest-trees, and some  
Uprendeth by the roots, and on the earth  
Dashes them down, the tall stems blossom-crowned,  
And snappeth some athwart the trunk, and high  
Whirls them through air, till all confused they lie  
A ruin of splintered stems and shattered sprays ;  
So the great Danaan host lay, dashed to dust  
By doom of Fate, by Penthesileia's spear.

But when the very ships were now at point  
To be by hands of Trojans set aflame,  
Then battle-bider Aias heard afar  
The panic-cries, and spake to Aeacus' son :  
" Achilles, all the air about mine ears  
Is full of multitudinous cries, is full  
Of thunder of battle rolling nearer aye.  
Let us go forth then, ere the Trojans win  
Unto the ships, and make great slaughter there  
Of Argive men, and set the ships aflame.  
Foulest reproach such thing on thee and me  
Should bring ; for it beseems not that the seed  
Of mighty Zeus should shame the sacred blood



τὸ πρὶν ἄμ' Ἑρακλῆι δαΐφρονι Λαομέδοντος  
 Τροίην,<sup>1</sup> ἀγλὰν ἄστυ, διέπραθον ἐγχείησι· 505  
 ὥς καὶ νῦν τελέεσθαι ὑφ' ἡμετέρησιν ὁτῷ  
 χερσίν, ἐπεὶ μέγα κάρτος ἀέξεται ἀμφοτέροισιν.”

Ὡς φάτο· τῷ δ' ἐπίθησε θρασὺ σθένος Αἰακίδαο·  
 κλαγγὴν γὰρ στονόεσσαν ὑπέκλυεν οὔασιν οἷσιν.  
 ἄμφω δ' ὠρμήθησαν ἐπ' ἔντεα μαρμαίροντα· 510  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐσσάμενοι κατεναντίον ἔσταν ὁμίλου·  
 τῶν δ' ἄρα τεύχεα καλὰ μέγ' ἔβραχε· μαίνεταιο δέ  
 σφιν

ἶσον θυμὸς Ἄρηι· τόσον σθένος ἀμφοτέροισι  
 δῶκεν ἐπειγομένοισι σακέσπαλος Ἀτρυτώνη.  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐχάρησαν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἄνδρε κραταιῷ 515  
 εἶδομένῳ παίδεσσιν Ἀλωῆος μέγαλοιο,  
 οἷ ποτ' ἐπ' εὐρύν Ὀλυμπον ἔφαν θέμεν οὔρεα  
 μακρὰ

Ὅσσαν τ' αἰπυνὴν καὶ Πήλιον ὑψικάρηνον,  
 ὅπως δὴ μεμαῶτε καὶ οὐρανὸν εἰσαφίκωνται·  
 τοῖοι ἄρ' ἀντέστησαν ἀταρτηροῦ πολέμοιο 520  
 Αἰακίδαι, μέγα χάρμα λιλαιομένοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς,  
 ἄμφω ἐπειγόμενοι δηίων ἀπὸ λαὸν ὀλέσσαι.  
 πολλοὺς δ' ἐγχείησιν ἀμαιμακέτησι δάμασσαν·  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε πίονα μῆλα βοοδμητῆρε λέοντε  
 εὐρόντ' ἐν ξυλόχοισι φίλων ἀπάνευθε νομῶν 525

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann (for MS. Τροίης), whose arrangement of lines is adopted.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Of hero-fathers, who themselves of old  
With Hercules the battle-eager sailed  
To Troy, and smote her even at her height  
Of glory, when Laomedon was king.  
Ay, and I ween that our hands even now  
Shall do the like: we too are mighty men."

He spake: the aweless strength of Aeacus' son  
Harkened thereto, for also to his ears  
By this the roar of bitter battle came.  
Then hasted both, and donned their warrior-gear  
All splendour-gleaming: now, in these arrayed  
Facing that stormy-tossing rout they stand.  
Loud clashed their glorious armour: in their souls  
A battle-fury like the War-god's wrath  
Maddened; such might was breathed into these  
twain

By Atrytonè, Shaker of the Shield,  
As on they pressed. With joy the Argives saw  
The coming of that mighty twain: they seemed  
In semblance like Alôeus' giant sons  
Who in the old time made that haughty vaunt  
Of piling on Olympus' brow the height  
Of Ossa steeply-towering, and the crest  
Of sky-encountering Pelion, so to rear  
A mountain-stair for their rebellious rage  
To scale the highest heaven. Huge as these  
The sons of Aeacus seemed, as forth they strode  
To stem the tide of war. A gladsome sight  
To friends who have fainted for their coming, now  
Onward they press to crush triumphant foes.  
Many they slew with their resistless spears;  
As when two herd-destroying lions come  
On sheep amid the copses feeding, far  
From help of shepherds, and in heaps on heaps

πανσυδίῃ κτείνωσιν, ἄχρις μέλαν αἷμα πiónτες  
σπλάγχνων ἐμπλήσωνται ἐὴν πολυχανδέα νηδύν·  
ὥς οἳ γ' ἄμφω ὄλεσσαν ἀπειρέσιον στρατὸν ἀνδρῶν.

Ἐνθ' Αἴας ἔλε Δηίοχον καὶ ἀρήιον Ἕτλλον,  
Εὐρύνομόν τε φιλοπτόλεμον καὶ Ἐννέα δῖον. 530

Ἀντάνδρην δ' ἄρα Πηλείδης ἔλε καὶ Πολεμοῦσαν  
ἠδὲ καὶ Ἀντιβρότην, μετὰ δ' Ἴπποθόην ἐρίθυμον,  
τῇσι δ' ἔφ' Ἀρμοθόην· ἐπὶ δ' ὥχετο λαὸν ἅπαντα  
σὺν Τελαμωνιάδῃ μεγαλήτορι· τῶν δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ  
πυκναί τε σθεναραί τε κατηρείποντο φάλαγγες 535  
ῥεία καὶ ὀτραλέως, ὥσῃ πυρὶ δάσκιος ὕλη  
οὖρέος ἐν ξυνοχῇσιν ἐπισπέρχοντος ἀήτεω.

Τοὺς δ' ὁπότ' εἰσενόησε δαῖφρων Πενθεσίλεια  
θῆρας ὅπως θύνοντας ἀνὰ μόθον ὀκρυόεντα,  
ἀμφοτέρων ὥρμησε καταντίου, ἡϋτε λυγρῇ 540  
πόρδαλις ἐν ξυλόχοισιν ὀλέθριον ἦτορ ἔχουσα  
αἰνὰ περισσαίνουσα θόρῃ κατέναντ' ἐπίόντων  
ἀγρευτέων, οἳ περ μιν ἐν ἔντεσι θωρηχθέντες  
ἐσσυμένην μίμνουσι πεποιθότες ἐγχείησιν·  
ὥς ἄρα Πενθεσίλειαν ἀρήιοι ἄνδρες ἔμιμνον 545  
δούρατ' ἀειράμενοι· περὶ δέ σφισι χαλκὸς αὖτε  
κινυμένων· πρώτη δ' ἔβαλεν περιμήκετον ἔγχος  
ἐσθλῇ Πενθεσίλεια· τὸ δ' ἐς σάκος Αἰακίδαο  
ἵξεν, ἀπεπλάγχθη δὲ διατρυφὲν εὖτ' ἀπὸ πέτρης·  
τοῖ' ἔσαν Ἡφαίστοιο περίφρονος ἄμβροτα δῶρα. 550  
ἢ δ' ἕτερον μετὰ χερσὶ τιτύσκετο θοῦρον ἄκοντα  
Αἴαντος κατέναντα καὶ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἀπείλει·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Slay them, till they have drunken to the full  
Of blood, and filled their maws insatiate  
With flesh, so those destroyers twain slew on,  
Spreading wide havoc through the hosts of Troy.

There Dêiochus and gallant Hyllus fell  
By Aias slain, and fell Eurynomus  
Lover of war, and goodly Enyeus died.  
But Peleus' son burst on the Amazons  
Smiting Antandrè, Polemusa then,  
Antibrotè, fierce-souled Hippothoè,  
Hurling Harmothoè down on sisters slain.  
Then hard on all their reeling ranks he pressed  
With Telamon's mighty-hearted son ; and now  
Before their hands battalions dense and strong  
Crumbled as weakly and as suddenly  
As when in mountain-folds the forest-brakes  
Shrivel before a tempest-driven fire.

When battle-eager Penthesileia saw  
These twain, as through the scourging storm of war  
Like ravening beasts they rushed, to meet them there  
She sped, as when a leopard grim, whose mood  
Is deadly, leaps from forest-coverts forth,  
Lashing her tail, on hunters closing round,  
While these, in armour clad, and putting trust  
In their long spears, await her lightning leap ;  
So did those warriors twain with spears upswung  
Wait Penthesileia. Clanged the brazen plates  
About their shoulders as they moved. And first  
Leapt the long-shafted lance sped from the hand  
Of goodly Penthesileia. Straight it flew  
To the shield of Aeacus' son, but glancing thence  
This way and that the shivered fragments sprang  
As from a rock-face : of such temper were  
The cunning-hearted Fire-god's gifts divine.  
Then in her hand the warrior-maid swung up  
A second javelin fury-winged, against

“ νῦν μὲν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐτώσιον ἔκθορεν ἔγχος·  
 ἀλλ’ οἷω τάχα τῷδε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ὀλέσσειν  
 ὑμέων ἀμφοτέρων, οἳ τ’ ἄλκιμοι εὐχετάσθε 555  
 ἔμμεναι ἐν Δαναοῖσιν· ἐλαφροτέρῃ δὲ μόθοιο  
 ἔσσεται ἵπποδάμοισι τότε Τρώεσσιν οἷζύς.  
 ἀλλὰ μοι ἄσπον ἔκεσθε κατὰ κλόνον, ὅφρ’ ἐσί-  
 δησθε,

ὅσπον Ἀμαζόσι κάρτος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρωρεν·  
 καὶ γάρ μευ γένος ἐστὶν Ἀρήιον· οὐδέ με θνητὸς 560  
 γείνατ’ ἀνὴρ, ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς Ἀρης ἀκόρητος ὁμοκλῆς·  
 τοῦνεκά μοι μένος ἐστὶ πολὺ προφερέστατον  
 ἀνδρῶν.”

ἦ, μέγα [καγχαλώωσα κατὰ φρένας· ἦκε δ’ ἄρ’  
 ἔγχος

δεύτερον·] οἱ δ’ ἐγέλασαν, ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἤλασεν  
 αἰχμῇ

Αἶαντος κνημίδα πανάργυρον· οὐδέ οἱ εἴσω  
 ἤλυθεν ἐς χροῖα καλὸν ἐπειγομένη περ ἰκέσθαι· 565  
 οὐ γὰρ δὴ πέπρωτο μιγήμεναι αἵματι κείνου  
 δυσμενέων στονόεσσαν ἐπὶ πτολέμοισιν ἀκωκὴν.  
 Αἶας δ’ οὐκ ἀλέγιζεν Ἀμαζόνος, ἀλλ’ ἄρα Τρώων  
 ἐς πληθὺν ἀνόρουσε· λίπεν δ’ ἄρα Πηλείωνι  
 οἷφ Πενθεσίλειαν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸς 570  
 ᾗδεεν, ὥς Ἀχιλῇ καὶ ἰφθίμῃ περ ἐοῦσα  
 ῥηίδιος πόνος ἔσσεθ’ ὅπως ἴρηκι πέλεια.

Ἡ δὲ μέγα στονάχησεν ἐτώσια δοῦρα βαλοῦσα·  
 καί μιν κερτομέων προσεφώνεε Πηλέος υἱός·  
 “ ὦ γύναι, ὥς ἀλίοισιν ἀγαλλομένη ἐπέεσσιν 575

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Aias, and with fierce words defied the twain :  
“ Ha, from mine hand in vain one lance hath leapt !  
But with this second look I suddenly  
To quell the strength and courage of two foes,—  
Ay, though ye vaunt you mighty men of war  
Amid your Danaans ! Die ye shall, and so  
Lighter shall be the load of war’s affliction  
That lies upon the Trojan chariot-lords.  
Draw nigh, come through the press to grips with me,  
So shall ye learn what might wells up in breasts  
Of Amazons. With my blood is mingled war !  
No mortal man begat me, but the Lord  
Of War, insatiate of the battle-cry.  
Therefore my might is more than any man’s.”

With scornful laughter spake she : then she hurled  
Her second lance ; but they in utter scorn  
Laughed now, as swiftly flew the shaft, and smote  
The silver greave of Aias, and was foiled  
Thereby, and all its fury could not scar  
The flesh within ; for fate had ordered not  
That any blade of foes should taste the blood  
Of Aias in the bitter war. But he  
Recked of the Amazon naught, but turned him  
thence

To rush upon the Trojan host, and left  
Penthesileia unto Peleus’ son  
Alone, for well he knew his heart within  
That she, for all her prowess, none the less  
Would cost Achilles battle-toil as light,  
As effortless, as doth the dove the hawk.

Then groaned she an angry groan that she had  
sped  
Her shafts in vain ; and now with scoffing speech  
To her in turn the son of Peleus spake :  
“ Woman, with what vain vauntings triumphing

ἡμέων ἤλυθες ἅντα λιλαιομένη πολεμίζειν,  
οἷ μέγα φέρτατοί εἰμεν ἐπιχθονίων ἡρώων·  
ἐκ γὰρ δὴ Κρονίωνος ἐριγδούποιο γενέθλης  
εὐχόμεθ' ἐκγεγάμεν· τρομέεσκε δὲ καὶ θεοὺς Ἐκτωρ  
ἡμέας, εἰ καὶ ἄπωθεν ἐσέδρακεν αἴσσοντας  
δῆριν ἐπὶ στονύεσσαν· ἐμὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανεν αἶχμη 580  
καὶ κρατερόν περ ἔοντα· σὺ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ πάγχυ  
μέμνηνας,

ἢ μέγ' ἔτλης καὶ νῶϊν ἐπηπείλησας ὄλεθρον  
σήμερον· ἀλλὰ σοὶ εἴθαρ ἐλεύσεται ὕστατον ἡμαρ·  
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' αὐτός σε πατήρ ἔτι ρύσεται Ἄρης 585  
ἐξ ἐμέθεν· τίσεις δὲ κακὸν μόρον, εὖτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
κεμμάς ὁμαρτήσασα βοοδμητῆρι λέοντι.

ἢ οὐπω τόδ' ἄκουσας, ὅσων ὑποκάππεσε γυῖα  
Ξάνθου παρ προχοῇσιν ὑφ' ἡμετέρης παλάμῃσιν;  
ἢ σευ πευθομένης μάκαρες φρένας ἐξείλοντο 590  
καὶ νόον, ὅφρα σε Κῆρες ἀμείλιχοι ἀμφιχάνωσιν;"

Ὡς εἰπὼν οἷμησε κραταιῇ χειρὶ τιταίνων  
λαοφόνον δόρυ μακρὸν ὑπαὶ Χείρωνι πονηθέν·  
αἶψα δ' ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο दाढ़φρονα Πενθεσίλειαν  
οὔτασε δεξιτεροῖο· μέλαν δέ οἱ ἔρρεεν αἶμα 595  
ἐσσυμένως· ἢ δ' εἴθαρ ὑπεκλύσθη μελέεσσιν·  
ἐκ δ' ἔβαλεν χειρὸς πέλεκυν μέγαν· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ νύξ  
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἤχλυσε καὶ ἐς φρένα δῦσαν ἀνῖαι.  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἄμπνυε καὶ εἶσιδε δήιον ἄνδρα  
ἤδη μιν μέλλοντα καθελκέμεν ὠκέος ἵππου· 600  
ὥρμηνεν δ' ἢ χειρὶ μέγα ξίφος εἰρύσασα



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Hast thou come forth against us, all athirst  
To battle with us, who be mightier far  
Than earthborn heroes? We from Cronos' Son,  
The Thunder-roller, boast our high descent.  
Ay, even Hector quailed, the battle-swift,  
Before us, e'en though far away he saw  
Our onrush to grim battle. Yea, my spear  
Slew him, for all his might. But thou—thine heart  
Is utterly mad, that thou hast greatly dared  
To threaten us with death this day! On thee  
Thy latest hour shall swiftly come—is come!  
Thee not thy sire the War-god now shall pluck  
Out of mine hand, but thou the debt shalt pay  
Of a dark doom, as when mid mountain-folds  
A pricket meets a lion, waster of herds.  
What, woman, hast thou heard not of the heaps  
Of slain, that into Xanthus' rushing stream  
Were thrust by these mine hands?—or hast thou  
heard

In vain, because the Blessèd Ones have stol'n  
Wit and discretion from thee, to the end  
That Doom's relentless gulf might gape for thee?"

He spake; he swung up in his mighty hand  
And sped the long spear warrior-slaying, wrought  
By Chiron, and above the right breast pierced  
The battle-eager maid. The red blood leapt  
Forth, as a fountain wells, and all at once  
Fainted the strength of Penthesileia's limbs;  
Dropped the great battle-axe from her nerveless  
hand;

A mist of darkness overveiled her eyes,  
And anguish thrilled her soul. Yet even so  
Still drew she difficult breath, still dimly saw  
The hero, even now in act to drag  
Her from the swift steed's back. Confusedly  
She thought: "Or shall I draw my mighty sword,

μειναι ἐπεσσυμένοιο θοοῦ Ἀχιλῆος ἐρωήν,  
 ἥ κραιπνῶς ἵπποιο κατ' ὠκυτάτοιο θοροῦσα  
 λίσσεσθ' ἀνέρα δῖον, ὑποσχέσθαι δέ οἱ ὦκα  
 χαλκὸν ἄλις καὶ χρυσόν, ἃ τε φρένας ἔνδον λαίνει 605  
 θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων, εἰ καὶ μάλα τις θρασὺς εἴη,  
 τοῖς ἦν πῶς πεπίθοιτ' ὀλοὸν σθένος Αἰακίδαο·  
 ἥ καὶ ὀμηλικίην αἰδεσσάμενος κατὰ θυμὸν  
 δῶή νόστιμον ἡμαρ ἐελδομένη περ ἀλύξαι.

Καὶ τὸ μὲν ὥς ὄρμαινε· θεοὶ δ' ἐτέρωσε βάλουντο. 610  
 τῇ γὰρ ἐπεσσύμενος μέγ' ἐχώσατο Πηλέος υἱός,  
 καί οἱ ἄφαρ συνέπειρεν ἀελλόποδος δέμας ἵππου·  
 εὐτέ τις ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ὑπὲρ πυρὸς αἰθαλόεντος  
 σπλάγχνα διαμπεύρῃσιν ἐπειγόμενος ποτὶ δόρπον,  
 ἥ ὥς τις στονόεντα βαλὼν ἐν ὄρεσσιν ἄκοντα 615  
 θηρητῆρ ἐλάφοιο μέσσην διὰ νηδύα κέρση  
 ἐσσυμένως, πταμένη δὲ διαμπερές ὄβριμος αἰχμὴ  
 πρέμνον ἐς ὑψικόμοιο πάγῃ δρυὸς ἠέ νυ πεύκης·  
 ὥς ἄρα Πενθεσίλειαν ὁμῶς περικαλλεῖ ἵππῳ  
 ἀντικρὺ διάμησεν ὑπ' ἔγχρῃ μαιμώνωντι 620  
 Πηλεΐδης· ἥ δ' ὦκα μίγῃ κονίῃ καὶ ὀλέθρῳ  
 εὐσταλέως ἐριποῦσα κατ' οὐδεός· οὐδέ οἱ αἰδῶς  
 ἥσχυεν δέμας ἡϋ· τάθη δ' ἐπὶ νηδύα μακρῷ  
 δουρὶ περισπαίρουσα, θοῶ δ' ἐπεκέκλιτο ἵππῳ·  
 εὐτ' ἐλάτῃ κλασθεῖσα βίῃ κρυεροῦ Βορέαο, 625  
 ἦν τέ που αἰπυτάτην ἀνά τ' ἄγkea μακρὰ καὶ  
 ὕλην,

οἱ αὐτῇ μέγ' ἄγαλμα, τρέφει παρὰ πίδακι γαῖα·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

And bide Achilles' fiery onrush, or  
Hastily cast me from my fleet horse down  
To earth, and kneel unto this godlike man,  
And with wild breath promise for ransoming  
Great heaps of brass and gold, which pacify  
The hearts of victors never so athirst  
For blood, if haply so the murderous might  
Of Aeacus' son may hearken and may spare,  
Or peradventure may compassionate  
My youth, and so vouchsafe me to behold  
Mine home again?—for O, I long to live!”

So surged the wild thoughts in her; but the Gods  
Ordained it otherwise. Even now rushed on  
In terrible anger Peleus' son: he thrust  
With sudden spear, and on its shaft impaled  
The body of her tempest-footed steed,  
Even as a man in haste to sup might pierce  
Flesh with the spit, above the glowing hearth  
To roast it, or as in a mountain-glade  
A hunter sends the shaft of death clear through  
The body of a stag with such winged speed  
That the fierce dart leaps forth beyond, to plunge  
Into the tall stem of an oak or pine.  
So that death-ravening spear of Peleus' son  
Clear through the goodly steed rushed on, and  
pierced

Penthesileia. Straightway fell she down  
Into the dust of earth, the arms of death,  
In grace and comeliness fell, for naught of shame  
Dishonoured her fair form. Face down she lay  
On the long spear outgasping her last breath,  
Stretched upon that fleet horse as on a couch;  
Like some tall pine snapped by the icy mace  
Of Boreas, earth's forest-fosterling  
Reared by a spring to stately height, amidst  
Long mountain-glens, a glory of mother earth;

τοίῃ Πενθεσίλεια κατ' ὠκέος ἤριπεν ἵππου  
θηητὴ περ εὐούσα· κατεκλάσθη δέ οἱ ἄλκη.

Τρῶες δ' ὥς ἐσίδοντο δαϊκταμένην ἐνὶ χάρμῃ, 630  
πανσυδίῃ τρομέοντες ἐπὶ πτόλιν ἐσσεύοντο  
ἄσπετ' ἀκηχέμενοι μεγάλῳ περὶ πένθει θυμόν.  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀν' εὐρέα πόντον ἐπιβρίσαντος ἀήτεω  
ναῦται νῆ' ὀλέσαντες ὑπεκπροφύγωσιν ὄλεθρον,  
παῦροι πολλὰ καμόντες διῆρυγες ἄλως εἴσω, 635  
ὄψε δ' ἄρα σφίσι γαῖα φάνη σχεδὸν ἡδὲ καὶ  
ἄστυ,

τοὶ δὲ μόγῳ στονόεντι τετρυμένοι ἄψα πάντα  
ἐξ ἄλως αἰσσοῦσι μέγ' ἀχνύμενοι περὶ νηὸς  
ἡδ' ἐτάρων, οὓς αἰνὸν ὑπὸ ζόφον ἤλασε κύμα·  
ὥς Τρῶες ποτὶ ἄστυ πεφυζότες ἐκ πολέμοιο 640  
κλαῖον πάντες Ἄρηος ἀμαιμακέτοιο θύγατρα  
καὶ λαούς, οἳ δῆριν ἀνὰ στονόεσσαν ὄλοντο.

Τῇδ' ἐπικαγχαλῶν μεγάλ' εὐχέτο Πηλέος υἱός·  
“ κεῖσό νυν ἐν κονίησι κυνῶν βόσις ἡδ' οἰωνῶν,  
δειλαίη· τίς γάρ σε παρήπαφεν ἀντὶ ἐμεῖο 645  
ἐλθέμεν; ἢ που ἔφησθα μάχης ἄπο νοστήσασα  
οἰσέμεν ἄσπετα δῶρα παρὰ Πριάμοιο γέροντος  
κτεῖνας Ἄργείους· ἀλλ' οὐ τότε σοίγε νόημα  
ἀθάνατοι ἐτέλεσαν, ἐπεὶ μέγα φέρτατοί εἰμεν  
ἡρώων, Δαναοῖσι φάος μέγα, Τρωσὶ δὲ πῆμα 650  
ἡδὲ σοὶ αἰνομόρφ, ἐπειὴ νῦν σε Κῆρες ἐρεμναὶ

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

So from the once fleet steed low fallen lay  
Penthesileia, all her shattered strength  
Brought down to this, and all her loveliness.

Now when the Trojans saw the Warrior-queen  
Struck down in battle, ran through all their lines  
A shiver of panic. Straightway to their walls  
Turned they in flight, heart-agonized with grief.  
As when on the wide sea, 'neath buffetings  
Of storm-blasts, castaways whose ship is wrecked  
Escape, a remnant of a crew, forspent  
With desperate conflict with the cruel sea :  
Late and at last appears the land hard by,  
Appears a city : faint and weary-limbed  
With that grim struggle, through the surf they  
strain

To land, sore grieving for the good ship lost,  
And shipmates whom the terrible surge dragged  
down

To nether gloom ; so, Troyward as they fled  
From battle, all those Trojans wept for her,  
The Child of the resistless War-god, wept  
For friends who died in groan-resounding fight.

Then over her with scornful laugh the son  
Of Peleus vaunted : " In the dust lie there  
A prey to teeth of dogs, to ravens' beaks,  
Thou wretched thing ! Who cozened thee to come  
Forth against me ? And thoughtest thou to fare  
Home from the war alive, to bear with thee  
Right royal gifts from Priam the old king,  
Thy guerdon for slain Argives ? Ha, 'twas not  
The Immortals who inspired thee with this thought,  
Who know that I of heroes mightiest am,  
The Danaans' light of safety, but a woe  
To Trojans and to thee, O evil-starred !  
Nay, but it was the darkness-shrouded Fates  
And thine own folly of soul that pricked thee on

καὶ νόος ἐξορόθυνε γυναικῶν ἔργα λιποῦσαν  
βήμεναι ἐς πόλεμον, τὸν περ τρομέουσι καὶ  
ἄνδρες.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν μελίην ἐξείρυσε Πηλέος υἱὸς  
ὠκέος ἐξ ἵπποιο καὶ αἰνῆς Πενθεσιλείης· 655  
ἄμφω δ' ἀσπαίρεσκον ὑφ' ἐν δόρῳ δηωθέντες.  
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κρατὸς κόρυν εἴλετο μαρμαίρουσαν  
ἡελίου ἀκτῖσιν ἀλίγκιον ἢ Διὸς αἴγλη·  
τῆς δὲ καὶ ἐν κονίῃσι καὶ αἵματι πεπτηνίης  
ἐξεφάνη ἐρατῇσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι καλὰ πρόσωπα 660  
καίπερ ἀποκταμένης. οἱ δ', ὥς ἴδον, ἀμφιέποντες  
Ἄργεῖοι θάμβησαν, ἐπεὶ μακάρεσσιν ἐώκει.  
κεῖτο γὰρ ἐν τεύχεσσι κατὰ χθονὸς ἡὔτ' ἀτειρῆς  
Ἄρτεμις ὑπνώουσα, Διὸς τέκος, εὔτε κάμησι  
γυῖα κατ' οὔρεα μακρὰ θοοὺς βάλλουσα λέοντας· 665  
αὐτὴ γάρ μιν ἔτευξε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοισιν ἀγητὴν  
Κύπρις εὐστέφανος κρατεροῦ παράκοιτις Ἄρης,  
ὄφρα τι καὶ Πηλῆος ἀμύμονος υἱ' ἀκαχήσῃ.  
πολλοὶ δ' εὐχετόωντο κατ' οἰκία νοστήσαντες  
τοίης ἥς ἀλόχοιο παρὰ λεχέεσσιν ἰαῦσαι. 670  
καὶ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἀλίαςτον ἐφ' ἐνετείρετο θυμῷ,  
οὔνεκά μιν κατέπεφνε καὶ οὐκ ἄγε δῖαν ἄκοιτιν  
Φθίην εἰς εὐπωλον, ἐπεὶ μέγεθός τε καὶ εἶδος  
ἔπλετ' ἀμώμητός τε καὶ ἀθανάτησιν ὁμοίῃ.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

To leave the works of women, and to fare  
To war, from which strong men shrink shuddering  
back."

So spake he, and his ashen spear the son  
Of Peleus drew from that swift horse, and from  
Penthesileia in death's agony.  
Then steed and rider gasped their lives away  
Slain by one spear. Now from her head he plucked  
The helmet splendour-flashing like the beams  
Of the great sun, or Zeus' own glory-light.  
Then, there as fallen in dust and blood she lay,  
Rose, like the breaking of the dawn, to view  
'Neath dainty-pencilled brows a lovely face,  
Lovely in death. The Argives thronged around,  
And all they saw and marvelled, for she seemed  
Like an Immortal. In her armour there  
Upon the earth she lay, and seemed the Child  
Of Zeus, the tireless Huntress Artemis  
Sleeping, what time her feet forwearied are  
With following lions with her flying shafts  
Over the hills far-stretching. She was made  
A wonder of beauty even in her death  
By Aphrodite glorious-crowned, the Bride  
Of the strong War-god, to the end that he,  
The son of noble Peleus, might be pierced  
With the sharp arrow of repentant love.  
The warriors gazed, and in their hearts they prayed  
That fair and sweet like her their wives might  
seem,  
Laid on the bed of love, when home they won.  
Yea, and Achilles' very heart was wrung  
With love's remorse to have slain a thing so sweet,  
Who might have borne her home, his queenly bride,  
To chariot-glorious Phthia; for she was  
Flawless, a very daughter of the Gods,  
Divinely tall, and most divinely fair.



Ἄρει δ' ἔμπεσε πένθος ὑπὸ φρένας ἀμφὶ  
θυγατρὸς

675

θυμὸν ἀκηχεμένῳ· τάχα δ' ἔκθορεν Οὐλύμποιο  
σμερδαλέῳ ἀτάλαντος ἐὺ κτυπέοντι κεραυνῷ,  
ὃν τε Ζεὺς προΐησιν, ὃ δ' ἀκαμάτης ἀπὸ χειρὸς  
ἔσσεται ἢ ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπείριτον ἢ ἐπὶ γαίαν  
μαρμαίρων, τῷ δ' ἀμφὶ μέγας πελεμίζετ' Ὀλυμ-  
πος·

680

τοῖος Ἄρης ταναοῖο δι' ἡέρος ἀσχαλόων κῆρ  
ἔσσυτο σὺν τεύχεσσι, ἐπεὶ μόρον αἰνὸν ἄκουσε  
παιδὸς ἐῆς· τῷ γάρ ῥα κατ' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν εἰόντι  
Αὔραι μυθήσαντο θοαὶ Βορέας θυγατρὸς  
κούρης αἰνὸν ὄλεθρον· ὃ δ' ὥς κλύειν, ἴσος ἀέλλη  
Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐπεβήσατο· τοῦ δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν  
ἄγκεα κίνυτο μακρὰ βαθύρρωχοί τε χαράδραι  
καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ πάντες ἀπειρέσιοι πόδες Ἰδῆς.  
καὶ νῦ κε Μυρμιδόνεσσι πολύστονον ὦπασεν  
ἡμαρ,

685

εἰ μὴ μιν Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο φόβησε  
σμερδαλέης στεροπῇσι καὶ ἀργαλέοισι κεραυνοῖς,  
οἳ οἱ πρόσθε ποδῶν θαμέες ποτόωντο δι' αἴθρης  
δεινὸν ἀπαιθόμενοι· ὃ δ' ἄρ' εἰσορόων ἐνόησε  
πατρὸς ἐριγδούποιο μέγα βρομέουσιν ὁμοκλήν·  
ἔστη δ' ἐσσύμενός περ ἐπὶ πτολέμοιο κυδοιμόν.  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀπ' ἡλιβάτου σκοπιῆς περιμήκεα λᾶαν  
λάβρος ὁμῶς ἀνέμοισιν ἀπορρήξῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος,  
ὄμβρος ἄρ' ἢ κεραυνός, ἐπικτυπέουσι δὲ βῆσαι  
λάβρα κυλινδομένοι, ὃ δ' ἀκαμάτῳ ὑπὸ ροίῳ  
ἔσσυτ' ἀναθρώσκων μάλα ταρφέα, μέχρις ἵκηται  
χῶρον ἐπ' ἰσόπεδον, σταίῃ δ' ἄφαρ οὐκ ἐθέλων  
περ·

690

695

700

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then Ares' heart was thrilled with grief and rage  
For his child slain. Straight from Olympus down  
He darted, swift and bright as thunderbolt  
Terribly flashing from the mighty hand  
Of Zeus, far leaping o'er the trackless sea,  
Or flaming o'er the land, while shuddereth  
All wide Olympus as it passeth by.  
So through the quivering air with heart aflame  
Swooped Ares armour-clad, soon as he heard  
The dread doom of his daughter. For the Gales,  
The North-wind's fleet-winged daughters, bare to  
him,  
As through the wide halls of the sky he strode,  
The tidings of the maiden's woeful end.  
Soon as he heard it, like a tempest-blast  
Down to the ridges of Ida leapt he : quaked  
Under his feet the long glens and ravines  
Deep-scored, all Ida's torrent-beds, and all  
Far-stretching foot-hills. Now had Ares brought  
A day of mourning on the Myrmidons,  
But Zeus himself from far Olympus sent  
Mid shattering thunders terror of levin-bolts  
Which thick and fast leapt through the welkin down  
Before his feet, blazing with fearful flames.  
And Ares saw, and knew the stormy threat  
Of the mighty-thundering Father, and he stayed  
His eager feet, now on the very brink  
Of battle's turmoil. As when some huge crag  
Thrust from a beetling cliff-brow by the winds  
And torrent rains, or lightning-lance of Zeus,  
Leaps like a wild beast, and the mountain-glens  
Fling back their crashing echoes as it rolls  
In mad speed on, as with resistless swoop  
Of bound on bound it rushes down, until  
It cometh to the levels of the plain,  
And there perforce its stormy flight is stayed ;

ὥς Διὸς ὄβριμος υἱὸς Ἄρης ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ  
 ἔσθῃ ἐπειγόμενός περ, ἐπεὶ μακάρων μεδέοντι  
 πάντες ὁμῶς εἴκουσιν Ὀλύμπιοι, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῶν  
 πολλὸν ὑπέρτατός ἐστι, πέλει δέ οἱ ἄσπετος ἀλκή. 705  
 πολλὰ δὲ πορφύροντα θοὸς νόος ὀτρύνεσκεν  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν Κρονίδαο μέγ' ἀσχαλόωντος ἐνιπὴν  
 σμερδαλέην τρομέοντα πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἀπονέεσθαι,  
 ἄλλοτε δ' οὐκ ἀλέγειν σφετέρου πατρός, ἀλλ'  
 Ἀχιλῇ

μῖξαι ἐν αἵματι χεῖρας ἀτειρέας. ὧψέ δέ οἱ κῆρ 710  
 μνήσασθ', ὅσοι καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι δάμησαν  
 υἱέες, οἷς οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἐπήρκεσεν ὀλλυμένοισιν·  
 τοῦνεκ' ἀπ' Ἀργείων ἐκὰς ἦϊεν· ἥ γὰρ ἔμελλεν  
 κείσθαι ὁμῶς Τιτῇσι δαμεῖς στονόμενι κεραυνῷ,  
 εἰ Διὸς ἀθανάτοιο παρέκ νόον ἄλλα μενοῖνα. 715

Καὶ τότε ἄρηϊοι υἱες εὐσθενέων Ἀργείων  
 σύλουν ἐσσυμένως βεβροτωμένα τεύχεα νεκρῶν  
 πάντῃ ἐπεσσύμενοι· μέγα δ' ἄχυντο Πηλέος υἱὸς  
 κούρης εἰσορόων ἐρατὸν σθένος ἐν κονίῃσι·  
 τοῦνεκά οἱ κραδίην ὀλοαὶ κατέδαπτον ἀνῖαι 720  
 ὀππόσον ἀμφ' ἐτάριοι πάρος Πατρόκλοιο δαμέντος.

Θερσίτης δέ μιν ἅντα κακῷ μέγα νείκεσε μύθῳ·  
 “ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ φρένας αἰνέ, τίη νύ σευ ἤπαφε δαίμων  
 θυμὸν ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν Ἀμαζόνος εἵνεκα λυγρῆς,  
 ἥ νῶϊν κακὰ πολλὰ λιλαίετο μητίσασθαι; 725  
 τῆς τοι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῇσι γυναιμανὲς ἦτορ ἔχοντι  
 μέμβλεται ὥς ἀλόχοιο πολύφρονος, ἣν τ' ἐπὶ ἔδνοις  
 κουριδίην μνήστευσας ἐελδόμενος γαμέεσθαι.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

So Ares, battle-eager Son of Zeus,  
Was stayed, how loth soe'er ; for all the Gods  
To the Ruler of the Blessèd needs must yield,  
Seeing he sits high-throned above them all,  
Clothed in his might unspeakable. Yet still  
Many a wild thought surged through Ares' soul,  
Urging him now to dread the terrible threat  
Of Cronos' wrathful Son, and to return  
Heavenward, and now to reck not of his Sire,  
But with Achilles' blood to stain those hands,  
The battle-tireless. At the last his heart  
Remembered how that many and many a son  
Of Zeus himself in many a war had died,  
Nor in their fall had Zeus availed them aught.  
Therefore he turned him from the Argives — else,  
Down smitten by the blasting thunderbolt,  
With Titans in the nether gloom he had lain,  
Who dared defy the eternal will of Zeus.

Then did the warrior sons of Argos strip  
With eager haste from corpses strown all round  
The blood-stained spoils. But ever Peleus' son  
Gazed, wild with all regret, still gazed on her,  
The strong, the beautiful, laid in the dust :  
And all his heart was wrung, was broken down  
With sorrowing love, deep, strong as he had known  
When that belovèd friend Patroclus died.

Loud jeered Thersites, mocking to his face :  
“ Thou sorry-souled Achilles ! art not shamed  
To let some evil Power beguile thine heart  
To pity of a pitiful Amazon  
Whose furious spirit purposed naught but ill  
To us and ours ? Ha, woman-mad art thou,  
And thy soul lusts for this thing, as she were  
Some lady wise in household ways, with gifts  
And pure intent for honoured wedlock wooed !  
Good had it been had her spear reached thine heart,

ὥς σ' ὄφελον κατὰ δῆριν ὑποφθαμένη βάλε δουρί,  
 οὐνεκα θηλυτέρησιν ἄδην ἐπιτέρπεται ἦτορ, 730  
 οὐδέ νύ σοί τι μέμηλεν ἐνὶ φρεσὶν οὐλομένησιν  
 ἄμφ' ἀρετῆς κλυτὸν ἔργον, ἐπὴν ἐσίδησθα γυναῖκα.  
 σχέτλιε, ποῦ νύ τοί ἐστιν ἐὺ σθένος ἡδὲ νόημα;  
 πῇ δὲ βίη βασιλῆος ἀμύμονος; οὐδέ τι οἶσθα  
 ὅσσον ἄχος Τρώεσσι γυναιμανέουσι τέτυκται; 735  
 οὐ γὰρ τερπωλῆς ὀλοώτερον ἄλλο βροτοῖσιν  
 εἰς λέχος ἰεμένης, ἢ τ' ἄφρονα φῶτα τίθησι  
 καὶ πινυτόν περ ἔοντα· πόνω δ' ἄρα κῦδος ὀπηδεῖ·  
 ἀνδρὶ γὰρ αἰχμητῇ νίκης κλέος ἔργα τ' Ἄρηος  
 τερπνά· φυγοπτολέμῳ δὲ γυναικῶν εὐαδεν εὐνή." 740

Ἡ μέγα νεικείων· ὁ δὲ οἱ περιχώσατο θυμῷ  
 Πηλείδης ἐρίθυμος· ἄφαρ δέ ἐ χειρὶ κραταιῇ  
 τύψε κατὰ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὐατος· οἱ δ' ἅμα πάντες  
 ἐξεχύθησαν ὀδόντες ἐπὶ χθόνα, κάππεσε δ' αὐτὸς  
 πρηνής· ἐκ δέ οἱ αἶμα διὰ στόματος πεφόρητο 745  
 ἀθρόον· αἶψα δ' ἀναλκίς ἀπὸ μελέων φύγε θυμὸς  
 ἀνέρος οὐτιδανοῖο· χάρη δ' ἄρα λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν·  
 τοὺς γὰρ νείκεε πάμπαν ἐπεσβολίησι κακῇσιν  
 αὐτὸς ἐὼν λωβητός· ὁ γὰρ Δαναῶν πέλεν αἰδώς.  
 καὶ ῥά τις ὦδ' εἶπεςκεν ἀρηϊθίων Ἀργείων· 750  
 “οὐκ ἀγαθὸν βασιλῆας ὑβριζέμεν ἀνδρὶ χέρη  
 ἀμφαδὸν οὔτε κρυφηνδόν, ἐπεὶ χόλος αἰνὸς ὀπηδεῖ·  
 ἔστι Θέμις, καὶ γλῶσσαν ἀναιδέα τίνυται Ἄτῃ,  
 ἢ τ' αἰεὶ μερόπεσσιν ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγος ἀέξει.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Δαναῶν τις· ὁ δ' ἀσχαλόων ἐνὶ θυμῷ 755  
 Πηλείδης ἐρίθυμος ἔπος ποτὶ τοῖον εἶπεν·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

The heart that sighs for woman-creatures still !  
Thou carest not, unmanly-souled, not thou,  
For valour's glorious path, when once thine eye  
Lights on a woman ! Sorry wretch, where now  
Is all thy goodly prowess ?—where thy wit ?  
And where the might that should beseem a king  
All-stainless ? Dost not know what misery  
This self-same woman-madness wrought for Troy ?  
Nothing there is to men more ruinous  
Than lust for woman's beauty ; it maketh fools  
Of wise men. But the toil of war attains  
Renown. To him that is a hero indeed  
Glory of victory and the War-god's works  
Are sweet. 'Tis but the battle-blencher craves  
The beauty and the bed of such as she !”

So railed he long and loud : the mighty heart  
Of Peleus' son leapt into flame of wrath.  
A sudden buffet of his resistless hand  
Smote 'neath the railer's ear, and all his teeth  
Were dashed to the earth : he fell upon his face :  
Forth of his lips the blood in torrent gushed :  
Swift from his body fled the dastard soul  
Of that vile niddering. Achaea's sons  
Rejoiced thereat, for aye he wont to rail  
On each and all with venomous gibes, himself  
A scandal and the shame of all the host.  
Then mid the warrior Argives cried a voice :  
“ Not good it is for baser men to rail  
On kings, or secretly or openly ;  
For wrathful retribution swiftly comes.  
The Lady of Justice sits on high ; and she  
Who heapeth woe on woe on humankind,  
Even Atê, punisheth the shameless tongue.”

So mid the Danaans cried a voice : nor yet  
Within the mighty soul of Peleus' son  
Lulled was the storm of wrath, but fiercely he spake :



“ κεῖσό νυν ἐν κονίησι λελασμένος ἀφροσυνάων  
οὐ γὰρ ἀμείνονι φωτὶ χρεὼν κακὸν ἀντί’ ἐρίζειν·  
ὥς καὶ που τὸ πάροιθεν Ὀδυσσῆος ταλαὸν κῆρ  
ἀργαλέως ὥρινας ἐλέγχεα μυρία βάζων·  
ἀλλ’ οὐ Πηλεΐδης τοι ὁμοίος ἐξεφαάνθη,  
ὅς σευ θυμὸν ἔλυσα καὶ οὐκέτι<sup>1</sup> χειρὶ βαρεῖη  
πληξάμενος· σὲ δὲ πότμος ἀμείλιχος ἀμφεκά-  
λυψεν,

760

σῇ δ’ ὀλιγοδρανίῃ θυμὸν λίπες· ἀλλ’ ἀπ’ Ἀχαιῶν  
ἔρρε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοισιν ἐπεσβολίας ἀγόρευε.”

765

Ὡς ἔφατ’ Αἰακίδαο θρασύφρονος ἄτρομος υἱός.  
Τυδεΐδης δ’ ἄρα μῦθος ἐν Ἀργείοις Ἀχιλῇ  
χώετο Θερσίταο δεδουπότος, οὐνεκ’ ἄρ’ αὐτοῦ  
εὐχετ’ ἀφ’ αἵματος εἶναι, ἐπεὶ πέλεν ὃς μὲν ἀγανοῦ  
Τυδέος ὄβριμος υἱός, ὁ δ’ Ἀγρίου ἰσοθέοιο,  
Ἀγρίου, ὃς τ’ Οἰνῆος ἀδελφεὸς ἔπλετο δίου·  
Οἰνεὺς δ’ υἰέα γείνατ’ ἀρήιον ἐν Δαναοῖσι  
Τυδέα· τοῦ δ’ ἐτέτυκτο πᾶϊς σθεναρὸς Διομήδης.  
τοῦνεκα Θερσίταο περὶ κταμένοιο χαλέφθη.

770

καὶ νύ κε Πηλείωνος ἐναντίον ἦρατο χεῖρας,  
εἰ μὴ μιν κατέρυξαν Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι υἱες,  
πολλὰ παρηγορέοντες ὁμιλαδόν· ὥς δὲ καὶ αὐτὸν  
Πηλεΐδην ἐτέρωθεν ἐρήτυον· ἦ γὰρ ἔμελλον  
ἤδη καὶ ξιφέεσσιν ἐριδμαίνειν οἱ ἄριστοι  
Ἀργείων· τοὺς γὰρ ῥα κακὸς χόλος ὀτρύνεσκεν.  
ἀλλ’ οἱ μὲν πεπίθοντο παραιφασίησιν ἐταίρων.

775

780

Οἱ δὲ μέγ’ οἰκτεῖραντες ἀγανὴν Πενθεσίλειαν  
Ἀτρεΐδαι βασιλῆες ἀγασσάμενοί ἐ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
Τρῶσιν δόσαν ποτὶ ἄστνυ φέρειν ἐρικυδέος Ἴλου

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for οὐκ ἐπὶ of v.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

“ Lie there in dust, thy follies all forgot !  
'Tis not for knaves to beard their betters : once  
Thou didst provoke Odysseus' steadfast soul,  
Babbling with venomous tongue a thousand gibes,  
And didst escape with life ; but thou hast found  
The son of Peleus not so patient-souled,  
Who with one only buffet from his hand  
Unkennels thy dog's soul ! A bitter doom  
Hath swallowed thee : by thine own rascality  
Thy life is sped. Hence from Achæan men,  
And mouth out thy revilings midst the dead ! ”

So spake the valiant-hearted aweless son  
Of Aeacus. But Tydeus' son alone  
Of all the Argives was with anger stirred  
Against Achilles for Thersites slain,  
Seeing these twain were of the self-same blood,  
The one, proud Tydeus' battle-eager son,  
The other, seed of godlike Agrius :  
Brother of noble Oeneus Agrius was ;  
And Oeneus in the Danaan land begat  
Tydeus the battle-eager, son to whom  
Was stalwart Diomedes. Therefore wroth  
Was he for slain Thersites, yea, had raised  
Against the son of Peleus vengeful hands,  
Except the noblest of Achæa's sons  
Had thronged around him, and besought him sore,  
And held him back therefrom. With Peleus' son  
Also they pleaded ; else those mighty twain,  
The mightiest of all Argives, were at point  
To close with clash of swords, so stung were they  
With bitter wrath ; yet hearkened they at last  
To prayers of comrades, and were reconciled.

Then of their pity did the Atreid kings —  
For these too at the imperial loveliness  
Of Penthesileia marvelled — render up

σὺν σφοῖσιν τεύχεσσι, ἐπεὶ Πριάμοιο νόησαν 785  
 ἀγγελίην προῖεντος· ὁ γὰρ φρεσὶν ἦσι μενοίνα  
 κούρην ὀβριμόθυμον ὁμῶς τεύχεσσι καὶ ἵππῳ  
 ἐς μέγα σῆμα βαλέσθαι ἀφνειοῦ Λαομέδοντος.  
 καὶ οἱ πυρκαϊὴν νηήσατο πρόσθε πόλης  
 ὑψηλὴν, εὐρεῖαν· ὑπερθε δὲ θήκατο κούρην 790  
 πολλοῖς σὺν κτεάτεσσιν, ὅσα κταμένη ἐπεώκει  
 ἐν πυρὶ συγκείασθαι ἐϋκτεάνῳ βασιλείῃ.  
 καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέδαψε θεὸν μένος Ἥφαιστοιο,  
 φλόξ ὅλοή· λαοὶ δὲ περισταδὸν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι  
 πυρκαϊὴν σβέσσαντο θεῶς εὐώδεϊ οἴνῳ. 795  
 ὅστέα δ' ἀλλέξαντες ἄδην ἐπέχευαν ἄλειφα  
 ἡδὺ καὶ ἐς κοίλῃν χηλὸν θέσαν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτοῖς  
 πίονα δημὸν ὑπερθε βάλον βοός, ἥ τ' ἀγέλησιν  
 Ἰδαίοις ἐν ὄρεσσι μετέπρεπε φερβομένησι.  
 Τρῶες δ' ὥστε θύγατρα φίλῃν περικωκύσαντες 800  
 ἀχνύμενοι τάρχυσαν ἐϋδμητον περὶ τείχος  
 πύργῳ ἔπι προὔχοντι παρ' ὅστέα Λαομέδοντος  
 ἦρα φέροντες Ἄρηι καὶ αὐτῇ Πενθεσιλείῃ.  
 καὶ οἱ παρκατέθασαν Ἀμαζόνας, ὅσαι ἅμ' αὐτῇ  
 ἐσπόμεναι ποτὶ δῆριν ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι δάμησαν· 805  
 οὐ γάρ σφιν τύμβοιο πολυκλαύτοιο μέγηραν  
 Ἀτρεΐδαι, Τρώεσσι δ' εὐπτολέμοισιν ὅπασσαν  
 ἐκ βελέων ἐρύσασθαι ὁμῶς κταμένοισι καὶ ἄλλοις·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Her body to the men of Troy, to bear  
Unto the burg of Ilus far-renowned  
With all her armour. For a herald came  
Asking this boon for Priam ; for the king  
Longed with deep yearning of the heart to lay  
That battle-eager maiden, with her arms,  
And with her war-horse, in the great earth-mound  
Of old Laomedon. And so he heaped  
A high broad pyre without the city wall :  
Upon the height thereof that warrior-queen  
They laid, and costly treasures did they heap  
Around her, all that well beseems to burn  
Around a mighty queen in battle slain.  
And so the Fire-god's swift-upleaping might,  
The ravening flame, consumed her. All around  
The people stood on every hand, and quenched  
The pyre with odorous wine. Then gathered they  
The bones, and poured sweet ointment over them,  
And laid them in a casket : over all  
Shed they the rich fat of a heifer, chief  
Among the herds that grazed on Ida's slope.  
And, as for a beloved daughter, rang  
All round the Trojan men's heart-stricken wail,  
As by the stately wall they buried her  
On an outstanding tower, beside the bones  
Of old Laomedon, a queen beside  
A king. This honour for the War-god's sake  
They rendered, and for Penthesileia's own.  
And in the plain beside her buried they  
The Amazons, even all that followed her  
To battle, and by Argive spears were slain.  
For Atreus' sons begrudged not these the boon  
Of tear-besprinkled graves, but let their friends,  
The warrior Trojans, draw their corpses forth,  
Yea, and their own slain also, from amidst  
The swath of darts o'er that grim harvest-field.

οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ φθιμένοισι πέλει κότος, ἀλλ' ἐλεεινοὶ  
δήιοι οὐκέτ' εἶοντες, ἐπὴν ἀπὸ θυμὸς ὄληται. 810

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθε δόσαν πυρὶ πολλὰ κάρηνα  
ἡρώων, οἳ δὴ σφιν ὁμοῦ κτάθεν ἡδ' ἐδάμησαν  
Τρώων ἐν παλάμησιν ἀνὰ στόμα δηιοτήτος,  
πολλὰ μάλ' ἀχυνύμενοι κταμένων ὑπερ. ἔξοχα δ'  
ἄλλων

ἄμφ' ἀγαθοῦ μύροντο Ποδάρκεος· οὐ γὰρ ἐπ'  
ἐσθλοῦ 815

δεύετ' ἀδελφειοῖο μάχῃ ἐνὶ Πρωτεσιλάου·  
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἤδη πρόσθεν ὑφ' Ἑκτορι κείμετο δαϊ-  
χθεὶς

ἡὺς Πρωτεσίλαος· ὁ δ' ἔγχεϊ Πενθεσιλείης  
βλήμενος Ἀργείοισι λυγρὸν περικάββαλε πένθος·  
τοῦνεκά οἱ πληθὺν μὲν ἀπόπροθι ταρχύσαντο 820  
τεθναότων· κείνῳ δὲ πέριξ ἐβάλλοντο καμόντες  
οἷῳ σῆμ' ἀρίδην, ἐπεὶ θρασὺς ἔπλετο θυμῷ.

νόσφι δὲ Θερσίταο λυγρὸν δέμας οὐτιδανοῖο  
θάψαντες ποτὶ νῆας εὐπρώρους ἀφίκοντο  
Αἰακίδην Ἀχιλῆα μέγα φρεσὶ κυδαίνοντες. 825

ἦμος δ' αἰγλήεσσα κατ' ὠκεανοῖο βεβήκει  
ἡώς, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖαν ἐκίδνατο θεσπεσίῃ νύξ,  
δὴ τότε ἄρ' ἐν κλισίῃς Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀφνειοῖο  
δαίνυτο Πηλεΐδαο βίῃ· σὺν δ' ἄλλοι ἄριστοι  
τέρποντ' ἐν θαλίσῃ μέχρ' ἡὼ δῖαν ἰκέσθαι. 830

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Wrath strikes not at the dead : pitied are foes  
When life has fled, and left them foes no more.

Far off across the plain the while uprose  
Smoke from the pyres whereon the Argives laid  
The many heroes overthrown and slain  
By Trojan hands what time the sword devoured ;  
And multitudinous lamentation wailed  
Over the perished. But above the rest  
Mourned they o'er brave Podarces, who in fight  
Was no less mighty than his hero-brother  
Protesilaus, he who long ago  
Fell, slain of Hector : so Podarces now,  
Struck down by Penthesileia's spear, hath cast  
Over all Argive hearts the pall of grief.  
Wherefore apart from him they laid in clay  
The common throng of slain ; but over him  
Toiling they heaped an earth-mound far-descried  
In memory of a warrior aweless-souled.  
And in a several pit withal they thrust  
The niddering Thersites' wretched corse.  
Then to the ships, acclaiming Aeacus' son,  
Returned they all. But when the radiant day  
Had plunged beneath the Ocean-stream, and night,  
The holy, overspread the face of earth,  
Then in the rich king Agamemnon's tent  
Feasted the might of Peleus' son, and there  
Sat at the feast those other mighty ones  
All through the dark, till rose the dawn divine.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΣ

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κορυφὰς ὀρέων ὑπὲρ ἡχήμεντων  
 λαμπρὸν ὑπὲρ φάος ἦλθεν ἀτειρέος ἡελίοιο,  
 οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν κλισίῃσιν Ἀχαιῶν ὄβριμοι υἱες  
 γήθεον ἀκαμάτῳ μέγ' ἐπευχόμενοι Ἀχιλῆϊ.  
 Τρῶες δ' αὖ μύροντο κατὰ πτόλιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πύρ-  
 γους

5

ἐξόμενοι σκοπίαζον, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἔλλαβε πάντας,  
 μὴ δὴ πού μέγα τείχος ὑπερθόρῃ ὄβριμος ἀνὴρ  
 αὐτοὺς τε κτείνῃ κατὰ τε πρήσῃ πυρὶ πάντα.  
 τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' ἀχνυμένοισι γέρων μετέειπε Θυμοίτης·  
 “ὦ φίλοι, οὐκέτ' ἔγωγε περὶ φρεσὶν οἶδα νοῆσαι,  
 ὅππως ἔσσεται ἄλκαρ ἀνιηροῦ πολέμοιο

10

Ἴκτορος ἀγχεμάχοιο δεδουπότος, ὃς μέγα Τρώων  
 κάρτος ἔην τὸ πάροιθε· καὶ οὐδ' ὃ γε Κῆρας  
 ἄλυξεν,

ἀλλ' ἐδάμῃ παλάμῃσιν Ἀχιλλέος, ᾧ περ ὅτω  
 καὶ θεὸν ἀντιάσαντα μάχῃ ἐνὶ δηωθῆναι·  
 οἷν τήνδ' ἐδάμασσευ ἀνὰ κλόνον, ἥνπερ οἱ ἄλλοι  
 Ἀργεῖοι φοβέοντο, δαΐφρονα Πενθεσίλειαν·  
 καὶ γὰρ ἔην ἔκπαγλος· ἔγωγέ μιν ὥς ἐνόησα,

15

## BOOK II

*How Memnon, Son of the Dawn, for Troy's sake fell  
in the Battle*

WHEN o'er the crests of the far-echoing hills  
The splendour of the tireless-racing sun  
Poured o'er the land, still in their tents rejoiced  
Achaea's stalwart sons, and still acclaimed  
Achilles the resistless. But in Troy  
Still mourned her people, still from all her towers  
Seaward they strained their gaze ; for one great fear  
Gripped all their hearts—to see that terrible man  
At one bound overleap their high-built wall,  
Then smite with the sword all people therewithin,  
And burn with fire fanes, palaces, and homes.  
And old Thymoetes spake to the anguished ones :  
“ Friends, I have lost hope : mine heart seeth not  
Or help, or bulwark from the storm of war,  
Now that the aweless Hector, who was once  
Troy's mighty champion, is in dust laid low.  
Not all his might availed to escape the Fates,  
But overborne he was by Achilles' hands,  
The hands that would, I verily deem, bear down  
A God, if he defied him to the fight,  
Even as he overthrew this warrior-queen  
Penthesileia battle-revelling,  
From whom all other Argives shrank in fear.  
Ah, she was marvellous ! When at the first  
I looked on her, meseemed a Blessèd One



ὠισάμην μακάρων τίν' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἐνθάδ' ἰκέσθαι  
 ἡμῖν χάρμα φέρουσιν· ὃ δ' οὐκ ἄρ' ἐτήτυμον ἦεν. 20  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε φραζώμεσθα, τί λώιον ἄμμι γένηται,  
 ἢ ἔτι που στυγεροῖσι μαχώμεθα δυσμενέεσσιν,  
 ἢ ἤδη φεύγωμεν ἀπ' ἄστεος ὀλλυμένοι·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' Ἀργείοισι δυνησόμεθ' ἀντιφερίζειν  
 μαρναμένου κατὰ δῆριν ἀμειλίκτου Ἀχιλλῆος." 25

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· τὸν δ' υἱὸς ἀμείβετο Λαομέδοντος·  
 “ὦ φίλος ἦδ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες σθεναροί τ' ἐπίκουροι,  
 μή νύ τι δειμαίνοντες ἐῆς χαζώμεθα πάτρης,  
 μηδ' ἔτι δυσμενέεσσι μαχώμεθα τῇλε πόληος,  
 ἀλλά που ἐκ πύργων καὶ τείχεος, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ 30  
 Μένων ὀβριμόθυμος ἄγων ἀπερείσια φῦλα  
 λαῶν, οἳ ναίουσι μελάμβροτον Αἰθιοπείαν.  
 ἤδη γάρ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν ὀτομαι ἀγχόθι γαίης  
 ἔμμεναι ἡμετέρης· ἐπεὶ ἢ νύ οἱ οὔτι νέον γε  
 ἀγγελίην προέηκα μέγ' ἀχνύμενος περὶ θυμῷ· 35  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἀσπασίως μοι ὑπέσχετο πάντα τελέσσαι  
 ἐλθὼν ἐς Τροίην· καί μιν σχεδὸν ἔλπομαι εἶναι.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε τλῆτ' ἔτι βαιόν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ λώιον ἐστι  
 θαρσαλέως ἀπολέσθαι ἀνὰ κλόνον, ἢ ἐφυγόντας  
 ζῶειν ἄλλοδαποῖσι παρ' ἀνδράσιν αἵσχ' ἔχοντας.” 40

Ἡ ῥ' ὁ γέρων· ἀλλ' οὔτι σαόφρονι Πουλυδά-  
 μαντι

ἦνδανεν εἰσέτι δῆρις, εὐφρονα δ' ἔκφατο μῦθον·  
 “εἰ μὲν δὴ Μένων τοι ἀριφραδέως κατένευσεν  
 ἡμέων αἶνόν ὄλεθρον ἀπώσέμεν, οὔτι μεγαίρω  
 μίμνειν ἀνέρα δῖον ἀνὰ πτόλιν· ἀλλ' ἄρα θυμῷ 45

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

From heaven had come down hitherward to bring  
Light to our darkness—ah, vain hope, vain dream !  
Go to, let us take counsel, what to do  
Were best for us. Or shall we still maintain  
A hopeless fight against these ruthless foes,  
Or shall we straightway flee a city doomed ?  
Ay, doomed !—for never more may we withstand  
Argives in fighting field, when in the front  
Of battle pitiless Achilles storms.”

Then spake Laomedon's son, the ancient king :  
“ Nay, friend, and all ye other sons of Troy,  
And ye our strong war-helpers, flinch we not  
Faint-hearted from defence of fatherland !  
Yet let us go not forth the city-gates  
To battle with yon foe. Nay, from our towers  
And from our ramparts let us make defence,  
Till our new champion come, the stormy heart  
Of Memnon. Lo, he cometh, leading on  
Hosts numberless, Aethiopia's swarthy sons.  
By this, I trow, he is nigh unto our gates ;  
For long ago, in sore distress of soul,  
I sent him urgent summons. Yea, and he  
Promised me, gladly promised me, to come  
To Troy, and make an end of all our woes.  
And now, I trust, he is nigh. Let us endure  
A little longer then ; for better far  
It is like brave men in the fight to die  
Than flee, and live in shame mid alien folk.”

So spake the old king ; but Polydamas,  
The prudent-hearted, thought not good to war  
Thus endlessly, and spake his patriot rede :  
“ If Memnon have beyond all shadow of doubt  
Pledged him to thrust dire ruin far from us,  
Then do I gainsay not that we await  
The coming of that godlike man within  
Our walls—yet, ah, mine heart misgives me, lest,

δαίδω, μὴ σὺν εἰσι κιὼν ἐτάροισι δαμείῃ  
 κεῖνος ἀνὴρ, πολλοῖς δὲ καὶ ἄλλοις πῆμα γένηται  
 ἡμετέροις· δεινὸν γὰρ ἐπὶ σθένος ὄρνυτ' Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε, μηδὲ πόλῃος ἐῆς ἀπὸ τῆλε φυγόντες  
 αἴσχεα πολλὰ φέρωμεν ἀναλκείῃ ὑπὸ λυγρῇ 50  
 ἀλλοδαπὴν περόωντες ἐπὶ χθόνα, μηδ' ἔτι πάτρην  
 μίμνοντες κτεινόμεθ' ὑπ' Ἀργείων ὀρυμαγδοῦ,  
 ἀλλ' ἤδη Δαναοῖσι, καὶ εἰ βραδύ, λώιον εἴη  
 εἰσέτι κυδαλίμην Ἑλένην καὶ κτήματ' ἐκείνης,  
 ἡμὲν ὅσα Σπάρτῃθεν ἀνήγαγεν ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλα, 55  
 διττάκι τόσσα φέροντας ὑπὲρ πόλιός τε καὶ αὐτῶν  
 ἐκδόμεν, ἕως οὐ κτήσιν ἀνάρσια φύλα δέδασται  
 ἡμετέρην, οὐδ' ἄστὺ κατήνυκε πῦρ αἰδέηλον.  
 νῦν δ' ἄγ' ἐμοὶ πείθεσθε περὶ φρεσίν· οὐ γὰρ ὅτῳ  
 ἄλλον ἀμείνονα μῆτιν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι φράσασθαι 60  
 εἴθ' ὄφελον καὶ πρόσθεν ἐμῆς ἐπάκουσεν ἐφετμῆς  
 Ἐκτωρ, ὅππότε μιν κατερήτυον ἔνδοθι πάτρης."

Ὡς φάτο Πουλυδάμαντος ἐὺ σθένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ  
 Τρῶες

ἦνεον εἰσαΐοντες ἐνὶ φρεσίν, οὐδ' ἀναφανδὸν  
 μῦθον ἔφαν· πάντες γὰρ ἐὼν τρομέοντες ἄνακτα 65  
 ἄζοντ' ἡδ' Ἑλένην, κείνης ἕνεκ' ὀλλύμενοί περ.  
 τὸν δὲ καὶ ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα Πάρις μέγα νείκεσεν  
 ἄντην·

“Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν ἐσσί φυγοπτόλεμος καὶ  
 ἄναλκεις,

οὐδὲ σοὶ ἐν στέρνοισι πέλει μενεδήμιον ἦτορ,  
 ἀλλὰ δέος καὶ φύζα· σὺ δ' εὖχεται εἶναι ἄριστος 70  
 ἐν βουλῇ· πάντων δὲ χερεῖονα μῆδεα οἶδας.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Though he with all his warriors come, he come  
But to his death, and unto thousands more,  
Our people, nought but misery come thereof;  
For terribly against us leaps the storm  
Of the Achaeans' might. But now, go to,  
Let us not flee afar from this our Troy  
To wander to some alien land, and there,  
In the exile's pitiful helplessness, endure  
All flouts and outrage; nor in our own land  
Abide we till the storm of Argive war  
O'erwhelm us. Nay, even now, late though it be,  
Better it were for us to render back  
Unto the Danaans Helen and her wealth,  
Even all that glory of women brought with her  
From Sparta, and add other treasure—yea,  
Repay it twofold, so to save our Troy  
And our own souls, while yet the spoiler's hand  
Is laid not on our substance, and while yet  
Troy hath not sunk in gulfs of ravening flame.  
I pray you, take to heart my counsel! None  
Shall, well I wot, be given to Trojan men  
Better than this. Ah, would that long ago  
Hector had hearkened to my pleading, when  
I fain had kept him in the ancient home!"

So spake Polydamas the noble and strong,  
And all the listening Trojans in their hearts  
Approved; yet none dared utter openly  
The word, for all with trembling held in awe  
Their prince and Helen, though for her sole sake  
Daily they died. But on that noble man  
Turned Paris, and reviled him to his face:  
"Thou dastard battle-blancher Polydamas!  
Not in thy craven bosom beats a heart  
That bides the fight, but only fear and panic.  
Yet dost thou vaunt thee—quotha!—still our best  
In counsel!—no man's soul is base as thine!

ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ σὺ μὲν αὐτὸς ἀπόσχεο δηιοτήτος,  
 μίμνε δ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καθήμενος· αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι  
 ἀμφ' ἐμὲ θωρήξονται ἀνὰ πτόλιν, εἴσοκε μῆχος  
 εὖρωμεν θυμῆρες ἀνηλεέος πολέμοιο· 75  
 οὐ γὰρ νόσφι πόνοιο καὶ ἀργαλέου πολέμοιο  
 ἀνθρώποις μέγα κῦδος ἀέξεται ἡδὲ καὶ ἔργον·  
 φύζα δὲ νηπιάχοισι μάλ' εὐαδεν ἡδὲ γυναιξί·  
 κείνης θυμὸν ἔοικας· ἐγὼ δέ τοι οὔτι πέποιθα  
 μαρναμένῳ· πάντων γὰρ ἀμαλδύνεις θρασὺ  
 κάρτος.” 80

Ἡ μέγα νεικείων· ὁ δὲ χωόμενος φάτο μῦθον  
 Πουλυδάμας· οὐ γάρ οἱ ἐναντίον ἄζετ' ἀῦσαι  
 κείνος, ἐπεὶ στυγερὸς καὶ ἀτάσθαλος ἡδ' ἀεσί-  
 φρων,  
 ὃς φίλα μὲν σαίνεισιν ἐνωπαδόν, ἄλλα δὲ θυμῷ  
 πορφύρει καὶ κρύβδα τὸν οὐ παρεόντα χαλέπτῃ· 85  
 τῷ ῥα καὶ ἀμφαδίῃ μέγα νείκεσε δῖον ἄνακτα·  
 “ὦ μοι ἐπιχθονίων πάντων ὀλοώτατε φωτῶν,  
 σὸν θράσος ἥγαγε νῶιν ὀϊζύα, σὸς νόος ἔτλη  
 δῆριν ἀπειρεσίην καὶ τλήσεται, εἰσόκε πάτρην  
 σὺν λαοῖς σφετέροισι δαῖζομένην ἐσίδηαι· 90  
 ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὴ τοιόνδε λάβοι θράσος, ἀμφὶ δὲ  
 · τάρβος

ἀσφαλὲς αἰὲν ἔχοιμι, σόον δέ μοι οἶκον ὀφέλλοι.”  
 Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι προσέννεπε Πουλυ-  
 δάμαντα·  
 μνήσατο γάρ, Τρώεσσιν ὅσας ἐφέηκεν ἀνίας  
 ἡδ' ὀπόσας ἔτ' ἔμελλεν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ αἰθόμενον κῆρ 95  
 μᾶλλον ἐφώρμαινεν θανέειν ἢ νόσφι γενέσθαι  
 ἀντιθέης Ἑλένης, ἧς εἵνεκα Τρῳῆοι νῆες  
 ὑψόθεν ἐσκοπίαζον ἀπ' ἄστεος αἰπεινοῖο  
 δέγμενοι Ἀργείους ἡδ' Αἰακίδην Ἀχιλλῆα.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Go to, thyself shrink shivering from the strife !  
Cower, coward, in thine halls ! But all the rest,  
We *men*, will still go armour-girt, until  
We wrest from this our truceless war a peace  
That shall not shame us ! 'Tis with travail and toil  
Of strenuous war that brave men win renown ;  
But flight?—weak women choose it, and young  
babes !

Thy spirit is like to theirs. No whit I trust  
Thee in the day of battle—thee, the man  
Who maketh faint the hearts of all the host !”

So fiercely he reviled : Polydamas  
Wrathfully answered ; for he shrank not, he,  
From answering to his face. A caitiff hound,  
A reptile fool, is he who fawns on men  
Before their faces, while his heart is black  
With malice, and, when they be gone, his tongue  
Backbites them. Openly Polydamas  
Flung back upon the prince his taunt and scoff :  
“ O thou of living men most mischievous !  
Thy valour—quotha !—brings us misery !  
Thine heart endures, and will endure, that strife  
Should have no limit, save in utter ruin  
Of fatherland and people—for thy sake !  
Ne'er may such wantwit valour craze my soul !  
Be mine to cherish wise discretion aye,  
A warder that shall keep mine house in peace.”

Indignantly he spake, and Paris found  
No word to answer him, for conscience woke  
Remembrance of all woes he had brought on Troy,  
And should bring ; for his passion-fevered heart  
Would rather hail quick death than severance  
From Helen the divinely fair, although  
For her sake was it that the sons of Troy  
Even then were gazing from their towers to see  
The Argives and Achilles drawing nigh.



Τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν ἀρήιος ἦλυθε  
Μέμνων,

100

Μέμνων κυανέοισι μετ' Αἰθιόπεσσιν ἀνάσσω,  
ὃς κίε λαὸν ἄγων ἀπερείσιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες  
γηθόσυνοί μιν ἴδοντο κατὰ πτόλιν, ἡὔτε ναῦται  
χείματος ἐξ ὀλοοῖο δι' αἰθέρος ἀθρήσωσιν  
ἤδη τειρόμενοι Ἑλίκης περιηγέος αἴγλην· 105  
ὥς λαοὶ κεχάροντο περισταδόν, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων  
Λαομεδοντιάδης· μάλα γάρ νύ οἱ ἦτορ ἐώλπει  
δηώσειν πυρὶ νῆας ὑπ' ἀνδράσιν Αἰθιόπεσσιν,  
οὐνεκ' ἔχον βασιλῆα πελώριον ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
πολλοὶ ἔσαν καὶ πάντες ἐς Ἄρεα μαιμώωντες· 110  
τῷ ῥ' ἄμοτον κύδαινεν ἐὺν γόνον Ἡριγενείης  
δωτίνης ἀγαθῇσι καὶ εὐφροσύνῃ τεθαλυῖν·  
ἀλλήλοισι δ' ὀάριζον ἐπ' εἰλαπίνῃ καὶ ἐδωδῇ,  
ὃς μὲν ἀριστῆας Δαναῶν καὶ ὅσ' ἄλγε' ἀνέτλη  
ἐξενέπων, ὁ δὲ πατὴρ ἐοῦ καὶ μητέρος Ἡοῦς 115  
ἀθάνατον βίον αἰέν, ἀπειρεσίης τε ῥέεθρα  
Τηθύος, ὠκεανοῦ τε βαθυρρόου ἱερὸν οἶδμα  
ἠδὲ καὶ ἀκαμάτου πέρατα χθονός, ἀντολίας τε  
ἡελίου, καὶ πᾶσαν ἀπ' ὠκεανοῖο κέλευθον  
μέχρις ἐπὶ Πριάμοιο πόλιν καὶ πρῶνας Ἰδης, 120  
ἠδὲ καὶ ὥς ἐδάϊξεν ὑπὸ στιβαρῇσι χέρεσσιν  
ἀργαλέων Σολύμων ἱερὸν στρατόν, οἳ μιν ἰόντα  
εἶργον, ὃ καὶ σφίσι πῆμα καὶ ἄσχετον ὥπασε  
πότμον.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἀγόρευε καὶ ὥς ἶδεν ἔθνεα φωτῶν  
μυρία· τοῦ δ' αἰώντος ὑπὸ φρεσὶ τέρπετο θυμός,

125



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

But no long time thereafter came to them  
Memnon the warrior-king, and brought with him  
A countless host of swarthy Aethiops.  
From all the streets of Troy the Trojans flocked  
Glad-eyed to gaze on him, as seafarers,  
With ruining tempest utterly forspent,  
See through wide-parting clouds the radiance  
Of the eternal-wheeling Northern Wain ;  
So joyed the Troyfolk as they thronged around,  
And more than all Laomedon's son, for now  
Leapt in his heart a hope, that yet the ships  
Might by those Aethiop men be burned with fire ;  
So giantlike their king was, and themselves  
So huge a host, and so athirst for fight.  
Therefore with all observance welcomed he  
The strong son of the Lady of the Dawn  
With goodly gifts and with abundant cheer.  
So at the banquet King and Hero sat  
And talked, this telling of the Danaan chiefs,  
And all the woes himself had suffered, that  
Telling of that strange immortality  
By the Dawn-goddess given to his sire,  
Telling of the unending flow and ebb  
Of the Sea-mother, of the sacred flood  
Of Ocean fathomless-rolling, of the bounds  
Of Earth that wearieth never of her travail,  
Of where the Sun-steeds leap from orient waves,  
Telling withal of all his wayfaring  
From Ocean's verge to Priam's wall, and spurs  
Of Ida. Yea, he told how his strong hands  
Smote the great army of the Solymi  
Who barred his way, whose deed presumptuous  
brought  
Upon their own heads crushing ruin and woe.  
So told he all that marvellous tale, and told  
Of countless tribes and nations seen of him.

καί ἐ καθαπτόμενος γεραρῷ προσεφώνεε μύθῳ·  
 “ὦ Μέμνον, τὸ μὲν ἄρ με θεοὶ ποίησαν ἰδέσθαι  
 σὸν στρατὸν ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν ἐν ἡμετέροισι μελάθ-  
 ροις·

ὥς μοι ἔτι κρήνειαν, ἔν’ Ἀργείους ἐσίδωμαι  
 ὀλλυμένους ἅμα πάντας ὑπ’ ἐγχείησι τεῇσι· 130  
 καὶ γὰρ δὴ μακάρεσσιν ἀτειρέσι πάντα ἔοικας  
 ἐκπάγλως, ὥς οὔτις ἐπιχθονίων ἡρώων·  
 τῷ σ’ οἴω κείνοισι φόνον στονόοντα βαλέσθαι.  
 νῦν δ’ ἄγε τέρπεο θυμὸν ἐπ’ εἰλαπίνησιν ἐμῇσι  
 σήμερον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα μαχήσεται, ὥς ἐπέοικεν.” 135

Ὡς εἰπὼν παλάμῃσι δέπας πολυχανδὲς ἀείρας  
 Μέμνονα προφρονέως στιβαρῷ δείδεκτο κυπέλλῳ  
 χρυσεῖῳ, τό ῥα δῶκε περίφρων ἀμφιγυήεις  
 “Ἥφαιστος κλυτὸν ἔργον, ὅτ’ ἤγετο Κυπρογένειαν,  
 Ζηνὶ μεγασθενεῖ· ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ὥπασεν νιέει δῶρον 140  
 Δαρδάνῳ ἀντιθέῳ· ὁ δ’ Ἐριχθονίῳ πόρε παιδί·  
 Τρῳὶ δ’ Ἐριχθόνιος μεγαλήτορι· αὐτὰρ ὁ γ’ Ἴλῳ  
 κάλλιπε σὺν κτεάτεσσιν· ὁ δ’ ὥπασε Λαομέδοντι·  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Λαομέδων Πριάμῳ πόρεν, ὅς μιν ἔμελλεν  
 νιέει δωσέμεναι· τὸ δέ οἱ θεὸς οὐκ ἐτέλεσεν. 145  
 κεῖνο δέπας περικαλλὲς ἐθάμβεεν ἐν φρεσὶ Μέμνων  
 ἀμφαφῶν καὶ τοῖον ὑποβλήδην φάτο μῦθον·  
 “οὐ μὲν χρὴ παρὰ δαιτὶ πελώριον εὐχετάασθαι  
 οὐδ’ ἄρ’ ὑποσχεσίην κατανευέμεν,<sup>1</sup> ἀλλὰ ἔκηλον  
 δαίνυσθ’ ἐν μεγάροισι καὶ ἄρτια μηχανάασθαι· 150

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for κατανεύσαιμεν of MSS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

And Priam heard, and ever glowed his heart  
Within him ; and the old lips answering spake :  
“ Memnon, the Gods are good, who have vouchsafed  
To me to look upon thine host, and thee  
Here in mine halls. O that their grace would so  
Crown this their boon, that I might see my foes  
All thrust to one destruction by thy spears.  
That well may be, for marvellous-like art thou  
To some invincible Deathless One, yea, more  
Than any earthly hero. Wherefore thou,  
I trust, shalt hurl wild havoc through their host.  
But now, I pray thee, for this day do thou  
Cheer at my feast thine heart, and with the morn  
Shalt thou go forth to battle worthy of thee.”

Then in his hands a chalice deep and wide  
He raised, and Memnon in all love he pledged  
In that huge golden cup, a gift of Gods ;  
For this the cunning God-smith brought to Zeus,  
His masterpiece, what time the Mighty in Power  
To Hephaestus gave for bride the Cyprian Queen ;  
And Zeus on Dardanus his godlike son  
Bestowed it, he on Erichthonius ;  
Erichthonius to Tros the great of heart  
Gave it, and he with all his treasure-store  
Bequeathed it unto Ilus, and he gave  
That wonder to Laomedon, and he  
To Priam, who had thought to leave the same  
To his own son. Fate ordered otherwise.  
And Memnon clasped his hands about that cup  
So peerless-beautiful, and all his heart  
Marvelled ; and thus he spake unto the King :  
“ Beseems not with great swelling words to vaunt  
Amidst the feast, and lavish promises,  
But rather quietly to eat in hall,  
And to devise deeds worthy. Whether I

εἴτε γὰρ ἐσθλός τ' εἰμὶ καὶ ἄλκιμος εἴτε καὶ οὐκί,  
γνώσῃ ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ, ὅπότ' ἀνέρος εἶδεται ἀλκή.  
νῦν δ' ἄγε δὴ κοίτοιο μεδώμεθα, μηδ' ἀνὰ νύκτα  
πίνωμεν· χαλεπὸς γὰρ ἐπειγομένοισι μάχεσθαι  
οἶνος ἀπειρέσιος καὶ αὖπνοσύνη ἀλεγεινή.”

155

Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἀγασσάμενος προσ-  
έειπεν·

“ αὐτὸς ὅπως ἐθέλεις μεταδαίνυσσο, πείθεο δ' αὐτῷ·  
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σ' ἀέκοντα βιήσομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν  
οὔτ' ἀπιδόντ' ἀπὸ δαιτὸς ἐρυκέμεν οὔτε μένοντα  
σεύειν ἐκ μεγάρου· θέμις νύ τοι ἀνδράσιν  
αὐτῶς.”

160

Ὡς φάθ'· ὁ δ' ἐκ δόρποιο μεθίστατο· βῆ δὲ πρὸς  
εὐνὴν

ὑστατίην· ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι ἔβαν κοίτοιο μέδεσθαι  
δαιτυμόνες· τάχα δέ σφιν ἐπήλυθε νήδυμος ὕπνος.

Αὐτὰρ ἐνὶ μεγάρουσι Διὸς στεροπηγερέταο  
ἀθάνατοι δαίνυντο· πατὴρ δ' ἐν τοῖσι Κρονίῳν 165  
εὖ εἰδὼς ἀγόρευε δυσηχέος ἔργα μόθοιο·

“ ἴστε θεοὶ περὶ πάντες ἐπεσσύμενον βαρὺ πῆμα  
αὔριον ἐν πολέμῳ· μάλα γὰρ πολλῶν μένος ἵππων  
ὄψεσθ' ἀμφ' ὀχέεσσι δαῖζομένων ἐκάτερθεν  
ἄνδρας δ' ὀλλυμένους· τῶν καὶ πέρι κηδόμενός τις 170  
μιμνέτω ὑμείων μηδ' ἀμφ' ἐμὰ γούναθ' ἰκάνων  
λίσσέσθω· Κῆρες γὰρ ἀμείλιχοί εἰσι καὶ ἡμῖν.”

Ὡς ἔφατ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐπισταμένοισι καὶ  
αὐτοῖς,

ὄφρα καὶ ἀσχαλῶν τις ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο τράπηται,  
μηδέ ἐλίσσόμενος περὶ υἱέος ἢ φίλοιον 175  
μαψιδίῳ ἀφίκεται ἀτειρέος ἔνδον Ὀλύμπου.  
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἐσάκουσαν ἐριγδούπου Κρονίδαο,  
τλήσαν ἐνὶ στερνοῖσι καὶ οὐ βασιλῆος ἔναντα

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Be brave and strong, or whether I be not,  
Battle, wherein a man's true might is seen,  
Shall prove to thee. Now would I rest, nor drink  
The long night through. The battle-eager spirit  
By measureless wine and lack of sleep is dulled."

Marvelled at him the old King, and he said :  
" As seems thee good touching the banquet, do  
After thy pleasure. I, when thou art loth,  
Will not constrain thee. Yea, unmeet it is  
To hold back him who fain would leave the board,  
Or hurry from one's halls who fain would stay.  
So is the good old law with all true men."

Then rose that champion from the board, and  
passed  
Thence to his sleep—his last ! And with him went  
All others from the banquet to their rest :  
And gentle sleep slid down upon them soon.

But in the halls of Zeus, the Lightning-lord,  
Feasted the gods the while, and Cronos' son,  
All-father, of his deep foreknowledge spake  
Amidst them of the issue of the strife :  
" Be it known unto you all, to-morn shall bring  
By yonder war affliction swift and sore ;  
For many mighty horses shall ye see  
In either host beside their chariots slain,  
And many heroes perishing. Therefore ye  
Remember these my words, howe'er ye grieve  
For dear ones. Let none clasp my knees in prayer,  
Since even to us relentless are the fates."

So warned he them, which knew before, that all  
Should from the battle stand aside, howe'er  
Heart-wrung ; that none, petitioning for a son  
Or dear one, should to Olympus vainly come.  
So, at that warning of the Thunderer,  
The Son of Cronos, all they steeled their hearts  
To bear, and spake no word against their king ;

μῦθον ἔφαν· μάλα γάρ μιν ἀπειρέσιον τρομέεσκον·  
 ἀχνύμενοι δ' ἴκανον ὅπη δόμος ἦεν ἐκάστου 180  
 καὶ λέχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ τοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοις περ  
 ἐοῦσιν

ὑπνου βληχρὸν ὄνειαρ ἐπὶ βλεφάροισι τανύσθη.  
 Ἦμος δ' ἡλιβάτων ὀρέων ὑπερέσσονται ἄκρας  
 λαμπρὸς ἀν' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἑωσφόρος, ὅς τ' ἐπὶ  
 ἔργον

ἡδὺ μάλα κνώσσουντας ἀμαλλοδετῆρας ἐγείρει· 185  
 τῆμος ἀρήιον νῖα φαεσφόρου Ἡριγενείης  
 ὕστατος ὕπνος ἀνήκεν· ὁ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ κάρτος ἀέξων  
 ἦδη δυσμενέεσσι λιλαίετο δηριάσθαι.

Ἦὼς δ' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἀνήιεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσα.  
 καὶ τότε Τρῶες ἔσαντο περὶ χροῖ δῆια τεύχη, 190  
 τοῖσι δ' ἄμ' Αἰθίοπές τε καὶ ὀππόσα φύλα  
 πέλοντο

ἀμφὶ βῖην Πριάμοιο συναγρομένων ἐπικούρων  
 πανσυδῆ· μάλα δ' ὄκα πρὸ τείχεος ἐσσεύοντο  
 κυανέοις νεφέεσσιν ἐοικότες, οἷα Κρονίων  
 χείματος ὀρνυμένοι κατ' ἡέρα πουλὺν ἀγείρει. 195  
 αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἐπλήσθη πεδίων πᾶν· οἱ δ' ἐκέχυντο  
 ἀκρίσι πυροβόροισιν ἀλίγκιον, αἷ τε φέρονται  
 ὥς νέφος ἢ πολὺς ὄμβρος ὑπὲρ χθονὸς εὐρυπέδοιο  
 ἄπλητοι μερόπεσιν αἰκέα λιμὸν ἄγουσαι·  
 ὥς οἱ ἴσαν πολλοί τε καὶ ὄβριμοι, ἀμφὶ δ'  
 ἀγυιαί 200

στείνοντ' ἐσσυμένων, ὑπὸ δ' ἔγρετο ποσσὶ κόνιη.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐθάμβεον, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο  
 ἐσσυμένους· εἶθαρ δὲ περὶ χροῖ χαλκὸν ἔσαντο  
 κάρτεϊ Πηλεΐδαο πεποιθότες· ὅς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσοις  
 ἦιε Τιτῆνεςσι πολυσθενέεσσιν ἐοικῶς 205



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

For in exceeding awe they stood of him.  
Yet to their several mansions and their rest  
With sore hearts went they. O'er their deathless  
eyes

The blessing-bringer Sleep his light veils spread.

When o'er precipitous crests of mountain-walls  
Leapt up broad heaven the bright morning-star  
Who rouseth to their toils from slumber sweet  
The binders of the sheaf, then his last sleep  
Unclasped the warrior-son of her who brings  
Light to the world, the Child of Mists of Night.  
Now swelled his mighty heart with eagerness  
To battle with the foe forthright. And Dawn  
With most reluctant feet began to climb  
Heaven's broad highway. Then did the Trojans  
gird

Their battle-harness on ; then armed themselves  
The Aethiop men, and all the mingled tribes  
Of those war-helpers that from many lands  
To Priam's aid were gathered. Forth the gates  
Swiftly they rushed, like darkly lowering clouds  
Which Cronos' Son, when storm is rolling up,  
Herdeth together through the welkin wide.  
Swiftly the whole plain filled. Onward they streamed  
Like harvest-ravaging locusts drifting on  
In fashion of heavy-brooding rain-clouds o'er  
Wide plains of earth, an irresistible host  
Bringing wan famine on the sons of men ;  
So in their might and multitude they went.  
The city streets were all too strait for them  
Marching : upsoared the dust from underfoot.

From far the Argives gazed, and marvelling saw  
Their onrush, but with speed arrayed their limbs  
In brass, and in the might of Peleus' son  
Put their glad trust. Amidst them rode he on  
Like to a giant Titan, glorying



κυδιόων ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι· τοῦ δ' ἄρα τεύχη  
 πάντῃ μαρμαίρεσκον ἀλίγκιον ἀστεροπῆσιν.  
 οἷος δ' ἐκ περάτων γαιηόχου ὠκεανοῖο  
 ἔρχεται ἥελιος φαεσίμβροτος οὐρανὸν εἴσω  
 μφανόων, τραφερὴ δὲ γελᾷ περὶ γαῖα καὶ  
 αἰθήρ· 210

τοῖος ἐν Ἀργείοισι τότ' ἔσσυτο Πηλέος υἱός.  
 ὥς δὲ καὶ ἐν Τρώεσσιν ἀρήιος ἦε Μένων  
 Ἄρεϊ μαιμώνωντι πανεῖκελος, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
 προφρονέως ἐφέποντο παρεσσύμενοι βασιλῇ.  
 Αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρων δολιχαὶ πονέοντο φά-  
 λαγγες 215

Τρώων καὶ Δαναῶν, μετὰ δ' ἔπρεπον Αἰθιοπῆες·  
 σὺν δ' ἔπεσον καναχηδὸν ὁμῶς, ἅτε κύματα  
 πόντου  
 πάντοθεν ἐγρομένων ἀνέμων ὑπὸ χείματος ὥρῃ·  
 ἀλλήλους δ' ἐδάϊζον εὐξέστης μελίσσι  
 βάλλοντες, μετὰ δέ σφι γόος καναχὴ τε δεδήει· 220  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐρίγδουποι ποταμοὶ μεγάλα στενάχωσιν  
 εἰς ἄλα χενόμενοι, ὅτε λαβρότατος πέλει ὄμβρος  
 ἐκ Διός, εὐτ' ἀλίσστον ἐπὶ νέφεα κτυπέωσι  
 θηγόμεν' ἀλλήλοισι, πυρὸς δ' ἐξέσσυτ' αὐτμή·  
 ὥς τῶν μαρναμένων μέγ' ὑπαὶ ποσὶ γαῖα πελώρη 225  
 ἔβραχε, θεσπεσίου δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἔσσυτ' αὐτὴ  
 σμερδαλή· δεινὸν γὰρ αὐτῶν ἀμφοτέρωθεν.

Ἐνθ' ἔλε Πηλείδης Θάλιον καὶ ἀμύμονα Μέντην  
 ἄμφω ἀριγνώτω, βάλε δ' ἄλλων πολλὰ κάρηνα.  
 εὐτ' αἰγὶς βερέθροισιν<sup>1</sup> ὑποχθονίοις ἐπορούσῃ 230  
 λάβρος, ἄφαιρ δέ τε πάντα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀμφι-  
 χέηται  
 ἐκ θεμέθλων· μάλα γάρ ῥα περιτρομέει βαθὺ  
 γαῖα·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for εὔτε γαίης μελάθροισιν of MSS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

In steeds and chariot, while his armour flashed  
Splendour around in sudden lightning-gleams.  
It was as when the sun from utmost bounds  
Of earth-encompassing ocean comes, and brings  
Light to the world, and flings his splendour wide  
Through heaven, and earth and air laugh all around.  
So glorious, mid the Argives Peleus' son  
Rode onward. Mid the Trojans rode the while  
Memnon the hero, even such to see  
As Ares furious-hearted. Onward swept  
The eager host arrayed about their lord.

Then in the grapple of war on either side  
Closed the long lines, Trojan and Danaan ;  
But chief in prowess still the Aethiops were.  
Crashed they together as when surges meet  
On the wild sea, when, in a day of storm,  
From every quarter winds to battle rush.  
Foe hurled at foe the ashen spear, and slew :  
Screams and death-groans went up like roaring fire.  
As when down-thundering torrents shout and rave  
On-pouring seaward, when the madding rains  
Stream from God's cisterns, when the huddling  
clouds  
Are hurled against each other ceaselessly,  
And leaps their fiery breath in flashes forth ;  
So 'neath the fighters' trampling feet the earth  
Thundered, and leapt the terrible battle-yell  
Through frenzied air, for mad the war-cries were.

For firstfruits of death's harvest Peleus' son  
Slew Thalius and Mentès nobly born,  
Men of renown, and many a head beside  
Dashed he to dust. As in its furious swoop  
A whirlwind shakes dark chasms underground,  
And earth's foundations crumble and melt away  
Around the deep roots of the shuddering world,

ὥς οἱ γ' ἐν κονίησι κατήριπον ὠκέϊ πότμῳ  
αἰχμῇ Πηλείωνος· ὁ γὰρ μέγα μαίνεται θυμῷ.

Ὡς δ' αὖτως ἐτέρωθεν εὖς πάϊς Ἑριγενείης 235

Ἀργείους ἐδάϊζε κακῇ ἐναλίγκιος Αἴση,  
ἣ τε φέρει λαοῖσι κακὸν καὶ ἀεικέα λοιγόν.

πρῶτον δ' εἶλε Φέρωνα διὰ στέρνοιο τυχήσας  
δούρατι λευγαλέῳ, ἐπὶ δ' ἔκτανε δῖον Ἑρευθον,  
ἄμφω ἐελδομένῳ πόλεμον καὶ ἀεικέα χάρμην, 240

οἱ Θρύον ἀμφενέμοντο παρ' Ἀλφειοῖο ῥέεθροις,  
καί ῥ' ὑπὸ Νέστορι βῆσαν ἐς Ἰλίου ἱερὸν ἄστυ·  
τοὺς δ' ὁπότε ἔξενάριξεν, ἐπώχετο Νηλέος υἱὸν  
κτεῖναι μιν μεμαώς· τοῦ δ' Ἀντίλοχος θεοειδὴς  
πρόσθ' ἐλθὼν ἔθυνε μακρὸν δόρυ, καί οἱ ἄμαρτε 245

τυτθὸν ἀλευαμένοιο· φίλον δέ οἱ εἶλεν ἐταῖρον  
Αἰθοπα Πυρρασίδην· ὁ δὲ χωσάμενος κταμένοιο  
Ἀντιλόχῳ ἐπιᾶλτο, λέων ὥς ὀβριμόθυμος  
καπρίῳ, ὅς ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς ἐναντίον οἶδε μάχεσθαι  
ἀνδράσι καὶ θήρεσσι, πέλει δέ οἱ ἄσπετος ὀρμή· 250

ὥς ὁ θοῶς ἐπόρουσεν, ὁ δ' εὐρέϊ μιν βάλε πέτρῳ  
Ἀντίλοχος· τοῦ δ' οὔτι λύθη κέαρ, οὔνεκ' ἄρ'  
αὐτοῦ

ἀλγινόεντ' ἀπάλαλκε φόνον κρατερὴν τρυφάλεια·  
σμερδαλέον δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν ὀρίνθη  
βλημένου· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κόρυς ἴαχε· καί ῥ' ἔτι  
μᾶλλον 255

μαίνεται ἐπ' Ἀντιλόχῳ· κρατερὴν δέ οἱ ἔξεεν ἀλκή·  
τοῦνεκα Νέστορος υἱὰ καὶ αἰχμητὴν περ ἔοντα  
τύψεν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο· διήλασε δ' ὀβριμον ἔγχος  
ἐς κραδίην, θνητοῖσιν ὅπῃ πέλει ὠκὺς ὄλεθρος.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

So the ranks crumbled in swift doom to the dust  
Before the spear and fury of Peleus's son.

But on the other side the hero child  
Of the Dawn-goddess slew the Argive men,  
Like to a baleful Doom which bringeth down  
On men a grim and ghastly pestilence.  
First slew he Pheron; for the bitter spear  
Plunged through his breast, and down on him he  
hurled

Goodly Ereuthus, battle-revellers both,  
Dwellers in Thryus by Alpheus' streams,  
Which followed Nestor to the god-built burg  
Of Ilium. But when he had laid these low,  
Against the son of Neleus pressed he on  
Eager to slay. Godlike Antilochus  
Strode forth to meet him, sped the long spear's  
flight,

Yet missed him, for a little he swerved, but slew  
His Aethiop comrade, son of Pyrrhasus.  
Wroth for his fall, against Antilochus  
He leapt, as leaps a lion mad of mood  
Upon a boar, the beast that flincheth not  
From fight with man or brute, whose charge is a  
flash

Of lightning; so was his swift leap. His foe  
Antilochus caught a huge stone from the ground,  
Hurled, smote him; but unshaken abode his strength,  
For the strong helm-crest fenced his head from  
death;

But rang the morion round his brows. His heart  
Kindled with terrible fury at the blow  
More than before against Antilochus.  
Like seething cauldron boiled his maddened might.  
He stabbed, for all his cunning of fence, the son  
Of Nestor above the breast; the crashing spear  
Plunged to the heart, the spot of speediest death.

Τοῦ δ' ὑποδωθέντος ἄχος Δαναοῖσιν ἐτύχθη 260  
 πᾶσι, μάλιστα δὲ πατρὶ περὶ φρένας ἤλυθε  
 πένθος

Νέστορι παιδὸς ἐοῖο παρ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι δαμέντος·  
 οὐ γὰρ δὴ μερόπεσσι κακώτερον ἄλγος ἔπεισιν,  
 ἢ ὅτε παῖδες ὄλωνται ἐοῦ πατρὸς εἰσορόωντος·  
 τοῦνεκα καὶ στερεῇσιν ἀρηράμενος φρεσὶ θυμὸν 265  
 ἄχυντο παιδὸς ἐοῖο κακῇ περὶ Κηρὶ δαμέντος·  
 κέκλετο δ' ἐσσυμένως Θρασυμήδεα νόσφιν ἐόντα·  
 “ὄρσο μοι, ὦ Θρασύμηδες ἀγακλεές, ὄφρα φονῆα  
 σείο κασιγνήτοιο καὶ υἱέος ἡμετέροιο  
 νεκροῦ ἐκὰς σεύωμεν αἰεκέος, ἥ ἐ καὶ αὐτοὶ 270  
 ἄμφ' αὐτῷ στονόεσσαν ἀναπλήσωμεν οἷζύν.  
 εἰ δὲ σοὶ ἐν στέρνοισι πέλει δέος, οὐ σύ γ' ἐμεῖο  
 υἱὸς ἔφυς οὐδ' ἐσσί Περικλυμένοιο γενέθλης,  
 ὅς τε καὶ Ἡρακλῆι καταντίον ἐλθέμεν ἔτλη.  
 ἰλλ' ἄγε δὴ πονεώμεθ', ἐπεὶ μέγα κάρτος ἀνάγκη 275  
 πολλάκι μαρναμένοισι καὶ οὔτιδανοῖσιν ὀπάζει.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοῦ δ' αἰόντος ὑπὸ φρεσὶ σύγχυτο  
 θυμὸς  
 πένθεσι λευγαλέοισιν· ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἤλυθεν ἄγχι  
 Φηρεὺς, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀποκταμένοιο ἄνακτος  
 εἶλεν ἄχος· κρατεροῖο δ' ἐναντία δηριάσθαι 280  
 Μέμνονος ὠρμήθησαν ἀν' αἵματόεντα κυδοιμόν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅταν ἀγρευτῆρε κατὰ πτύχας ὑλήεσσας  
 οὔρεος ἡλιβάτοιο λιλαιόμενοι μέγα θήρης  
 ἢ συὸς ἢ ἄρκτοιο καταντίον αἵσσωσι<sup>1</sup>  
 κτεινέμεναι μεμαῶτες, ὁ δ' ἀμφοτέροις ἐπορούσας 285  
 θυμῷ μαιμώνωντι βίην ἀπαμύνεται ἀνδρῶν·  
 ὥς τότε καὶ Μέμνων φρόνεεν μέγα· τοὶ δέ οἱ ἄγχι  
 ἤλυθον· ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι κατακτανέειν ἐδύναντο  
 μακρῇσιν μελίσιν· ἀπέπλαγχθεν δέ οἱ αἰχμαὶ  
 τῆλε χροός· μάλα γάρ που ἀπέτραπεν Ἡριγένεια· 290

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for αἵσσωσι of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Then upon all the Danaans at his fall  
Came grief; but anguish-stricken was the heart  
Of Nestor most of all, to see his child  
Slain in his sight; for no more bitter pang  
Smiteth the heart of man than when a son  
Perishes, and his father sees him die.

Therefore, albeit unused to melting mood,  
His soul was torn with agony for the son  
By black death slain. A wild cry hastily  
To Thrasymedes did he send afar:

“Hither to me, Thrasymedes war-renowned!  
Help me to thrust back from thy brother’s corse,  
Yea, from mine hapless son, his murderer,  
That so ourselves may render to our dead  
All dues of mourning. If thou flinch for fear,  
No son of mine art thou, nor of the line  
Of Periclymenus, who dared withstand  
Hercules’ self. Come, to the battle-toil!  
For grim necessity oftentimes inspires  
The very coward with courage of despair.”

Then at his cry that brother’s heart was stung  
With bitter grief. Swift for his help drew nigh  
Phereus, on whom for his great prince’s fall  
Came anguish. Charged these warriors twain to face  
Strong Memnon in the gory strife. As when  
Two hunters ’mid a forest’s mountain-folds,  
Eager to take the prey, rush on to meet  
A wild boar or a bear, with hearts afire  
To slay him, but in furious mood he leaps  
On them, and holds at bay the might of men;  
So swelled the heart of Memnon. Nigh drew they,  
Yet vainly essayed to slay him, as they hurled  
The long spears, but the lances glanced aside  
Far from his flesh: the Dawn-queen turned them  
thence.



δούρατα δ' οὐχ ἀλίως χαμάδις πέσεν· ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν  
ὦκα

ἐμμεμαῶς κατέπεφνε Πολύμνιον υἱὰ Μέγητος  
Φηρεὺς ὀβριμόθυμος, ὁ δ' ἔκτανε Λαομέδοντα  
Νέστορος ὄβριμος υἱὸς ἀδελφειοῖο χολωθεῖς,  
ὃν Μέμνων ἐδάϊξε κατὰ μόθον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ 295  
χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτησι λύνει παγχάλκεα τεύχη  
οὔτε βίην ἀλέγων Θρασυμήδεος οὔτε μὲν ἐσθλοῦ  
Φηρέος, οὔνεκα πολλὸν ὑπείροχος· οἱ δ' ἄτε θῶε  
ἀμφ' ἔλαφον βεβαῶτα μέγαν φοβέοντο λέοντα  
οὔτι πρόσω μεμαῶτες ἔτ' ἐλθέμεν· αἰνὰ δὲ

Νέστωρ

300

ἐγγύθεν εἰσορόων ὀλοφύρετο, κέκλετο δ' ἄλλους  
σφοδρὸς ἐτάρους δηίοισιν ἐπελθέμεν· ἂν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς  
ῥμαινεῖν πονέεσθαι ἀφ' ἄρματος, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτὸν  
παιδὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο ποθὴ ποτὶ μῶλον ἄγεσκε  
παρ δύναμιν· μέλλεν δὲ φίλῳ περὶ παιδὶ καὶ  
αὐτὸς

305

κεῖσθαι ὁμῶς κταμένοις ἐναρίθμιος, εἰ μὴ ἄρ'  
αὐτὸν

Μέμνων ὀβριμόθυμος ἐπεσσύμενον προσέειπεν  
αἰδεσθεῖς ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὁμήλικα πατρὸς ἐοῖο·

“ὦ γέρον, οὗ μοι ἔοικε καταντία σείο μάχεσθαι

310

πρεσβυτέριοιο γεγῶτος, ἐπεὶ γ' εὖ οἶδα νοῆσαι·

ἣ γὰρ ἔγωγ' ἐφάμην σε νέον καὶ ἀρήιον ἄνδρα

ἀντιάαν δηίοισι· θρασὺς δέ μοι ἔλπετο θυμὸς

χειρὸς ἐμῆς καὶ δουρὸς ἐπάξιον ἔμμεναι ἔργον.

ἀλλ' ἀναχάζεο τῇλε μόθου στυγεροῦ τε φόνοιο,

χάζεο, μὴ σε βάλοιμι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλων περ ἀνάγκη, 315

μηδὲ τεῶ περὶ παιδὶ πέσῃς μέγ' ἀμείνوني φωτὶ

μαρνάμενος, μὴ δὴ σε καὶ ἄφρονα μυθήσωνται

ἀνέρες· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν ὑπερτέρῳ ἀντιάασθαι.”



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Yet fell their spears not vainly to the ground :  
The lance of fiery-hearted Phereus, winged  
With eager speed, dealt death to Meges' son,  
Polymnius : Laomedon was slain  
By the wrath of Nestor's son for a brother dead,  
The dear one Memnon slew in battle-rout,  
And whom the slayer's war-unwearied hands  
Now stripped of his all-brazen battle-gear,  
Nought recking, he, of Thrasymedes' might,  
Nor of stout Phereus, who were unto him  
But weaklings. A great lion seemed he there  
Standing above a hart, as jackals they,  
That, howso hungry, dare not come too nigh.

But hard thereby the father gazed thereon  
In agony, and cried the rescue-cry  
To other his war-comrades for their aid  
Against the foe. Himself too burned to fight  
From his war-car ; for yearning for the dead  
Goaded him to the fray beyond his strength.  
Ay, and himself had been on his dear son  
Laid, numbered with the dead, had not the voice  
Of Memnon stayed him even in act to rush  
Upon him, for he revered in his heart  
The white hairs of an age-mate of his sire :  
" Ancient," he cried, " it were my shame to fight  
With one so much mine elder : I am not  
Blind unto honour. Verily I weened  
That this was some young warrior, when I saw  
Thee facing thus the foe. My bold heart hoped  
For contest worthy of mine hand and spear.  
Nay, draw thou back afar from battle-toil  
And bitter death. Go, lest, how loth soe'er,  
I smite thee of sore need. Nay, fall not thou  
Beside thy son, against a mightier man  
Fighting, lest men with folly thee should charge,  
For folly it is that braves o'er-mastering might."

Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἐτέρωθι γέρων ἡμείβετο μύθῳ·  
 “ὦ Μέμνον, τὰ μὲν ἄρ' που ἐτώσια πάντ' ἀγο-  
 ρεύεις·

320

οὐ μὲν γὰρ δηίοισι πονεύμενον εἵνεκα παιδὸς  
 ἀφραίνειν ἐρέει τις ἀνηλέα παιδοφονῆα  
 νεκροῦ ἐκὰς σεύοντα κατὰ μόθον· ὥς ὄφελόν μοι  
 ἀλκὴ ἔτ' ἔμπεδος ἦεν, ἵνα γνώης ἐμὸν ἔγχος·  
 νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν μάλα πάγχυ μέγ' εὐχέαι, οὐνεκα  
 θυμὸς

325

θαρσαλέος νέον ἀνδρὸς ἐλαφρότερον δὲ νόημα·  
 τῷ ῥα καὶ ὑψηλὰ φρονέων ἀποφώλια βάζεις.  
 εἰ δέ μοι ἡβώωντι καταντίον εἰληλουθείς,  
 οὐκ ἂν τοι κεχάροντο φίλοι κρατερῷ περ εἶντι·  
 νῦν δ' ὥς τίς τε λέων ὑπὸ γήραος ἄχθομαι αἰνοῦ, 330  
 ὃν τε κύων σταθμοῖο πολυρρήνοιο δίηται  
 θαρσαλέως, ὃ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι λιλαιόμενός περ ἀμύνει  
 οἱ αὐτῷ, οὐ γάρ οἱ ἔτ' ἔμπεδοί εἰσιν ὁδόντες  
 οὐδὲ βίῃ, κρατερόν δὲ χρόνῳ ἀμαθύνεται ἥτορ·  
 ὥς ἐμοὶ οὐκέτι κάρτος ἐνὶ στήθεσιν ὄρωρεν, 335  
 οἷόν περ τὸ πάροιθεν· ὅμως δ' ἔτι φέρτερός εἰμι  
 πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων, παύροισι δὲ γήρας ὑπεῖκει  
 [ἡμέτερον, τοῖς κάρτος ὁμῶς πέλει ἡδὲ καὶ ἥβη].”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπὸ βαιὸν ἐχάσσατο· λείπε δ' ἄρ' νῖα  
 κείμενον ἐν κονίῃσιν, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ οὐκέτι πάμπαν  
 γναμπτοῖς ἐν μελέεσσι πέλε σθένος ὥς τὸ  
 πάροιθεν·

340

γήραι γὰρ καθύπερθε πολυτλήτῳ βεβάρητο.  
 ὥς δ' αὐτῶς ἀπόρουσεν εὐμμελῆς Θρασυμήδης  
 Φηρεὺς τ' ὀβριμόθυμος ἰδ' ἄλλοι πάντες ἐταῖροι  
 δειδιότες· μάλα γάρ σφιν ἐπώχετο λοίγιος ἀνὴρ.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ μεγάλων ὀρέων ποταμὸς  
 βαθυδίνης

345

καχλίζων φορέηται ἀπειρεσίῳ ὀρυμαγδῷ,  
 ὁππότε συννεφὲς ἡμαρ ἐπ' ἀνθρώποισι τανύσση

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

He spake, and answered him that warrior old :  
“ Nay, Memnon, vain was that last word of thine.  
None would name fool the father who essayed,  
Battling with foes for his son’s sake, to thrust  
The ruthless slayer back from that dear corpse,  
But ah that yet my strength were whole in me,  
That thou might’st know my spear! Now canst  
thou vaunt

Proudly enow : a young man’s heart is bold  
And light his wit. Uplifted is thy soul  
And vain thy speech. If in my strength of youth  
Thou hadst met me—ha, thy friends had not  
rejoiced,

For all thy might! But me the grievous weight  
Of age bows down, like an old lion whom  
A cur may boldly drive back from the fold,  
For that he cannot, in his wrath’s despite,  
Maintain his own cause, being toothless now,  
And strengthless, and his strong heart tamed by  
time.

So well the springs of olden strength no more  
Now in my breast. Yet am I stronger still  
Than many men ; my grey hairs yield to few  
That have within them all the strength of youth.”

So drew he back a little space, and left  
Lying in dust his son, since now no more  
Lived in the once lithe limbs the olden strength,  
For the years’ weight lay heavy on his head.  
Back leapt Thrasymedes likewise, spearman good,  
And battle-eager Phereus, and the rest  
Their comrades ; for that slaughter-dealing man  
Pressed hard on them. As when from mountains  
high

A shouting river with wide-echoing din  
Sweeps down its fathomless whirlpools through the  
gloom,

Ζεὺς κλονέων μέγα χεῖμα, περικτυπέουσι δὲ πάντῃ  
βρονταὶ ὁμῶς στεροπῇσιν ἄδην νεφέων συνιόντων  
θεσπεσίων, κοῖλαι δὲ περικλύζονται ἄρουραι 350  
ὄμβρου ἐπεσσυμένοιο δυσηχέος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μακραὶ  
σμερδαλέον βούωσι κατ' οὔρεα πάντα χαράδραι·  
ὥς Μένωνν σεύεσκεν ἐπ' ἥϊνας Ἑλλησπόντου  
Ἀργείους· μετόπισθε δ' ἐπισπόμενος κεράϊζε·  
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν κοίῃσι καὶ αἵματι θυμὸν ἔλειπον 355  
Λιθιόπων ὑπὸ χερσὶ· λύθρῳ δ' ἐφορύνετο γαῖα  
ὄλλυμένων Δαναῶν. μέγα δ' ἐν φρεσὶ γήθεε

Μένωνν

αἰὲν ἐπεσσύμενος δηίων στίχας· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶν  
στείνεται Τρώϊον οὐδας· ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγε κυδοιμού·  
ἔλπετο γὰρ Τρώεσσι φάος, Δαναοῖσι δὲ πῆμα 360  
ἔσσεσθ'· ἀλλὰ ἑ Μοῖρα πολύστονος ἠπερόπευεν  
ἐγγύθεν ἰσταμένη καὶ ἐπὶ κλόνον ὀτρύνουσα.  
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ θεράποντες εὐσθενέες πονέοντο,  
Ἀλκυονεὺς Νύχιός τε καὶ Ἀσιάδης ἐρίθυμος  
αἰχμητὴς τε Μένεκλος Ἀλέξιππός τε Κλύδων τε 365  
ἄλλοι τ' ἰωχμοῖο μεμαότες, οἳ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ  
καρτύναντ' ἀνὰ δῆριν ἐφ' πίσυνοι βασιλῆι.  
καὶ τότε δὴ ῥα Μένεκλον ἐπεσσύμενον Δαναοῖσι  
Νηλεΐδης κατέπεφνε· ὁ δ' ἀσχαλὼν ἐτάριοι  
Μένωνν ὀβριμόθυμος ἐνήρατο πουλὺν ὄμιλον 370  
ὥς δ' ὅτε τις κραιπνῇσιν ἐπιβρίσας ἐλάφοισι  
θηρητῆρ ἐν ὄρεσσι λίνων ἐντοσθεν ἐρεμνῶν  
ἰλαδὸν ἀγρομένῃσιν ἐς ὑστάτιον δόλον ἄγρης  
αἰζηῶν ἰότητι, κύνες δ' ἐπικαγχαλώωσιν,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

When God with tumult of a mighty storm  
Hath palled the sky in cloud from verge to verge,  
When thunders crash all round, when thick and fast  
Gleam lightnings from the huddling clouds, when  
fields

Are flooded as the hissing rain descends,  
And all the air is filled with awful roar  
Of torrents pouring down the hill-ravines ;  
So Memnon toward the shores of Hellespont  
Before him hurled the Argives, following hard  
Behind them, slaughtering ever. Many a man  
Fell in the dust, and left his life in blood  
'Neath Aethiop hands. Stained was the earth with  
gore

As Danaans died. Exulted Memnon's soul  
As on the ranks of foemen ever he rushed,  
And heaped with dead was all the plain of Troy.  
And still from fight refrained he not ; he hoped  
To be a light of safety unto Troy  
And bane to Danaans. But all the while  
Stood baleful Doom beside him, and spurred on  
To strife, with flattering smile. To right, to left  
His stalwart helpers wrought in battle-toil,  
Aleyoneus and Nychius, and the son  
Of Asius furious-souled ; Meneclus' spear,  
Clydon and Alexippus, yea, a host  
Eager to chase the foe, men who in fight  
Quit them like men, exulting in their king.  
Then, as Meneclus on the Danaans charged,  
The son of Neleus slew him. Wroth for his friend,  
Whole throngs of foes fierce-hearted Memnon slew.  
As when a hunter midst the mountains drives  
Swift deer within the dark lines of his toils—  
The eager ring of beaters closing in  
Presses the huddled throng into the snares  
Of death : the dogs are wild with joy of the chase

πυκνὸν ὕλακτιόωντες, ὁ δ' ἐμμεμαῶς ὑπ' ἄκοντι 375  
 κεμμάσιν ὠκυτάτῃσι φόνον στονόεντα τίθησιν·  
 ὥς Μέννων ἐδάϊξε πολὺν στρατόν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι  
 γήθεον· Ἀργεῖοι δὲ περικλυτὸν ἄνδρ' ἐφέβοντο.  
 ὥς δ' ὁπότε ἔξεριπόντος ἀπ' οὖρεος ἡλιβάτοιο 380  
 πέτρου ἀπειρεσίοιο, τὸν ὑψόθεν ἀκάματος Ζεὺς  
 ὦση ἀπὸ κρημνοῖο βαλὼν στονόεντι κεραυνῷ,  
 τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀνὰ δρυμὰ πυκνὰ καὶ ἄγκεα μακρὰ  
 ῥαγέντος

βῆσσαι ἐπικτυπέουσιν, περιτρομέουσιν δ' ἀν' ὕλην,  
 εἴ που μῆλ' ὑπένερθε κυλινδομένοιο νέμονται  
 ἢ βόες ἢ ἐτιν' ἄλλα, καὶ ἐξαλέονται ἰόντος 385  
 ῥιπὴν ἀργαλέην καὶ ἀμείλιχον· ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 Μέννωνος ὄβριμον ἔγχος ἐπεσσυμένοιο φέβοντο.

Καὶ τότε δὴ κρατεροῖο μόλε σχεδὸν Αἰακίδαο  
 Νέστωρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ παιδὶ μέγ' ἀχνύμενος φάτο μῦθον·  
 “ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ μέγα ἔρκος εὖσθενέων Ἀργείων, 390  
 ὤλετό μοι φίλος υἱός, ἔχει δέ μοι ἔντεα Μέννων  
 τεθνεότος, δείδω δὲ κυνῶν μὴ κῦρμα γένηται·  
 ἀλλὰ θοῶς ἐπάμυνον, ἐπεὶ φίλος ὅστις ἑταίρου  
 μέμνηται κταμένοιο καὶ ἄχνηται οὐκέτ' ἐόντος.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοῦ δ' αἶοντος ὑπὸ φρένας ἔμπεσε  
 πένθος· 395

Μέννονα δ' ὥς ἐνόησεν ἀνὰ στονόεντα κυδοιμὸν  
 Ἀργεῖους ἰληδὸν ὑπ' ἔγχει δηιόωντα,  
 αὐτίκα κάλλιπε Τρῶας, ὅσους ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαΐξεν  
 ἀμφ' ἄλλῃσι φάλαγξι, καὶ ἰσχανόνων πολέμοιο 400  
 ἦλυθέ οἱ κατέναντα χολούμενος Ἀντιλόχοιο  
 ἡδ' ἄλλων κταμένων· ὁ δ' ἀνείλετο χεῖρεσι πέτρην,  
 τὴν ῥα βροτοὶ θέσαν οὖρον εὖστάχους πεδίοιο,  
 καὶ βάλεν ἀκαμάτοιο κατ' ἀσπίδα Πηλείωνος  
 δῖος ἀνὴρ· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι τρέσας περιμήκεα πέτρην  
 αὐτίκα οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε μακρὸν δόρυ πρόσθε  
 τιταίνων, 405



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Ceaselessly giving tongue, the while his darts  
Leap winged with death on brocket and on hind ;  
So Memnon slew and ever slew : his men  
Rejoiced, the while in panic-stricken rout  
Before that glorious man the Argives fled.  
As when from a steep mountain's precipice-brow  
Leaps a huge crag, which all-resistless Zeus  
By stroke of thunderbolt hath hurled from the crest ;  
Crash oakwood copses, echo long ravines,  
Shudders the forest to its rattle and roar,  
And flocks therein and herds and wild things flee  
Scattering, as bounding, whirling, it descends  
With deadly pitiless onrush ; so his foes  
Fled from the lightning-flash of Memnon's spear.

Then to the side of Aeacus' mighty son  
Came Nestor. Anguished for his son he cried :  
" Achilles, thou great bulwark of the Greeks,  
Slain is my child ! The armour of my dead  
Hath Memnon, and I fear me lest his corse  
Be cast a prey to dogs. Haste to his help !  
True friend is he who still remembereth  
A friend though slain, and grieves for one no more."

Achilles heard ; his heart was thrilled with grief :  
He glanced across the rolling battle, saw  
Memnon, saw where in throngs the Argives fell  
Beneath his spear. Forthright he turned away  
From where the rifted ranks of Troy fell fast  
Before his hands, and, thirsting for the fight,  
Wroth for Antilochus and the others slain,  
Came face to face with Memnon. In his hands  
That godlike hero caught up from the ground  
A stone, a boundary-mark 'twixt fields of wheat,  
And hurled. Down on the shield of Peleus' son  
It crashed. But he, the invincible, shrank not  
Before the huge rock-shard, but, thrusting out



πεζός, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ ἵπποι ἔσαν μετόπισθε κυδοιμού,  
καὶ οἱ δεξιὸν ὦμον ὑπὲρ σάκεος στυφέλιξεν·  
ὃς δὲ καὶ οὐτάμενός περ ἀταρβείϊ μάρνατο θυμῷ·  
τύψε δ' ἄρ' Αἰακίδαο βραχίονα δουρὶ κραταιῷ·  
τοῦ δ' ἐχύθη φίλον αἶμα· χάρη δ' ἄρ' ἐτώσιον  
ἦρως,

410

καί μιν ἄφαρ προσέειπεν ὑπερφιάλοις ἐπέεσσι·  
“ νῦν σ' οἶω μόρον αἰνὸν ἀναπλήσειν ὑπ' ὀλέθρῳ  
χερσὶν ἐμῇσι δαμέντα καὶ οὐκέτι μῶλον ἀλύξαι.  
σχέτλιε, τίπτε σὺ Τρώας ἀνηλεγέως ὀλέεσκες  
πάντων εὐχόμενος πολὺ φέρτατος ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν,  
μητρός τ' ἀθανάτης Νηρηίδος; ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἦδη  
ἤλυθεν αἰσιμον ἡμαρ, ἐπεὶ θεόθεν γένος εἰμὶ  
Ἵουὺς ὄβριμος υἱός, ὃν ἔκποθι λειριόεσσαι  
Ἑσπερίδες θρέψαντο παρὰ ῥόον ὠκεανοῖο.  
τοῦνεκά σευ καὶ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον οὐκ ἀλεείνω  
εἰδὼς μητέρα δῖαν, ὅσον προφερεστέρη ἐστὶ  
Νηρείδος, τῆς αὐτὸς ἐπεύχειαι ἔκγονος εἶναι·  
ἡ μὲν γὰρ μακάρεσσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι φαίνειν,  
τῇ ἐπὶ πάντα τελεῖται ἀτείρεος ἔνδον Ὀλύμπου  
ἐσθλά τε καὶ κλυτὰ ἔργα, τὰ τ' ἀνδράσι γίνετ'  
ὄνειαρ·

420

425

ἡ δ' ἐν ἀλὸς κευθμῶσι καθημένη ἀτρυνγέτοισι  
ναίει ὁμῶς κήτεσσι μετ' ἰχθύσι κυδιόωσα  
ἄπρηκτος καὶ ἄττος· ἐγὼ δέ μιν οὐκ ἀλεγίζω  
οὐδέ μιν ἀθανάτησιν ἐπουρανίησιν εἴσκω.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἐνένιπε θρασὺς πάϊς Αἰακίδαο·  
“ ὦ Μέμνον, πῇ νῦν σε κακαὶ φρένες ἐξορόθυναν  
ἐλθέμεν ἀντὶ ἐμεῖο καὶ ἐς μόθον ἰσοφαρίζειν;  
ὃς σέο φέρτερός εἰμι βίῃ γενεῇ τε φυῇ τε  
Ζηνὸς ὑπερθύμοιο λαχὼν ἀριδείκετον αἶμα  
καὶ σθεναροῦ Νηρῆος, ὃς εἰναλίας τέκε κούρας

435

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

His long lance, rushed to close with him, afoot,  
For his steeds stayed behind the battle-rout.  
On the right shoulder above the shield he smote  
And staggered him ; but he, despite the wound,  
Fought on with heart unquailing. Swiftly he thrust  
And pricked with his strong spear Achilles' arm.  
Forth gushed the blood : rejoicing with vain joy  
To Aeacus' son with arrogant words he cried :  
" Now shalt thou in thy death fill up, I trow,  
Thy dark doom, overmastered by mine hands !  
Thou shalt not from this fray escape alive !  
Fool, wherefore hast thou ruthlessly destroyed  
Trojans, and vaunted thee the mightiest man  
Of men, a deathless Nereid's son ? Ha, now  
Thy doom hath found thee ! Of birth divine am I,  
The Dawn-queen's mighty son, nurtured afar  
By lily-slender Hesperid Maids, beside  
The Ocean-river. Therefore not from thee  
Nor from grim battle shrink I, knowing well  
How far my goddess-mother doth transcend  
A Nereid, whose child thou vauntest thee.  
To Gods and men my mother bringeth light ;  
On her depends the issue of all things,  
Works great and glorious in Olympus wrought  
Whereof comes blessing unto men. But thine—  
She sits in barren crypts of brine : she dwells  
Glorying mid dumb sea-monsters and mid fish,  
Deedless, unseen ! Nothing I reckon of her,  
Nor rank her with the immortal Heavenly Ones."

In stern rebuke spake Aeacus' aweless son :  
" Memnon, how wast thou so distraught of wit  
That thou shouldst face me, and to fight defy  
Me, who in might, in blood, in stature far  
Surpass thee ? From supremest Zeus I trace  
My glorious birth ; and from the strong Sea-god  
Nereus, begetter of the Maids of the Sea,

Νηρεΐδας, τὰς δὴ ῥα θεοὶ τίουσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
 πασάων δὲ μάλιστα Θέτιν κλυτὰ μητιόωσαν,  
 οὐνεκά που Διόνυσον ἑοῖς ὑπέδεκτο μελάθροισι,  
 ὅπποτε δειμαίνεσκε βίην ὀλοοῖο Λυκούργου,  
 ἥδὲ καὶ ὥς Ἕφαιστον εὐφρονα χαλκεοτέχνην 440  
 δέξαθ' ἑοῖσι δόμοισιν ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο πεσόντα,  
 αὐτόν τ' Ἀργικέραννον ὅπως ὑπελύσατο δεσμῶν  
 τῶν μιμνησκόμενοι πανδερκέες Οὐρανίωνες  
 μητέρ' ἐμὴν τίουσι Θέτιν ζαθέῳ ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ.  
 γνώσῃ δ' ὥς θεὸς ἐστίν, ἐπὴν δόρυ χάλκεον εἴσω 445  
 ἐς τεὸν ἦπαρ ἵκηται ἐμῇ βεβλημένον ἀλκῇ.  
 Ἕκτορα γὰρ Πατρόκλοιο, σὲ δ' Ἀντιλόχιο  
 χολωθεῖς  
 τίσομαι· οὐ γὰρ ὄλεσας ἀνάλκιδος ἀνδρὸς  
 ἐταῖρον.  
 ἀλλὰ τί νηπιάχοισιν εἰκότες ἀφραδέεσσιν  
 ἔσταμεν ἡμετέρων μυθεύμενοι ἔργα τοκῶν 450  
 ἢ δ' αὐτῶν; ἐγγὺς καὶ Ἀρης, ἐγγὺς δὲ καὶ ἀλκή.”  
 Ὡς εἰπὼν παλάμῃσι λάβεν πολυμήκετον ἄρ  
 Μέμνων δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθι, καὶ ὀτραλέως συνόρουσαν  
 τύπτον δ' ἀλλήλων ἄμοτον φρεσὶ μαιμώνωντες  
 ἀσπίδας, ἃς Ἕφαιστος ὑπ' ἀμβροσίῃ κάμε τέχνην, 455  
 πυκνὰ συναΐσσοντες· ἐπέψαυον δὲ λόφοισιν  
 ἀλλήλαις ἐκάτερθεν ἐρειδόμεναι τρυφάλειαι.  
 Ζεὺς δὲ μέγ' ἀμφοτέροισι φίλα φρονέων βάλε  
 κάρτος,  
 τεύξε δ' ἄρ' ἀκαμάτους καὶ μείζονας, οὐδὲν ὁμοίους  
 ἀνδράσιν, ἀλλὰ θεοῖσιν· Ἔρις δ' ἐπεγῆθεεν ἄμφω. 460  
 οἱ δ' αἰχμὴν μεμαῶτες ἄφαρ χροὸς ἐντὸς ἐλάσσαι  
 μεσσηγὺς σάκεός τε καὶ ὑψιλόφου τρυφαλείης  
 πολλάκις ἰθύνεσκον ἐὼν μένος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

The Nereids, honoured of the Olympian Gods.  
And chiefest of them all is Thetis, wise  
With wisdom world-renowned ; for in her bowers  
She sheltered Dionysus, chased by might  
Of murderous Lycurgus from the earth.  
Yea, and the cunning God-smith welcomed she  
Within her mansion, when from heaven he fell.  
Ay, and the Lightning-lord she once released  
From bonds. The all-seeing Dwellers in the Sky  
Remember all these things, and reverence  
My mother Thetis in divine Olympus.  
Ay, that she is a Goddess shalt thou know  
When to thine heart the brazen spear shall pierce  
Sped by my might. Patroclus' death I avenged  
On Hector, and Antilochus on thee  
Will I avenge. No weakling's friend thou hast slain !  
But why like witless children stand we here  
Babbling our parents' fame and our own deeds ?  
Now is the hour when prowess shall decide."

Then from the sheath he flashed his long keen  
sword,

And Memnon his ; and swiftly in fiery fight  
Closed they, and rained the never-ceasing blows  
Upon the bucklers which with craft divine  
Hephaestus' self had fashioned. Once and again  
Clashed they together, and their cloudy crests  
Touched, mingling all their tossing storm of hair.  
And Zeus, for that he loved them both, inspired  
With prowess each, and mightier than their wont  
He made them, made them tireless, nothing like  
To men, but Gods : and gloated o'er the twain  
The Queen of Strife. In eager fury these  
Thrust swiftly out the spear, with fell intent  
To reach the throat 'twixt buckler-rim and helm,  
Thrust many a time and oft, and now would aim  
The point beneath the shield, above the greave,

βαιὸν ὑπὲρ κνημίδος, ἔνερθε δὲ δαιδαλέοιο  
 θώρηκος βριαροῖσιν ἀρηρότος ἀμφὶ μέλεσσιν, 465  
 ἄμφω ἐπειγόμενοι· περὶ δέ σφισιν ἄμβροτα τεύχη  
 ἀμφ' ὤμοις ἀράβησε· βοή δ' ἔκετ' αἰθέρα διὸν  
 Τρώων Αἰθιοπῶν τε καὶ Ἀργείων ἐριθύμων  
 μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθε· κόνις δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ὀρώρει  
 ἄχρις ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν, ἐπεὶ μέγα κίνυντο ἔργον. 470

Εὖτ' ὀμίχλη κατ' ὄρεσφιν ὀρινομένου ὑετοῖο,  
 ὅππότε δὴ κελάδοντες ἐνιπλήθονται ἔναυλοι  
 ὕδατος ἐσσυμένοιο, βρέμει δ' ἄρα πᾶσα χαράδρη  
 ἄσπετον, οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπιτρομέουσι νομῆς 475  
 χειμάρρους ὀμίχλην τε φίλην ὀλοοῖσι λύκοισιν  
 ἢ δ' ἄλλοις θήρεσσιν, ὅσους τρέφει ἄσπετος ὕλη·  
 ὥς τῶν ἀμφὶ πόδεσσι κόνις πεπότητ' ἀλεγεινή,  
 ἣ ρά τε καὶ φάος ἥν κατέκρυφεν ἡελίοιο  
 αἰθέρ' ἐπισκιάουσα· κακὴ δ' ὑπεδάμνατ' οἰζὺς  
 λαοὺς ἐν κονίῃ τε καὶ αἰνομόρῳ ὕσμινῃ. 480  
 καὶ τὴν μὲν μακάρων τις ἀπώσατο δημοτῆτος  
 ἐσσυμένως· ὀλοαὶ δὲ θοὰς ἐκάτερθε φάλαγγας  
 Κῆρες ἐποτρύνεσκον ἀπειρέσιον πονέεσθαι  
 δῆριν ἀνὰ στονόεσσιν· Ἄρης δ' οὐ λῆγε φόνοιον  
 λευγαλέον, πάντη δὲ πέριξ ἐφορύνετο γαῖα 485  
 αἵματος ἐκχυμένοιο· μέλας δ' ἐπετέρπετ' Ὀλεθρος·  
 στείνετο δὲ κταμένων πεδίου μέγα θ' ἱππόβοτόν τε,  
 ὅππόσον ἀμφὶ ῥοαῖς Σιμόεις καὶ Ξάνθος ἔεργει  
 Ἴδηθεν κατιόντες ἐς ἱερὸν Ἑλλήσποντον.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολλὴ μὲν ἄδην μηχανέτο δῆρις 490  
 μαρναμένων, ἴσον δὲ μένος τέτατ' ἀμφοτέροισι,  
 δὴ τότε τοὺς γ' ἀπάνευθεν Ὀλύμπιοι εἰσορώοντες,  
 οἱ μὲν θυμὸν ἔτερπον ἀτειρεῖ Πηλείωνι,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Now close beneath the corslet curious-wrought  
That lapped the stalwart frame: hard, fast they  
    lunged,  
And on their shoulders clashed the arms divine.  
Roared to the very heavens the battle-shout  
Of warring men, of Trojans, Aethiops,  
And Argives mighty-hearted, while the dust  
Rolled up from 'neath their feet, tossed to the sky  
In stress of battle-travail great and strong.

As when a mist enshrouds the hills, what time  
Roll up the rain-clouds, and the torrent-beds  
Roar as they fill with rushing floods, and howls  
Each gorge with fearful voices; shepherds quake  
To see the waters' downrush and the mist,  
Screen dear to wolves and all the wild fierce things  
Nursed in the wide arms of the forest; so  
Around the fighters' feet the choking dust  
Hung, hiding the fair splendour of the sun  
And darkening all the heaven. Sore distressed  
With dust and deadly conflict were the folk.  
Then with a sudden hand some Blessed One  
Swept the dust-pall aside; and the Gods saw  
The deadly Fates hurling the charging lines  
Together, in the unending wrestle locked  
Of that grim conflict, saw where never ceased  
Ares from hideous slaughter, saw the earth  
Crimsoned all round with rushing streams of blood,  
Saw where dark Havoc gloated o'er the scene,  
Saw the wide plain with corpses heaped, even all  
Bounded 'twixt Simois and Xanthus, where  
They sweep from Ida down to Hellespont.

But when long lengthened out the conflict was  
Of those two champions, and the might of both  
In that strong tug and strain was equal-matched,  
Then, gazing from Olympus' far-off heights,  
The Gods joyed, some in the invincible son  
Of Peleus, others in the goodly child



οἱ δ' ἄρα Τιθωνοῖο καὶ Ἡοῦς υἱεῖ δίφ.  
 ὑψόθι δ' οὐρανὸς εὐρύς ἐπέβραχεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος 495  
 ἴαχε· κυανὴ δὲ πέριξ ἐλελίζετο γαῖα  
 ἀμφοτέρων ὑπὸ ποσσὶ· περιτρομέοντο δὲ πᾶσαι  
 ἀμφὶ Θέτιν Νηρῆος ὑπερθύμοιο θύγατρῃς  
 ὀβρίμου ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἰδ' ἄσπετα δειμαίνοντο·  
 δαΐδιε δ' Ἡριγένεια φίλῳ περὶ παιδὶ καὶ αὐτῇ 500  
 ἵπποις ἐμβεβαυῖα δι' αἰθέρος· αἱ δὲ οἱ ἄγχι  
 Ἥελίοιο θύγατρῃς ἐθάμβεον ἐστηυῖαι  
 θεσπέσιον περὶ κύκλον, ὃν ἠελίῳ ἀκάμαντι  
 Ζεὺς πόρεν εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν εὖν δρόμον, ᾧ περὶ πάντα 505  
 ζῶει τε φθινύθει τε περιπλομένοιο κατ' ἡμᾶρ  
 νωλεμέως αἰῶνος ἐλίσσομένων ἐνιαυτῶν.  
 καὶ νῦ κε δὴ μακάρεσσιν ἀμείλιχος ἔμπεσε δῆρις,  
 εἰ μὴ ὑπ' ἐννεσίῃσι Διὸς μεγαλοβρεμέταο  
 δοιαὶ ἄρ' ἀμφοτέροισι θοῶς ἐκάτερθε παρέσταν  
 Κῆρες, ἐρεμναίῃ μὲν ἔβη ποτὶ Μέμνονος ἥτορ, 510  
 φαιδρὴ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆα δαΐφρονα· τοὶ δ' ἐσιδόντες  
 ἀθάνατοι μέγ' αὔσαν, ἄφαρ δ' ἔλε τοὺς μὲν ἀνὴρ  
 λευγαλέη, τοὺς δ' ἦν καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἔλλαβε χάρμα.  
 Ἡρώες δ' ἐμάχοντο καθ' αἵματόεντα κυδοιμὸν  
 ἔμπεδον, οὐδέ τι Κῆρας ἐποιχομένας ἐνόησαν 515  
 θυμὸν καὶ μέγα κάρτος ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι φέροντες·  
 φαίης κε στονόεντα κατὰ μόθον ἡματι κείνῳ  
 μάρνασθ' ἥν Γίγαντας ἀτειρέας ἥν κραταιοὺς  
 Τιτῆνας· σθεναρὴ γὰρ ἐπὶ σφισι δῆρις ὀρώρει,  
 ἡμὲν ὅτε ξιφέεσσι συνέδραμον, ἡδ' ὅτε λᾶας 520  
 βάλλον ἐπεσσύμενοι περιμήκεας· οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν  
 χάζετο βαλλομένων, οὐδ' ἔτρεσαν, ἀλλ' ἅτε πρῶνες  
 ἔστασαν ἀδμῆτες καταείμενοι ἄσπετον ἀλκῆν·  
 ἄμφω γὰρ μεγάλιο Διὸς γένος εὐχετόωντο·



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Of old Tithonus and the Queen of Dawn.  
Thundered the heavens on high from east to west,  
And roared the sea from verge to verge, and rocked  
The dark earth 'neath the heroes' feet, and quaked  
Proud Nereus' daughters all round Thetis thronged  
In grievous fear for mighty Achilles' sake ;  
And trembled for her son the Child of the Mist  
As in her chariot through the sky she rode.  
Marvelled the Daughters of the Sun, who stood  
Near her, around that wondrous splendour-ring  
Traced for the race-course of the tireless sun  
By Zeus, the limit of all Nature's life  
And death, the daily round that maketh up  
The eternal circuit of the rolling years.  
And now amongst the Blessed bitter feud  
Had broken out ; but by behest of Zeus  
The twin Fates suddenly stood beside these twain,  
One dark—her shadow fell on Memnon's heart ;  
One bright—her radiance haloed Peleus' son.  
And with a great cry the Immortals saw,  
And filled with sorrow they of the one part were,  
They of the other with triumphant joy.

Still in the midst of blood-stained battle-rout  
Those heroes fought, unknowing of the Fates  
Now drawn so nigh, but each at other hurled  
His whole heart's courage, all his bodily might.  
Thou hadst said that in the strife of that dread day  
Huge tireless Giants or strong Titans warred,  
So fiercely blazed the wildfire of their strife,  
Now, when they clashed with swords, now when they  
leapt

Hurling huge stones. Nor either would give back  
Before the hail of blows, nor quailed. They stood  
Like storm-tormented headlands steadfast, clothed  
With might past words, unearthly ; for the twain  
Alike could boast their lineage of high Zeus.

τοῦνεκ' ἄρα σφίσι δῆριν ἴσῃν ἐτάνυσσεν Ἐννὼ 525  
 πολλὸν ἐρειδομένοισιν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἐν δαΐ κείνῃ,  
 αὐτοῖς ἡδ' ἐτάροισιν ἀταρβέσιν, οἱ μετ' ἀνάκτων  
 νωλεμέως πονέοντο μεμαότες, ἄχρι καμώντων  
 αἰχμαὶ ἀνεγνάμφθησαν ἐν ἀσπίσιν· οὐδέ τις ἦεν  
 θεινομένων ἐκάτερθεν ἀνούτατος, ἀλλ' ἄρα πάντων 530  
 ἐκ μελέων εἰς οὐδας ἀπέρρεεν αἶμα καὶ ἰδρῶς  
 αἶν ἐρειδομένων, κεκάλυπτο δὲ γαῖα νέκυσσιν  
 οὐρανὸς ὥς νεφέεσσιν ἐς αἰγοκερῆα κιόντος  
 ἡελίου, ὅτε πόντον ὑποτρομέει μέγα ναύτης.  
 τοὺς δ' ἵπποι χρεμέθοντες ἐπεσσυμένοις ἅμα λαοῖς 535  
 τεθνεότας στείβεσκον, ἅτ' ἄσπετα φύλλα κατ'  
 ἄλσος

χείματος ἀρχομένου μετὰ τηλεθόωσαν ὀπώρην.

Οἱ δέ που ἐν νεκύεσσι καὶ αἵματι δηριόωντο  
 υἷης μακάρων ἐρικυδέες, οὐδ' ἀπέληγον  
 ἀλλήλοισι κοτέοντες· Ἔρις δ' ἵθυνε τάλαντα 540  
 ὑσμίνης ἀλεγεινά, τὰ δ' οὐκ ἔτι ἴσα πέλοντο·  
 ἀλλ' ἄρα Μέμνονα δῖον ὑπὸ στέρνοιο θέμεθλα  
 Πηλεΐδης οὔτησε· τὸ δ' ἀντικρὺ μέλαν ἄορ  
 ἐξέθορεν· τοῦ δ' αἶψα λύθη πολύηρατος αἰών·  
 κάππεσε δ' ἐς μέλαν αἶμα, βράχην δέ οἱ ἄσπετα  
 τεύχῃ· 545

γαῖα δ' ὑπεςμαράγησε, καὶ ἀμφεφόβηθεν ἐταῖροι·  
 τὸν δ' ἄρα Μυρμιδόνες μὲν ἐσύλεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες  
 φεύγον· ὁ δ' αἶψα δίωκε μένος μέγα λαίλαπι ἴσος.

Ἦὼς δ' ἐστονάχῃσε καλυψαμένη νεφέεσσιν·  
 ἡχλύνθη δ' ἄρα γαῖα· θοοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἀῆται 550  
 μητρὸς ἐφημοσύνησι μίῃ φορέοντο κελεύθῳ

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Therefore 'twixt these Enyo lengthened out  
The even-balanced strife, while ever they  
In that grim wrestle strained their uttermost,  
They and their dauntless comrades, round their  
kings

With ceaseless fury toiling, till their spears  
Stood shivered all in shields of warriors slain,  
And of the fighters woundless none remained ;  
But from all limbs streamed down into the dust  
The blood and sweat of that unresting strain  
Of fight, and earth was hidden with the dead,  
As heaven is hidden with clouds when meets the sun  
The Goat-star, and the shipman dreads the deep.  
As charged the lines, the snorting chariot-steeds  
Trampled the dead, as on the myriad leaves  
Ye trample in the woods at entering-in  
Of winter, when the autumn-tide is past.

Still mid the corpses and the blood fought on  
Those glorious sons of Gods, nor ever ceased  
From wrath of fight. But Eris now inclined  
The fatal scales of battle, which no more  
Were equal-poised. Beneath the breast-bone then  
Of godlike Memnon plunged Achilles' sword ;  
Clear through his body all the dark-blue blade  
Leapt : suddenly snapped the silver cord of life.  
Down in a pool of blood he fell, and clashed  
His massy armour, and earth rang again. ;  
Then turned to flight his comrades panic-struck,  
And of his arms the Myrmidons stripped the dead,  
While fled the Trojans, and Achilles chased,  
As whirlwind swift and mighty to destroy.

Then groaned the Dawn, and palled herself in  
clouds,  
And earth was darkened. At their mother's hest  
All the light Breathings of the Dawn took hands,  
And slid down one long stream of sighing wind

ἐς πεδῖον Πριάμοιο καὶ ἀμφεχέοντο θανόντι,  
 ἦκα δ' ἀνηρείψαντο θοῶς Ἡώιον νῖα,  
 καὶ ἐ φέρου πολιοῖο δι' ἡέρος· ἄχυντο δέ σφι  
 θυμὸς ἀδελφειοῖο δεδουπότος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αἰθὴρ 555  
 ἔστυνε. τοῦ δ' ἐπὶ γαίαν ὅσαι πέσον αἱματόεσσαι  
 ἐκ μελέων ῥαθάμιγγες, ἐν ἀνθρώποισι τέτυκται  
 σῆμα καὶ ἐσσομένοις· τὰς γὰρ θεοὶ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλην  
 εἰς ἐν ἀγειράμενοι ποταμὸν θέσαν ἠχήμεντα,  
 τὸν ῥά τε Παφλαγόνειον ἐπιχθόνιοι καλέουσι 560  
 πάντες, ὅσοι ναίουσι μακρῆς ὑπὸ δειράσιν Ἰδης·  
 ὅς τε καὶ αἱματόεις τραφερὴν ἐπινίσσεται αἶαν,  
 ὀππότε Μέμνονος ἡμαρ ἔη λυγρόν, ᾧ ἐνὶ κείνῳ  
 κάτθανε· λευγαλέη δὲ καὶ ἄσχετος ἔσσυται ὁδμὴ  
 ἐξ ὕδατος· φαίης κεν ἔθ' ἔλκεος οὐλομένοιῳ 565  
 πυθομένους ἰχῶρας ἀποπνείειν ἀλεγεινόν.  
 ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν βουλῇσι θεῶν γένεθ'· οἱ δ' ἐπέτοντο  
 Ἡοῦς ὄβριμον νῖα θεοὶ φορέοντες ἀήται  
 τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ γαίης δνοφερῇ κεκαλυμμένον ὄρφνῃ.  
 Οὐδὲ μὲν Αἰθιοπῆες ἀποκταμένοιῳ ἀνακτος 570  
 νόσφιν ἀπεπλάγχθησαν, ἐπεὶ θεὸς αἶψα καὶ  
 αὐτοὺς  
 ἦγε λιλαιομένοισι βαλὼν τάχος, οἷον ἔμελλον  
 οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν ἔχοντες ἐπήριοι φορέεσθαι·  
 τοῦνεχ' ἔποντ' ἀνέμοισιν ὀδυρόμενοι βασιλῆα.  
 ὥς δ' ὅταν ἀγρευτῆρος ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι δαμέντος 575  
 ἢ συὸς ἢ λέοντος ὑπὸ βλοσυρῇσι γένυσσι  
 σῶμ' ἀναειρόμενοι μογεροὶ φορέουσιν ἑταῖροι  
 ἀχνύμενοι, μετὰ δέ σφι κύνες ποθέοντες ἀνακτα  
 κυνζηθμῷ ἐφέπονται ἀνιηρῆς ἔνεκ' ἄγρης·  
 ὥς οἱ γε προλιπόντες ἀνηλέα δηιοτῆτα 580  
 λαιψηροῖς ἐφέποντο μέγα στενάχοντες ἀήταις

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

To Priam's plain, and floated round the dead,  
And softly, swiftly caught they up, and bare  
Through silver mists the Dawn-queen's son, with  
    hearts

Sore aching for their brother's fall, while moaned  
Around them all the air. As on they passed,  
Fell many blood-gouts from those piercèd limbs  
Down to the earth, and these were made a sign  
To generations yet to be. The Gods  
Gathered them up from many lands, and made  
Thereof a far-resounding river, named  
Of all that dwell beneath long Ida's flanks  
Paphlagoneion. As its waters flow  
'Twixt fertile acres, once a year they turn  
To blood, when comes the woeful day whereon  
Died Memnon. Thence a sick and choking reek  
Steams: thou wouldst say that from a wound  
    unhealed

Corrupting humours breathed an evil stench.  
Ay, so the Gods ordained: but now flew on  
Bearing Dawn's mighty son the rushing winds  
Skimming earth's face and palled about with night.

Nor were his Aethiopian comrades left  
To wander of their King forlorn: a God  
Suddenly winged those eager souls with speed  
Such as should soon be theirs for ever, changed  
To flying fowl, the children of the air.  
Wailing their King in the winds' track they sped.  
As when a hunter mid the forest-brakes  
Is by a boar or grim-jawed lion slain,  
And now his sorrowing friends take up the corse,  
And bear it heavy-hearted; and the hounds  
Follow low-whimpering, pining for their lord  
In that disastrous hunting lost; so they  
Left far behind that stricken field of blood,  
And fast they followed after those swift winds

ἀχλύϊ θεσπεσίῃ κεκαλυμμένοι. ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες  
καὶ Δαναοὶ θάμβησαν ἅμα σφετέρῳ βασιλῇ  
πάντας αἰστωθέντας, ἀπειρεσίῃ δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν  
ἀμφασίῃ βεβόληντο. νέκυν δ' ἀκάμαντες αἵηται 585  
Μέμνονος ἀγχεμάχοιο θέσαν βαρέα στενάχοντες  
πὰρ ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα βαθυρρόου Αἰσήποιο,  
ἧχί τε Νυμφάων καλλιπλοκάμων πέλει ἄλσος  
καλόν, ὃ δὴ μετόπισθε μακρὸν περὶ σῆμα βάλοντο  
Αἰσηποῖο θύγατρὲς ἄδην πεπυκασμένον ὕλη 590  
παντοίῃ· καὶ πολλὰ θεαὶ περικωκύσαντο,  
υἷέα κυδαίνουσαι εὐθρόνου Ἡριγενείης.

Δύσετό δ' ἡελίοιο φάος· κατὰ δ' ἤλυθεν Ἡὼς  
οὐρανόθεν κλαίουσα φίλον τέκος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῇ  
κοῦραι εὐπλόκαμοι δυοκαίδεκα, τῇσι μέμνηεν 595  
αἰὲν ἐλίσσομένου Ὑπερίονος αἰπὰ κέλευθα  
νύξ τε καὶ ἡριγένεια καὶ ἐκ Διὸς ὀππόσα βουλῆς  
γίνεται, οὐ περὶ δῶμα καὶ ἀρρήκτους πυλεῶνας  
στρωφῶντ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πέριξ λυκάβαντα  
φέρουσαι

καρποῖσι βρίθοντα κυλινδομένον περὶ κύκλου 600  
χειμῶνος κρυεροῖο καὶ εἵαρος ἀνθεμόεντος  
ἡδὲ θέρεος ἐρατοῖο πολυσταφύλοιό τ' ὀπώρης.  
αἱ τότε δὴ κατέβησαν ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἡλιβάτοιο  
ἄσπετ' ὀδυρόμεναι περὶ Μέμνονα, σὺν δ' ἄρα τῇσι  
Πληιάδες μύροντο· περίαχε δ' οὔρεα μακρὰ 605  
καὶ ῥόος Αἰσήποιο· γόος δ' ἄλληκτος ὀρώρει.  
ἡ δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ μέσσησιν ἐφ' περὶ παιδὶ χυθεῖσα  
μακρὸν ἀνεστονάχησε πολύστονος Ἡριγένεια·  
“ ὦλεό μοι, φίλε τέκνον, ἐγὼ δ' ἄρα μητέρι πένθος  
ἀργαλέον περίθηκας· ἐγὼ δ' οὐ σείο δαμέντος 610  
τλήσομαι ἀθανάτοισιν ἐπουρανίοισι φαείνειν,  
ἀλλὰ καταχθονίων ἐσδύσομαι αἰνὰ βέρεθρα,



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

With multitudinous moaning, veiled in mist  
Unearthly. Trojans over all the plain  
And Danaans marvelled, seeing that great host  
Vanishing with their King. All hearts stood still  
In dumb amazement. But the tireless winds  
Sighing set hero Memnon's giant corpse  
Down by the deep flow of Aesopus' stream,  
Where is a fair grove of the bright-haired Nymphs,  
The which round his long barrow afterward  
Aesopus' daughters planted, screening it  
With many and manifold trees: and long and loud  
Wailed those Immortals, chanting his renown,  
The son of the Dawn-goddess splendour-throned.

Now sank the sun: the Lady of the Morn  
Wailing her dear child from the heavens came down.  
Twelve maidens shining-tressed attended her,  
The warders of the high paths of the sun  
For ever circling, warders of the night  
And dawn, and each world-ordinance framed of

Zeus,

Around whose mansion's everlasting doors  
From east to west they dance, from west to east,  
Whirling the wheels of harvest-laden years, 600  
While rolls the endless round of winter's cold,  
And flowery spring, and lovely summer-tide,  
And heavy-clustered autumn. These came down  
From heaven, for Memnon wailing wild and high;  
And mourned with these the Pleiads. Echoed  
round

Far-stretching mountains, and Aesopus' stream.  
Ceaseless uprose the keen, and in their midst,  
Fallen on her son and clasping, wailed the Dawn;  
"Dead art thou, dear, dear child, and thou hast clad  
Thy mother with a pall of grief. Oh, I,  
Now thou art slain, will not endure to light  
The Immortal Heavenly Ones! No, I will plunge

ψυχὴν ὅπου σέο νόσφιν ἀποφθιμένοιό ποτᾶται,  
 [γαῖαν ἀμαυρώσουσα καὶ οὐρανὸν ἠδὲ θάλασσαν]  
 πάντ' ἐπικιδναμένον χάεος καὶ ἀεικέος ὄρφνης,  
 ὄφρα τι καὶ Κρονίδαο περὶ φρένας ἄλγος ἵκηται· 615  
 οὐ γὰρ ἀτιμότερη Νηρηίδος ἐκ Διὸς αὐτοῦ  
 πάντ' ἐπιδερκομένη, πάντ' ἐς τέλος ἄχρις ἄγουσα·  
 μαψιδίως γὰρ ἐμὸν φάος οὐ νῦν ὠπίσατο Ζεὺς.  
 τοῦνεχ' ὑπὸ ζόφον εἶμι· Θέτιν δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον  
 ἀγέσθω

ἐξ ἁλός, ὄφρα θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι φαεῖνη· 620  
 αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ στονόεσσα μετ' οὐρανὸν εὐαδεν ὄρφνη,  
 μὴ δὴ σείο φονῇ φάος περὶ σῶμα βάλοιμι.”

Ὡς φαμένης ῥέε δάκρυ κατ' ἀμβροσίῳ προ-  
 σῶπον

ἀενάῳ ποταμῷ ἐναλίγκιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ  
 δεύετο γαῖα μέλαινα· συνάχυντο δ' ἀμβροσίῃ Νύξ 625  
 παιδὶ φίλῃ, καὶ πάντα κατέκρυφεν οὐρανὸς ἄστρα  
 ἀχλύϊ καὶ νεφέεσσι φέρων χάριν Ἑριγενείῃ.

Τρῶες δ' ἄστεος ἔνδον ἔσαν περὶ Μέμνονι θυμὸν  
 ἀχνύμενοι· πόθεον γὰρ ὁμῶς ἐτάροισιν ἄνακτα.  
 οὐδὲ μὲν Ἀργεῖοι μέγ' ἐγήθεον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ 630  
 ἐν πεδίῳ κταμένοισι παρ' ἀνδράσιν αὖλιν ἔχοντες  
 ἄμφω εὐμμελίην μὲν Ἀχιλλέα κυδαίνεσκον,  
 Ἀντίλοχον δ' ἄρα κλαῖον· ἔχον δ' ἅμα χάρματι  
 πένθος.

Παννυχίῃ δ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἀνεστονάχιζε γοῶσα  
 Ἥως· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κέχυντο ζόφος· οὐδέ τι θυμῷ 635  
 ἀντολῆς ἀλέγιζε, μέγαν δ' ἤχθηρεν Ὀλυμπον.  
 ἄγχι δέ οἱ μάλα πολλὰ ποδώκεες ἔστεινον ἵπποι  
 γαῖαν ἐπιστεῖβοντες ἀηθέα, καὶ βασιλείαν  
 ἀχθυμένην ὁρόωντες, ἐελδόμενοι μέγα νόστου.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Down to the dread depths of the underworld,  
Where thy lone spirit flitteth to and fro,  
And will to blind night leave earth, sky, and sea,  
Till Chaos and formless darkness brood o'er all,  
That Cronos' Son may also learn what means  
Anguish of heart. For not less worship-worthy  
Than Nereus' Child, by Zeus's ordinance,  
Am I, who look on all things, I, who bring  
All to their consummation. Recklessly  
My light Zeus now despiseth ! Therefore I  
Will pass into the darkness. Let him bring  
Up to Olympus Thetis from the sea  
To hold for him light forth to Gods and men !  
My sad soul loveth darkness more than day,  
Lest I pour light upon thy slayer's head."

Thus as she cried, the tears ran down her face  
Immortal, like a river brimming aye :  
Drenched was the dark earth round the corse. The  
Night

Grieved in her daughter's anguish, and the heaven  
Drew over all his stars a veil of mist  
And cloud, of love unto the Lady of Light.

Meanwhile within their walls the Trojan folk  
For Memnon sorrowed sore, with vain regret  
Yearning for that lost king and all his host.  
Nor greatly joyed the Argives, where they lay  
Camped in the open plain amidst the dead.  
There, mingled with Achilles' praise, uprose  
Wails for Antilochus : joy clasped hands with grief.

All night in groans and sighs most pitiful  
The Dawn-queen lay : a sea of darkness moaned  
Around her. Of the dayspring nought she recked :  
She loathed Olympus' spaces. At her side  
Fretted and whinnied still her fleetfoot steeds,  
Trampling the strange earth, gazing at their Queen  
Grief-stricken, yearning for the fiery course.

Ζεὺς δ' ἄμοτον βρόντησε χολούμενος, ἀμφὶ δὲ  
γαῖα 640

κινήθη περὶ πᾶσα· τρόμος δ' ἔλεν ἄμβροτον Ἥω.

Τὸν δ' ἄρα καρπαλίμως μελανόχροες Αἰθιοπῆες  
θάψαν ὀδυρόμενοι· τοὺς δ' Ἑριγένεια βοῶπις  
πόλλ' ὀλοφυρομένους κρατεροῦ περὶ σήματι  
παιδὸς

οἶωνοὺς ποίησε καὶ ἡέρι δῶκε φέρεσθαι, 645

τοὺς καὶ νῦν καλέουσι βροτῶν ἀπερείσια φῦλα  
Μέμνονας· οἳ ῥ' ἐπὶ τύμβον ἔτι σφετέρου  
βασιλῆος

ἔσσύμενοι γοώωσι κόνιν καθύπερθε χέοντες  
σήματος· ἀλλήλοις δὲ περικλονέουσι κυδοιμὸν  
Μέμνονι ἦρα φέροντες· ὁ δ' εἶν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν 650  
ἦέ που ἐν μακάρεσσι κατ' Ἥλύσιον πέδον αἴης  
καγχαλάα· καὶ θυμὸν ἰαίνεται ἄμβροτος Ἥως  
δερκομένη· τοῖσιν δὲ πέλει πόνος ἄχρι καμόντες  
εἰς ἓνα δηώσονται ἀνὰ κλόνον, ἥ καὶ ἄμφω  
πότμον ἀναπλήσωσι πονεῦμενοι ἀμφὶς ἄνακτα. 655

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐννεσίησι φαεσφόρου Ἑριγενείης  
οἶωνοὶ τελέουσι θοοί· τότε δ' ἄμβροτος Ἥως  
οὐρανὸν εἰσανόρουσεν ὁμῶς πολυαλδέσιν Ὀραιοις,  
αἳ ῥά μιν οὐκ ἐθέλουσαν ἀνήγαγον ἐς Διὸς οὐδας  
παρφάμεναι μύθοισιν, ὅσοις βαρὺ πένθος ὑπείκει, 660  
καίπερ ἔτ' ἀχνυμένην. ἡ δ' οὐ λάθεθ' οἶο δρόμοιο·  
δείδιε γὰρ δὴ Ζηνὸς ἄδην ἄλληκτον ἐνιπῆν,  
ἐξ οὗ πάντα πέλονται, ὅσ' ὠκεανοῖο ῥέεθρα  
ἐντὸς ἔχει καὶ γαῖα καὶ αἰθομένων ἔδος ἄστρων.  
τῆς ἄρα Πληιάδες πρότεραι ἴσαν· ἡ δὲ καὶ αὕτῃ 665  
αἰθερίας ὤϊξε πύλας, ἐκέδασσε δ' ἄρ' αἶγλην.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Suddenly crashed the thunder of the wrath  
Of Zeus ; rocked round her all the shuddering earth,  
And on immortal Eos trembling came.

Swiftly the dark-skinned Aethiops from her sight  
Buried their lord lamenting. As they wailed  
Unceasingly, the Dawn-queen lovely-eyed  
Changed them to birds sweeping through air around  
The barrow of the mighty dead. And these  
Still do the tribes of men "The Memnons" call ;  
And still with wailing cries they dart and wheel  
Above their king's tomb, and they scatter dust  
Down on his grave, still shrill the battle-cry,  
In memory of Memnon, each to each.

But he in Hades' mansions, or perchance  
Amid the Blessed on the Elysian Plain,  
Laugheth. Divine Dawn comforteth her heart  
Beholding them : but theirs is toil of strife  
Unending, till the weary victors strike  
The vanquished dead, or one and all fill up  
The measure of their doom around his grave.

So by command of Eos, Lady of Light,  
The swift birds dree their weird. But Dawn divine  
Now heavenward soared with the all-fostering  
Hours,

Who drew her to Zeus' threshold, sorely loth,  
Yet conquered by their gentle pleadings, such  
As salve the bitterest grief of broken hearts.  
Nor the Dawn-queen forgot her daily course,  
But quailed before the unbending threat of Zeus,  
Of whom are all things, even all comprised  
Within the encircling sweep of Ocean's stream,  
Earth and the palace-dome of burning stars.  
Before her went her Pleiad-harbingers,  
Then she herself flung wide the ethereal gates,  
And, scattering spray of splendour, flashed there-  
through.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΡΙΤΟΣ

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ φάος ἦλθεν εὐθρόνου Ἡριγενείης,  
 δὴ τότε ἄρ' Ἀντιλόχοιο νέκυν ποτὶ νῆας ἔνεικαν  
 αἰχμηταὶ Πύλιοι μεγάλα στενάχοντες ἄνακτα  
 καὶ μιν ταρχύσαντο παρ' ἠόσιν Ἑλλησπόντου  
 πολλὰ μάλ' ἀχνύμενοι περὶ δ' ἔστενον ὄβριμοι  
 υἱες

5

Ἀργείων· πάντας γὰρ ἀμείλιχον ἄμφεχε πένθος·  
 Νέστορι ἦρα φέροντας· ὁ δ' οὐ μέγα δάμνατο  
 θυμῷ·

ἀνδρὸς γὰρ πινυτοῖο περὶ φρεσὶ τλήμεναι ἄλγος  
 θαρσαλέως καὶ μή τι κατηφιόωντ' ἀκάχησθαι.  
 Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐτάριοι χολούμενος Ἀντιλόχοιο  
 σμερδνὸν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι κορύσσετο· τοὶ δὲ καὶ  
 αὐτοὶ

10

καίπερ ὑποτρομέοντες εὐμμελίην Ἀχιλῆα  
 τείχεος ἐξεχέοντο μεμαότες, οὐνεκ' ἄρα σφι  
 Κῆρες ἐνὶ στέρνοισι θράσος βύλον· ἥ γὰρ ἔμελλον  
 πολλοὶ ἀνοστήτοιο κατελθέμεν Ἀΐδονῆος  
 χερσὶν ὑπ' Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος, ὅς ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς  
 φθεῖσθαι ὁμῶς ἤμελλε παρὰ Πριάμοιο πόλιν.  
 αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρωθε συνήλυθον εἰς ἓνα χῶρον  
 Τρώων ἔθνεα πολλὰ μενεπτολέμων τ' Ἀργείων  
 μαιμώνωντ' ἐς Ἄρην διεγρομένου πολέμοιο.

15

20

Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐν τοῖσι πολὺν περιδάμνατο λαὸν  
 δυσμενέων· πάντῃ δὲ φερέσβιος αἵματι γαῖα



### BOOK III

*How by the shaft of a God laid low was Hero  
Achilles*

WHEN shone the light of Dawn the splendour-  
throned,

Then to the ships the Pylian spearmen bore  
Antilochus' corpse, sore sighing for their prince,  
And by the Hellespont they buried him  
With aching hearts. Around him groaning stood  
The battle-eager sons of Argives, all,  
Of love for Nestor, shrouded o'er with grief.  
But that grey hero's heart was nowise crushed  
By sorrow; for the wise man's soul endures  
Bravely, and cowers not under affliction's stroke.  
But Peleus' son, wroth for Antilochus  
His dear friend, armed for vengeance terrible  
Upon the Trojans. Yea, and these withal,  
Despite their dread of mighty Achilles' spear,  
Poured battle-eager forth their gates, for now  
The Fates with courage filled their breasts, of whom  
Many were doomed to Hades to descend,  
Whence there is no return, thrust down by hands  
Of Aeacus' son, who also was foredoomed  
To perish that same day by Priam's wall.  
Swift met the fronts of conflict: all the tribes  
Of Troy's host, and the battle-biding Greeks,  
Afire with that new-kindled fury of war.

Then through the foe the son of Peleus made  
Wide havoc: all around the earth was drenched

δεύετο, καὶ νεκύεσσι περιστύνοντο ῥέεθρα  
 Ξάνθου καὶ Σιμόεντος· ὁ δ' ἐσπόμενος κεραΐζε  
 μέχρ' ἐπὶ πτολίεθρον, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἄμφεχε λαούς. 25  
 καὶ νύ κε πάντα ὄλεσσε, πύλας δ' εἰς οὐδας  
 ἔρεισε

θαιρῶν ἐξερύσας, ἣ καὶ συνέαξεν ὀχῆας  
 δόχμιος ἐγχριμφθείς, Δαναοῖσι δὲ θῆκε κέλευθον  
 ἐς Πριάμοιο πόλῃα, διέπραθε δ' ὄλβιον ἄστυ,  
 εἰ μὴ οἱ μέγα Φοῖβος ἀνῃλέϊ χώσατο θυμῷ, 30  
 ὥς ἴδεν ἄσπετα φῦλα δαΐκταμένων ἡρώων.  
 αἶψα δ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο κατήλυθε θηρὶ ἑοικώς  
 ἰοδόκην ὥμοισιν ἔχων καὶ ἀναλθέας ἰούς·  
 ἔστη δ' Αἰακίδαο καταντίον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῇ  
 γωρυτὸς καὶ τόξα μέγ' ἴαχεν· ἐκ δὲ οἱ ὄσσων 35  
 πῦρ ἄμοτον μάρμαιρε· ποσὶν δ' ὑπεκύντο γαῖα.  
 σμερδαλέον δ' ἦϋσε μέγας θεός, ὄφρ' Ἀχιλλῆα  
 τρέψῃ ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο θεοῦ ὅπα ταρβήσαντα  
 θεσπεσίην, καὶ Τρῶας ὑπέκ θανάτοιο σαώσῃ·  
 “χάζεο, Πηλεΐδῃ, Τρώων ἐκίς, οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν 40  
 οὐ σ' ἔτι δυσμενέεσσι κακὰς ἐπὶ κῆρας ἰάλλειν,  
 μή σε καὶ ἀθανάτων τις ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο χαλέψῃ.”  
 “Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι θεοῦ τρέσεν ἄμβροτον  
 αὐδὴν·

ἥδη γάρ οἱ Κῆρες ἀμείλιχοι ἀμφεποτῶντο·  
 τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀλέγιζε θεοῦ, μέγα δ' ἴαχεν ἄντην· 45  
 “Φοῖβε, τί ἦ με θεοῖσι καὶ οὐ μεμαῶτα μάχεσθαι  
 ὀτρύνεις Τρώεσσι·ν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀμύνων;  
 ἥδη γὰρ καὶ πρόσθε μ' ἀποστρέψας ὀρυμαγδοῦ  
 ἤπαφες, ὅππότε πρῶτον ὑπεξεσάωσας ὀλέθρου  
 Ἑκτορα, τῇ μέγα Τρῶες ἀνὰ πτόλιν εὐχετόωντο. 50

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

With gore, and choked with corpses were the  
streams

Of Simois and Xanthus. Still he chased,  
Still slaughtered, even to the city's walls;  
For panic fell on all the host. And now  
All had he slain, had dashed the gates to earth,  
Rending them from their hinges, or the bolts,  
Hurling himself against them, had he snapped,  
And for the Danaans into Priam's burg  
Had made a way, had utterly destroyed  
That goodly town—but now was Phoebus wroth  
Against him with grim fury, when he saw  
Those countless troops of heroes slain of him.  
Down from Olympus with a lion-leap  
He came: his quiver on his shoulders lay,  
And shafts that deal the wounds incurable.  
Facing Achilles stood he; round him clashed  
Quiver and arrows; blazed with quenchless flame  
His eyes, and shook the earth beneath his feet.  
Then with a terrible shout the great God cried,  
So to turn back from war Achilles awed  
By the voice divine, and save from death the  
Trojans:

“Back from the Trojans, Peleus' son! Beseems not  
That longer thou deal death unto thy foes,  
Lest an Olympian God abase thy pride.”

But nothing quailed the hero at the voice  
Immortal, for that round him even now  
Hovered the unrelenting Fates. He recked  
Naught of the God, and shouted his defiance.  
“Phoebus, why dost thou in mine own despite  
Stir me to fight with Gods, and wouldst protect  
The arrogant Trojans? Heretofore hast thou  
By thy beguiling turned me from the fray,  
When from destruction thou at the first didst save  
Hector, whereat the Trojans all through Troy

ἀλλ' ἀναχάξω τῇλε καὶ ἐς μακάρων ἔδος ἄλλων  
ἔρχω, μὴ σε βάλοιμι καὶ ἀθάνατόν περ ἔοντα."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπάτερθε θεὸν λίπε, βῆ δ' ἐπὶ  
Τρώας,

οἳ ῥ' ἔτι που φεύγεσκον αἰὲ προπάροιθε πόλης,  
καὶ τοὺς μὲν σεύεσκεν· ὁ δ' ἀσχαλῶν ἐνὶ θυμῷ 55  
Φοῖβος ἐὼν κατὰ θυμὸν ἔπος ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπεν·

"ὦ πόποι, ὥς ὃ γε μαίνεται ἀνὰ φρένας· ἀλλὰ οἱ  
οὔτι

οὐδ' αὐτὸς Κρονίδης ἔτ' ἀλέξεται<sup>1</sup> οὔτε τις ἄλλος  
οὔτω μαργαίνοντι καὶ ἀντιόωντι<sup>2</sup> θεοῖσιν."

"Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη, καὶ αἶστος ὁμοῦ νεφέεσσιν ἐτύχθη· 60

ἡέρα δ' ἐσάμενος στυγερὸν προέηκε βέλεμνον,  
καὶ ἐθοῶς οὔτησε κατὰ σφυρόν· αἶψα δ' ἀνῖαι  
δῦσαν ὑπὸ κραδίην· ὁ δ' ἀνετράπετ' ἥϊτε πύργος,  
ὃν τε βίη τυφῶνος ὑποχθονίη στροφάλιγγι  
ῥήξῃ ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο κραδαινομένης βαθὺ γαίης· 65  
ὥς ἐκλίθη δέμας ἡὺ κατ' οὔδεος Αἰακίδαο.

ἀμφὶ δὲ παπτήνας ὀλοὸν καὶ \* \* \*  
\* \* \* ἔπος ἀκράαντον ὁμόκλα·

"τίς νύ μοι αἶνὸν οἷστὸν ἐπιπροέηκε κρυφῆδόν;  
τλήτω μεν κατέναντα καὶ εἰς ἀναφανδὸν ἰκέσθαι,  
ὄφρα κέ οἱ μέλαν αἶμα καὶ ἔγκατα πάντα χυθείη 70  
ἡμετέρῳ περὶ δουρὶ καὶ Ἄϊδα λυγρὸν ἵκηται·

οἶδα γὰρ ὥς οὔτις με δυνήσεται ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν  
ἐγχείῃ δαμάσασθαι ἐπιχθονίων ἡρώων,  
οὐδ' εἴπερ στέρνοισι μάλ' ἄτρομον ἦτορ ἔχῃσιν, 75  
ἄτρομον ἦτορ ἔχῃσι λήν καὶ χάλκεος εἴη·  
κρύβδα δ' ἀνάλκιδες αἰὲν ἀγαυότερους λοχόωσι.  
τῷ μεν ἴτω κατέναντα, καὶ εἰ θεὸς εὐχεται εἶναι  
χωόμενος Δαναοῖς, ἐπεὶ ἡ νύ μοι ἦτορ ἔολπεν  
ἔμμεναι Ἀπόλλωνα λυγρῇ κεκαλυμμένον ὄρφνῃ.

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἀνέξεται of v.

<sup>2</sup> Zimmermann, for ἀντιόωντα.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Exulted. Nay, thou get thee back : return  
Unto the mansion of the Blessèd, lest  
I smite thee—ay, immortal though thou be ! ”

Then on the God he turned his back, and sped  
After the Trojans fleeing cityward,  
And harried still their flight ; but wroth at heart  
Thus Phoebus spake to his indignant soul :  
“ Out on this man ! he is sense-bereft ! But now  
Not Zeus himself nor any other Power  
Shall save this madman who defies the Gods ! ”

From mortal sight he vanished into cloud,  
And cloaked with mist a baleful shaft he shot  
Which leapt to Achilles’ ankle : sudden pangs  
With mortal sickness made his whole heart faint.  
He reeled, and like a tower he fell, that falls  
Smit by a whirlwind when an earthquake cleaves  
A chasm for rushing blasts from underground ;  
So fell the goodly form of Aeacus’ son.  
He glared, a murderous glance, to right, to left,  
[Upon the Trojans, and a terrible threat]  
Shouted, a threat that could not be fulfilled :  
“ Who shot at me a stealthy-smiting shaft ?  
Let him but dare to meet me face to face !  
So shall his blood and all his bowels gush out  
About my spear, and he be hellward sped !  
I know that none can meet me man to man  
And quell in fight—of earth-born heroes none,  
Though such an one should bear within his breast  
A heart unquailing, and have thews of brass.  
But dastards still in stealthy ambush lurk  
For lives of heroes. Let him face me then !—  
Ay ! though he be a God whose anger burns  
Against the Danaans ! Yea, mine heart forebodes  
That this my smiter was Apollo, cloaked

ὥς γάρ μοι τὸ πάροιθε φίλῃ διεπέφραδε μήτηρ  
κείνου ὑπαὶ βελέεσσιν οἷζυρῶς ἀπολέσθαι  
Σκαιῆς ἀμφὶ πύλῃσι· τὸ δ' οὐκ ἀνεμῶλιον ἦεν.” 80

Ἡ καὶ λυγρὸν οἷστων ἀμειλίκοισι χέρεσσιν  
ἔλκεος ἐξείρυσσεν ἀναλθέος· ἐκ δέ οἱ αἶμα  
ἔσσυτο τειρομένοιο· πότμος δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἐδάμνα. 85  
ἰσχαλόων δ' ἔρριψε βέλος· τὸ δ' ἄρ' αἶψα  
κιοῦσαι

πνοιαί ἀνηρεΐψαντο, δόσαν δέ μιν Ἀπόλλωνι  
ἐς Διὸς οἰχομένῳ ζάθεον πέδον· οὐ γὰρ ἐφκει  
ἄμβροτον ἰὼν ὀλέσθαι ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο μολόντα.  
δεξάμενος δ' ὃ γε κραιπνὸς ἀφίκετο μακρὸν

Ἄλυμπον 90

ἄλλων ἀθανάτων ἐς ὀμήγυριν, ἧχι μάλιστα  
πανσυδίῃ ἀγέροντο μάχην ἐσορώμενοι ἀνδρῶν·  
οἱ μὲν γὰρ Τρώεσσι μενοίνεον εὐχος ὀρέξαι  
οἱ δ' αὐτ' Ἀργείοις, διὰ δ' ἄνδιχα μητιώοντες  
δέρκοντο κτείνοντας ἀνὰ μόθον ὀλλυμένους τε. 95

Τὸν δ' ὁπότ' εἰσενόησε Διὸς πινυτὴ παράκοιτις,  
αὐτίκα μιν νείκεσσεν ἀνιηροῖς ἐπέεσσιν·

“Φοῖβε, τί ἦ τόδ' ἔρεξας ἀτάσθαλον ἥματι τῷδε,  
λησάμενος κείνοιο, τὸν ἀθάνατοι γάμον αὐτοῖ  
ἀντιθέῳ Πηλῇ συνήρσαμεν; ἐν δὲ σὺ μέσσοις 100  
δαινυμένοις ἦειδες, ὅπως Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν  
Πηλεὺς ἦγετ' ἄκοιτιν ἀλὸς μέγα λαῖτμα λι-  
ποῦσαν,

καί σευ φορμίζοντος ἐπήιεν ἀθρόα φῦλα,  
θῆρές τ' οἰωνοί τε βαθυσκόπελοί τε κολῶναι  
καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ πᾶσα βαθύσκιος ἦιεν ὕλη. 105  
ἀλλὰ τά γ' ἐξελάθου, καὶ ἀμείλιχον ἔργον ἔρεξας  
κτείνας ἀνέρα δῖον, ὃν ἀθανάτοισι σὺν ἄλλοις  
νέκταρ ἀποσπένδων ἠρήσαο παῖδα γενέσθαι



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

In deadly darkness. So in days gone by  
My mother told me how that by his shafts  
I was to die before the Scaean Gates  
A piteous death. Her words were not vain words."

Then with unflinching hands from out the wound  
Incurable he drew the deadly shaft  
In agonized pain. Forth gushed the blood ; his heart  
Waxed faint beneath the shadow of coming doom.  
Then in indignant wrath he hurled from him  
The arrow : a sudden gust of wind swept by,  
And caught it up, and, even as he trod  
Zeus' threshold, to Apollo gave it back ;  
For it seemed not that a shaft divine,  
Sped forth by an Immortal, should be lost.  
He unto high Olympus swiftly came,  
To the great gathering of immortal Gods,  
Where all assembled watched the war of men,  
These longing for the Trojans' triumph, those  
For Danaan victory ; so with diverse wills  
Watched they the strife, the slayers and the slain.

Him did the Bride of Zeus behold, and straight  
Upbraided with exceeding bitter words :  
" What deed of outrage, Phoebus, hast thou done  
This day, forgetful of that day whereon  
To godlike Peleus' spousals gathered all  
The Immortals ? Yea, amidst the feasters thou  
Sangest how Thetis silver-footed left  
The sea's abysses to be Peleus' bride ;  
And as thou harpedst all earth's children came  
To hearken, beasts and birds, high craggy hills,  
Rivers, and all deep-shadowed forests came.  
All this hast thou forgotten, and hast wrought  
A ruthless deed, hast slain a godlike man,  
Albeit thou with other Gods didst pour  
The nectar, praying that he might be the son  
By Thetis given to Peleus. But that prayer

ἐκ Θέτιδος Πηλῆι· τεῆς δ' ἐπελήσαο ἀρῆς  
 ἦρα φέρων λαοῖσι κραταιοῦ Λαομέδοντος, 110  
 ᾧ πάρα βουκολέεσκες· ὁ δ' ἀθάνατόν περ ἔοντα  
 θνητὸς ἐὼν ἀκάχιζε· σὺ δ' ἀφρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
 ἦρα φέρεις Τρώεσσι λελασμένος ὅσσ' ἐμόγησας.  
 σχέτλιος, οὐ νύ τι οἶδας ἐνὶ φρεσὶ λευγαλέησιν,  
 οὔθ' ὅτις ἀργαλέος καὶ ἐπάξιος ἄλγεα πάσχειν, 115  
 οὔθ' ὅτις ἀθανάτοισι τετιμένος· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 ἦπιος ἄμμι τέτυκτο καὶ ἐξ ἡμέων γένος ἦεν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν Τρώεσσιν ἐλαφρότερον πόνον οἷω  
 ἔσσεσθ' Αἰακίδαο δεδονπότος, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ  
 υἱὸς ἀπὸ Σκύροιο θοῶς ἐς ἀπηνέα δῆριν 120  
 Ἀργείοις ἐπαρωγὸς ἐλεύσεται εἵκελος ἀλκὴν  
 πατρὶ ἐφ'· πολέσιν δὲ κακὸν δηίοισι πελάσσει.  
 ἦ νυ σοὶ οὐ Τρώων ἐπιμέμβλεται, ἀλλ' Ἀχιλῆι  
 ἀμφ' ἀρετῆς ἐμέγηρας, ἐπεὶ πέλε φέρτατος ἀν-  
 δρῶν;  
 νήπιε, πῶς ἔτι σοῖσιν ἐν ὄμμασι Νηρηΐην 125  
 ὄψει ἐν ἀθανάτοισι Διὸς ποτὶ δῶματ' ἰοῦσαν,  
 ἦ σε πάρος κύδαινε καὶ ὥς φίλον ἔδρακεν υἱά;"  
 Ἦ μέγα νεικείουσα πολυσθενέος Διὸς υἱά  
 Ἦρῃ ἀκηχεμένη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπαμείβετο μύθῳ·  
 ἄζετο γὰρ παράκοιτιν ἐοῦ πατρὸς ἀκαμάτοιο· 130  
 οὐδέ οἱ ὀφθαλμοῖσι καταντίον εἰσοράασθαι  
 ἔσθενεν, ἀλλ' ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἄλληκτον ἔόντων  
 ἦστο κατωπιόων· ἄμοτον δέ οἱ ἐσκούζοντο  
 ἀθάνατοι κατ' Ὀλυμπον ὅσοι Δαναοῖσιν ἄμυνον·  
 ὅσσοι δ' αὖ Τρώεσσι μενοίνεον εὐχος ὀρέξαι, 135  
 κεῖνοί μιν κύδαινον ἐνὶ φρεσὶ καγχαλόωντες  
 κρύβδ' Ἦρης· πάντες γὰρ ἐναντίον Οὐρανίωνες  
 ἄζοντ' ἀσχαλόωσαν. ὁ δ' οὔπω λήθετο θυμοῦ  
 Πηλεΐδης· ἔτι γάρ οἱ ἀμαιμακέτοις ἐνὶ γυίοις  
 ἔξεεν αἶμα κελαινὸν ἐέλδομένοιο μάχεσθαι. 140

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Hast thou forgotten, favouring the folk  
Of tyrannous Laomedon, whose kine  
Thou keptest. He, a mortal, did despite  
To thee, the deathless ! O, thou art wit-bereft !  
Thou favourest Troy, thy sufferings all forgot.  
Thou wretch, and doth thy false heart know not  
this,

What man is an offence, and meriteth  
Suffering, and who is honoured of the Gods ?  
Ever Achilles showed us reverence—yea,  
Was of our race. Ha, but the punishment  
Of Troy, I ween, shall not be lighter, though  
Aeacus' son have fallen ; for his son  
Right soon shall come from Seyros to the war  
To help the Argive men, no less in might  
Than was his sire, a bane to many a foe.  
But thou—thou for the Trojans dost not care,  
But for his valour enviedst Peleus' son,  
Seeing he was the mightiest of all men.  
Thou fool ! how wilt thou meet the Nereid's eyes,  
When she shall stand in Zeus' hall midst the Gods,  
Who praised thee once, and loved as her own son ? ”

So Hera spake, in bitterness of soul  
Upbraiding, but he answered her not a word,  
Of reverence for his mighty Father's bride ;  
Nor could he lift his eyes to meet her eyes,  
But sat abashed, aloof from all the Gods  
Eternal, while in unforgiving wrath  
Scowled on him all the Immortals who maintained  
The Danaans' cause ; but such as fain would bring  
Triumph to Troy, these with exultant hearts  
Extolled him, hiding it from Hera's eyes,  
Before whose wrath all Heaven-abiders shrank.

But Peleus' son the while forgot not yet  
War's fury : still in his invincible limbs  
The hot blood throbbed, and still he longed for fight.

οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ Τρώων τις ἐτόλμα ἐγγὺς ἰκέσθαι  
βλημένου, ἀλλ' ἀπάνευθεν ἀφέστασαν, εὖτε λέον-  
τος

ἀγρόται ἐν ξυλόχοισι τεθηπότες, ὃν τε βάλησι  
θηρητῆρ, ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι πεπαρμένος ἦτορ ἄκοντι  
λήθεται ἡγορέης, ἀλλὰ στρέφετ' ἄγριον ὄμμα 145  
σμερδαλέον βλοσυρῆσιν ὑπαὶ γενύεσσι βεβρυχώς.  
ὥς ἄρα Πηλεΐδαο χόλος καὶ λοίγιον ἔλκος  
θυμὸν ἄδην ὀρόθυνε· θεοῦ δέ μιν ἰὸς ἐδάμνα.  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἀνόρουσε καὶ ἔνθορε δυσμενέεσσι  
πάλλων ὄβριμον ἔγχος· ἔλεν δ' Ὀρυθίαο δῖον, 150  
Ἐκτορος ἐσθλὸν ἐταῖρον, ἔσω<sup>1</sup> κροτάφοιο τυχή-  
σας·

οὐ γάρ οἱ κόρυς ἔσχε μακρὸν δόρυ, μαιμώνωντος<sup>2</sup>  
ἀλλὰ δι' αὐτῆς αἶψα καὶ ὀστέου ἔνδον ἵκανε  
ἵνας ἐς ἐγκεφάλοιο, κέδασσε<sup>3</sup> δέ οἱ θαλερὸν κῆρ.  
Ἴππόνοον δ' ἐδάμασσε κατ' ὀφρύος ἔγχος ἐρείσας 155  
ἐς θέμεθλ' ὀφθαλμοῖο· χαμαὶ δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε γλήνη  
ἐκ βλεφάρων· ψυχὴ δέ κατ' Αἴδος ἐξεποτήθη.  
Ἀλκαθόου δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα διὰ γναθμοῖο περήσας  
γλῶσσαν ὅλην ἀνέκερσεν· ὁ δ' ἐς πέδον ἤριπε  
γαίης

ἐκπνείων, αἰχμὴ δέ δι' οὐατος ἐξεφαάνθη. 160  
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέπεφνε καταντίον ἀΐσσοντας  
δῖος ἀνὴρ· πολλῶν δέ καὶ ἄλλων θυμὸν ἔλυσε  
φευγόντων· ἔτι γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἔζεεν αἷμα.  
Ἄλλ' ὅτε οἱ ψύχοντο μέλη καὶ ἀπήιε θυμός,  
ἔστη ἐρεισάμενος μελίῃ ἔπι· τοῖ δ' ἐπέτοντο 165  
πανσυδίῃ τρομέοντες, ὁ δέ σφισι τοῖον ὁμόκλα·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἀνὰ of MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Ludwig, for καὶ μεμαῶτος of v.

<sup>3</sup> Zimmermann, for κέασε of MSS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Was none of all the Trojans dared draw nigh  
The stricken hero, but at distance stood,  
As round a wounded lion hunters stand  
Mid forest-brakes afraid, and, though the shaft  
Stands in his heart, yet faileth not in him  
His royal courage, but with terrible glare  
Roll his fierce eyes, and roar his grimly jaws ;  
So wrath and anguish of his deadly hurt  
To fury stung Peleides' soul ; but aye  
His strength ebb'd through the god-envenomed  
wound.

Yet leapt he up, and rushed upon the foe,  
And flashed the lightning of his lance ; it slew  
The goodly Orythaon, comrade stout  
Of Hector, through his temples crashing clear :  
His helm stay'd not the long lance fury-sp'd  
Which leapt therethrough, and won within the  
bones

The heart of the brain, and spilt his lusty life.  
Then stabbed he 'neath the brow Hipponous  
Even to the eye-roots, that the eyeball fell  
To earth : his soul to Hades flitted forth.  
Then through the jaw he pierced Alcathous,  
And shore away his tongue ; in dust he fell  
Gasping his life out, and the spear-head shot  
Out through his ear. These, as they rushed on him,  
That hero slew ; but many a flier's life  
He spilt, for in his heart still leapt the blood.

But when his limbs grew chill, and ebb'd away  
His spirit, leaning on his spear he stood,  
While still the Trojans fled in huddled rout  
Of panic, and he shouted unto them :

“ ἂ δειλοὶ Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι, οὐδὲ θανόντος  
ἔγχος ἐμὸν φεύξεσθε ἀμείλιχον, ἀλλ’ ἅμα πάντες  
τίσεται ἄρ’ αἶνὸν ὄλεθρον Ἑριννύσιν ἡμετέρησιν.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ’ αἶοντες ὑπέτρεσαν, εὖτ’ ἐν  
ὄρεσσι

170

φθόγγον ἐριβρύχοιο νεβροὶ τρομέωσι λέοντος  
δείλαιοι μέγα θῆρα πεφυζότες· ὥς ἄρα λαοὶ  
Τρώων ἵπποπόλων ἠδ’ ἀλλοδαπῶν ἐπικούρων  
ὑστατίην Ἀχιλλῆος ὑποτρομέεσκον ὁμοκλήν,  
ἐλπόμενοί μιν ἔτ’ ἔμμεν ἀνούτατον. ὃς δ’ ὑπὸ  
πότμῳ

175

θυμὸν τολμῆεντα καὶ ὄβριμα γυῖα βαρυνθεῖς  
ῥιπεν ἀμφὶ νέκυσσιν ἀλίγκιος οὐρεῖ μακρῷ·  
γαῖα δ’ ὑπεπλατάγησε, καὶ ἄσπετον ἔβραχε τεύχη  
Πηλεΐδαο πεσόντος ἀμύμονος. οἱ δ’ ἔτι θυμῷ  
δήιοι εἰσορόωντες ἀπειρέσιον τρομέεσκον·  
ὥς δ’ ὅτε θῆρα δαφινὸν ὑπ’ αἰζηοῖσι δαμέντα  
μῆλα περιτρομέουσι παρὰ σταθμὸν ἀθρήσαντα  
βλήμενον, οὐδέ οἱ ἄγχι παρελθέμεναι μεμάασιν,  
ἀλλὰ μιν ὥς ζῶντα νέκυν περιπεφρίκασιν·  
ὥς Τρῶες φοβέοντο καὶ οὐκέτ’ ἐόντ’ Ἀχιλλῆα.

180

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Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἐπέεσσι Πάρις μέγα θαρσύνεσκε  
λαόν, ἐπεὶ φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἐγήθει· ἥ γὰρ ἐώλπει  
Ἀργεῖους παύσασθαι ἀμαιμακέτοιο κυδοιμοῦ  
Πηλεΐδαο πεσόντος· ὁ γὰρ Δαναοῖς πέλεν ἀλκή·  
“ὦ φίλοι, εἰ ἐτεόν μοι ἀρήγετε εὐμενέοντες,  
σήμερον ἢ θάνωμεν ὑπ’ Ἀργείοισι δαμέντες,  
ἢ σαωθέντες ποτὶ Ἴλιον εἰρύσσωμεν  
ἵπποις Ἑκτορέοισι δεδουπότα Πηλείωνα,  
οἳ μ’ ἐς δημοτῆτα κασιγνήτοιο θανόντος  
ἰχθύμενοι φορέουσιν ἐὼν ποθέοντες ἄνακτα·  
τοῖς εἴ πως ἐρύσαιμεν Ἀχιλλέα δηωθέντα,  
ἵπποις μὲν μέγα κῦδος ὀρέξομεν ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτῷ

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## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

“Trojan and Dardan cravens, ye shall not  
Even in my death, escape my merciless spear,  
But unto mine Avenging Spirits ye  
Shall pay—ay, one and all—destruction’s debt !”

He spake ; they heard and quailed : as mid the hills  
Fawns tremble at a lion’s deep-mouthed roar,  
And terror-stricken flee the monster, so  
The ranks of Trojan chariot-lords, the lines  
Of battle-helpers drawn from alien lands,  
Quailed at the last shout of Achilles, deemed  
That he was woundless yet. But ’neath the weight  
Of doom his aweless heart, his mighty limbs,  
At last were overborne. Down midst the dead  
He fell, as falls a beetling mountain-cliff.  
Earth rang beneath him : clanged with a thunder-  
crash

His arms, as Peleus’ son the princely fell.  
And still his foes with most exceeding dread  
Stared at him, even as, when some murderous beast  
Lies slain by shepherds, tremble still the sheep  
Eyeing him, as beside the fold he lies,  
And shrinking, as they pass him, far aloof,  
And, even as he were living, fear him dead ;  
So feared they him, Achilles now no more.

Yet Paris strove to kindle those faint hearts ;  
For his own heart exulted, and he hoped,  
Now Peleus’ son, the Danaans’ strength, had fallen,  
Wholly to quench the Argive battle-fire :  
“ Friends, if ye help me truly and loyally,  
Let us this day die, slain by Argive men,  
Or live, and hale to Troy with Hector’s steeds  
In triumph Peleus’ son thus fallen dead,  
The steeds that, grieving, yearning for their lord  
To fight have borne me since my brother died.  
Might we with these but hale Achilles slain,  
Glory were this for Hector’s horses, yea,

Ἕκτορι, εἴ γέ τίς ἐστι κατ' Ἀϊδος ἀνθρώποισιν  
 ἢ νόος ἢ θέμιστες· ὁ γὰρ κακὰ μήσατο Τρῶας·  
 καί μιν Τρωιάδες μεγάλα φρεσὶ καγχαλώσασαι 200  
 ἀμφιπεριστήσονται ἀνὰ πτόλιν, ἥ ὕτε λυγραὶ  
 πορδάλιες τεκέων κεχολωμένοι ἢ Λέαιναι  
 ἀνδρὶ πολυκμήτῳ μογερῆς ἐπίιστορι θήρης·  
 ὥς Τρῳαὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ἀποκταμένου Ἀχιλλῆος  
 ἀθρόοι αἰῶουσιν ἀπείρεσιον κοτέουσαι, 205  
 αἱ μὲν ὑπὲρ τοκέων κεχολωμένοι, αἱ δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,  
 αἱ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ παίδων, αἱ δὲ γνωτῶν ἐριτίμων.  
 γηθήσει δὲ μάλιστα πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἡδὲ γέροντες,  
 ὅσσους οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἐν ἄσπεϊ γῆρας ἐρύκει,  
 τόνδ' ἡμεῖς εἶπερ τε ποτὶ πτόλιν εἰρύσαντες 210  
 θήσομεν οἰωνοῖσιν ἀερσιπέτησιν ἐδωδήν.”

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δὲ νέκυν κρατερόφρονος Αἰακίδαο  
 ἄμφεβαν ἐσσυμένως, οἳ μιν φοβέοντο πάροιθεν,  
 Γλαῦκός τ' Αἰνείας τε καὶ ὀβριμόθυμος Ἀγήνωρ  
 ἄλλοι τ' οὐλομένοιο δαήμονες ἰωχμοῖο, 215  
 εἰρύσσαι μεμαῶτες ἐς Ἰλίου ἱερὸν ἄστυ.  
 ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐκ ἀμέλησε θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιος Αἴας,  
 ἀλλὰ θοῶς περίβη· πάντας δ' ὑπὸ δούρατι μακρῷ  
 ὥθει ἀπὸ νέκυσ· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγον ὁμοκλῆς,  
 ἀλλὰ οἱ ἀμφεμάχοντο περισταδὸν αἵσσοντες 220  
 αἰὲν ἐπασσύτεροι, τανυχειλέες εὖτε μέλισσαι,  
 αἱ ῥά θ' ἐὼν περὶ σίμβλον ἀπείρεσαι ποτέωνται  
 ἄνδρ' ἀπαμυνόμεναι, ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀλέγων  
 ἐπιούσας

κηρυγὸς ἐκτάμνησι μελίχροας, αἱ δ' ἀκάχονται  
 καπνοῦ ὑπὸ ῥ' ἑτῆς ἡδ' ἀνέρος, ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ὥς 225  
 ἀντίαι αἵσσουσιν, ὁ δ' οὐκ ὄφειτ' οὐδ' ἄρα βαιόν·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

For Hector—if in Hades men have sense  
Of righteous retribution. This man aye  
Devised but mischief for the sons of Troy ;  
And now Troy's daughters with exultant hearts  
From all the city streets shall gather round,  
As pantheresses wroth for stolen cubs,  
Or lionesses, might stand around a man  
Whose craft in hunting vexed them while he lived.  
So round Achilles—a dead corpse at last!—  
In hurrying throngs Troy's daughters then shall  
come

In unforgiving, unforgetting hate,  
For parents wroth, for husbands slain, for sons,  
For noble kinsmen. Most of all shall joy  
My father, and the ancient men, whose feet  
Unwillingly are chained within the walls  
By eld, if we shall hale him through our gates,  
And give our foe to fowls of the air for meat."

Then they, which feared him theretofore, in haste  
Closed round the corpse of strong-heart Aeacus' son,  
Glaucus, Aeneas, battle-fain Agenor,  
And other cunning men in deadly fight,  
Fager to hale him thence to Ilium  
The god-built burg. But Aias failed him not.  
Swiftly that godlike man bestrode the dead :  
Back from the corpse his long lance thrust them all.  
Yet ceased they not from onslaught; thronging  
round,

Still with swift rushes fought they for the prize,  
One following other, like to long-lipped bees  
Which hover round their hive in swarms on swarms  
To drive a man thence ; but he, recking naught  
Of all their fury, carveth out the combs  
Of nectarous honey : harassed sore are they  
By smoke-reek and the robber ; spite of all  
Ever they dart against him ; naught cares he ;

ὥς Αἴας τῶν οὔτι μάλ' ἐσσυμένων ἀλέγιζεν,  
 ἀλλ' ἄρα πρῶτον ἐνήραθ' ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο τυχήσας  
 Μαιονίδην Ἀγέλαον, ἔπειτα δὲ Θέστορα δῖον.  
 εἶλε δ' ἄρ' Ὀκύθοον καὶ Ἀγέστρατον ἠδ' Ἀγά-

νιππον

230

Ζωρόν τε Νίσσον τε περικλειτόν τ' Ἐρύμαντα,  
 ὃς Λυκίηθεν ἵκανε ὑπὸ μεγαλήτορι Γλαύκῳ,  
 ναῖε δ' ὃ γ' αἰπεινὸν Μελανίπτιον ἱρὸν Ἀθήνης  
 ἀντία Μασσικύτοιο Χελιδονίης σχεδὸν ἄκρης,  
 τὴν μέγ' ὑποτρομέουσι τεθηπότες εἰν ἀλὶ ναῦται, 235  
 εὔτε περιγνάμπτωσι μάλα στυφελὰς περὶ πέτρας.  
 τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀποφθιμένοιο κλυτὸς πάϊς Ἴππολόχοιο  
 παχνῶθη κατὰ θυμόν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ ἔσκεν ἑταῖρος·  
 καὶ ῥα θοῶς Αἴαντα κατ' ἀσπίδα πουλυβόειαν  
 οὔτασεν, ἀλλὰ οἱ οὔτι διήλασεν ἐς χροῖα καλόν· 240  
 ῥινοὶ γάρ μιν ἔρυντο βοῶν καὶ ὑπ' ἀσπίδι θώρηξ,  
 ὃς ῥά οἱ ἀκαμάτοισι περὶ μελέεσσιν ἀρήρει.

Γλαῦκος δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγεν ἀταρτηροῖο κυδοιμοῦ  
 Αἰακίδην Αἴαντα δαμασσέμεναι μενεαίνων,  
 καὶ οἱ ἐπευχόμενος μέγ' ἀπείλεεν ἄφρονι θυμῷ· 245  
 “Αἴαν, ἐπεὶ νῦ σέ φασι μέγ' ἔξοχον ἔμμεναι  
 ἄλλων

Ἀργείων, σοὶ δ' αἰὲν ἐπιφρονέουσι μάλιστα  
 ἄσπετον, ὥς Ἀχιλῇ δαῖφρονι, τῷ σε θανόντι  
 οἷω συνθανέεσθαι ἐπ' ἡματι τῷδε καὶ αὐτόν.”

Ὡς ἔφατ' ἀκράαντον ἰεῖς ἔπος· οὐδέ τι ἦδη, 250  
 ὅσσον ἀμείνονος ἀνδρὸς ἐναντίον ἔγχος ἐνώμα.  
 τὸν δ' ὑποδερκόμενος προσέφη μενεδήϊος Αἴας·  
 “ἂ δεῖλ', οὐ νῦ τι οἶδας, ὅσον σέο φέρτερος

Ἐκτωρ

ἔπλετ' ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι; μένος δ' ἀλέεινε καὶ ἔγχος  
 ἡμέτερον· πινιτὲν γὰρ ὁμῶς ἔχε κάρτεϊ θυμόν. 255  
 σοὶ δ' ἦτοι νόος ἐστὶ ποτὶ ζόφον, ὃς ῥά μοι ἔτλης  
 ἐς μόθον ἐλθέμεναι μέγ' ἀμεινόνι περ γεγαῶτι·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

So naught of all their onsets Aias recked ;  
But first he stabbed Agelaus in the breast,  
And slew that son of Maion : Thestor next :  
Ocythoüs he smote, Agestratus,  
Aganippus, Zorus, Nessus, Erymas  
The war-renowned, who came from Lycia-land  
With mighty-hearted Glaucus, from his home  
In Melanippion on the mountain-ridge,  
Athena's fane, which Massikyton fronts  
Anigh Chelidonia's headland, dreaded sore  
Of scared seafarers, when its lowering crags  
Must needs be doubled. For his death the blood  
Of famed Hippolochus' son was horror-chilled ;  
For this was his dear friend. With one swift thrust  
He pierced the sevenfold hides of Aias' shield,  
Yet touched his flesh not ; stayed the spear-head was  
By those thick hides and by the corset-plate  
Which lapped his battle-tireless limbs. But still  
From that stern conflict Glaucus drew not back,  
Burning to vanquish Aias, Aeacus' son,  
And in his folly vaunting threatened him :  
" Aias, men name thee mightiest man of all  
The Argives, hold thee in passing-high esteem  
Even as Achilles : therefore thou, I wot,  
By that dead warrior dead this day shalt lie ! "

So hurled he forth a vain word, knowing not  
How far in might above him was the man  
Whom his spear threatened. Battle-bider Aias  
Darkly and scornfully glaring on him, said :  
" Thou craven wretch, and knowest thou not this,  
How much was Hector mightier than thou  
In war-craft ?—yet before my might, my spear,  
He shrank. Ay, with his valour was there blent  
Discretion. Thou—thy thoughts are deathward set,  
Who dar'st defy me to the battle, me,  
A mightier far than thou ! Thou canst not say

οὐ γάρ μεν ξείνος πατρώιος εὔχεαι εἶναι,  
οὐδέ με δωτίνῃσι παραιφάμενος πολέμοιο  
νόσφιν ἀποστρέψεις ὡς Τυδέος ὄβριμον υἱά· 260  
ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰ κείνοιο φύγες μένος, οὐ σ' ἔτ' ἔγωγε  
ζῶν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μεθήσομαι ἀπονέεσθαι.  
ἢ ἄλλοισι πέποιθας ἀνὰ κλόνον, οἱ μετὰ σείῳ  
μυίης οὔτιδανῇσιν εἰκότες αἰσσοσιν  
ἀμφὶ νέκυν' Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος; ἄλλ' ἄρα καὶ τοῖς 265  
δώσω ἐπεσσύμενος θάνατον καὶ κῆρας ἐρεμνάς."

Ὡς εἰπὼν Τρώεσσιν ἐνεστρωφάτο, λέων ὡς  
ἐν κυσὶν ἀγρευτῇσι κατ' ἄγκεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην.  
πολλοὺς δ' αἰψ' ἐδάμασσε μεμαότας εὐχος  
ἀρέσθαι

Τρώας ὁμῶς Λυκίοισιν· περιτρομέοντο δὲ λαοί, 270  
ἰχθύες ὡς ἀνὰ πόντον ἐπερχομένου ἀλεγεινοῦ  
κῆτεος ἢ δελφίνος ἀλιτρεφέος μεγάλοιο  
ὡς Τρώες φοβέοντο βίην Τελαμωνιάδαο  
αἰὲν ἐπεσσυμένοιο κατὰ κλόνον· ἄλλ' ἄρα καὶ ὡς  
μάρναντ', ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρὸν Ἀχιλλέος ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι 275  
μυρίοι ἐν κονίῃσιν, ὅπως σῦες ἀμφὶ λέοντα,  
κτείνοντ'· οὐλομένη δὲ περὶ σφίσι δῆρις ὀρώρει.  
ἔνθα καὶ Ἴππολόχοιο δαΐφρονα δάμνατο παῖδα  
Αἴας ὀβριμόθυμος· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα  
κάππεσεν, εὖτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι περὶ στερεὴν δρύα  
θάμνος· 280

ὡς ὅ γε δουρὶ δαμεῖς περικάππεσε Πηλείωνι  
βλήμενος· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κρατερὸς παῖς Ἀγχίσαιο  
πολλὰ πονησάμενος σὺν ἀρηιφίλοις ἐτάροισιν  
εἵρυσεν ἐς Τρώας, καὶ ἐς Ἰλίου ἱερὸν ἄστν  
δῶκε φέρειν ἐτάροισι μέγ' ἀχυνμένοις περὶ θυμῷ. 285  
αὐτὸς δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆι μαχέσκετο· τὸν δ' ἄρα δουρὶ  
μυῶνος καθύπερθεν ἀρήιος οὔτασεν Αἴας  
χειρὸς δεξιτερῆς· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐσσυμένως ἀπόρουσεν  
ἐξ ὀλοοῦ πολέμοιο, κίεν δ' ἄφαρ ἄστεος εἴσω·



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

That friendship of our fathers thee shall screen ;  
Nor me thy gifts shall wile to let thee pass  
Scatheless from war, as once did 'Tydeus' son.  
Though thou didst 'scape his fury, will not I  
Suffer thee to return alive from war.

Ha, in thy many helpers dost thou trust  
Who with thee, like so many worthless flies,  
Flit round the noble Achilles' corpse ? To these  
Death and black doom shall my swift onset deal."

Then on the Trojans this way and that he turned,  
As mid long forest-glens a lion turns  
On hounds, and Trojans many and Lycians slew  
That came for honour hungry, till he stood  
Mid a wide ring of flinchers ; like a shoal  
Of darting fish when sails into their midst  
Dolphin or shark, a huge sea-fosterling ;  
So shrank they from the might of 'Tela<sup>mon's</sup> son,  
As aye he charged amidst the rout. But still  
Swarmed fighters up, till round Achilles' corse  
To right, to left, lay in the dust the slain  
Countless, as boars around a lion at bay ;  
And evermore the strife waxed deadlier.  
Then too Hippolochus' war-wise son was slain  
By Aias of the heart of fire. He fell  
Backward upon Achilles, even as falls  
A sapling on a sturdy mountain-oak ;  
So quelled by the spear on Peleus' son he fell.  
But for his rescue Anchises' stalwart son  
Strove hard, with all his comrades battle-fain,  
And haled the corse forth, and to sorrowing friends  
Gave it, to bear to Ilium's hallowed burg.  
Himself to spoil Achilles still fought on,  
Till warrior Aias pierced him with the spear  
Through the right forearm. Swiftly leapt he back  
From murderous war, and hasted thence to Troy.

ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ πονέοντο περίφρονες ἰητῆρες, 290  
οἷ ῥά οἱ αἶμα κάθηραν ἀφ' ἑλκεος, ἅλλα τε πάντα  
τεύχον, ὅσ' οὐταμένων ὀλοὰς ἀκέονται ἀνίας.

Αἴας δ' αἰὲν ἐμάρνατ' ἀλίγκιος ἀστεροπῆσι  
κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον, ἐπεὶ μέγα τείρετο θυμῷ  
ἀχνύμενος κέαρ ἔνδον ἀνεψιοῖο δαμέντος. 295

ἄγχι δὲ Λαέρταο δαΐφρονος υἱὸς ἀμύμων  
μάρνατο δυσμενέεσσι· φέβοντο δέ μιν μέγα λαοί.  
κτείνε δὲ Πεισάνδροιο θοὸν καὶ ἀρήϊον υἱά

Μαίναλον, ὃς ναίεσκε περικλυτὸν οὐδας Ἀβύδου·  
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δῖον ἔπεφνεν Ἀτύμνιον, ὃν ποτε Νύμφη 300  
Πηγασὶς ἡΰκομος σθεναρῷ τέκεν Ἡμαθίῳ

Γρηνίκου ποταμοῖο παρὰ ῥόον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
Πρωτέος υἱά δαΐξεν Ὀρέσβιον, ὃς τε μακεδνῆς  
Ἰδῆς ναιετάασκεν ὑπὸ πτύχας, οὐδέ ἐ μήτηρ

δέξατο νοστήσαντα περικλειτὴ Πανάκεια, 305  
ἀλλ' ἐδάμη παλάμῃσιν Ὀδυσσεός, ὃς τε καὶ ἄλλων  
πολλῶν θυμὸν ἔλυσεν ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ μαιμώνωντι

κτείνων ὃν κε κίχῃσι περὶ νέκυν· ἀλλὰ μιν  
Ἄλκων  
υἱὸς ἀρηϊθόοιο Μεγακλέος ἔγχεϊ τύψε  
παρ γόνυ δεξιτερόν· περὶ δὲ κνημίδα φαεινὴν 310

ἔβλυσεν αἶμα κελαινόν· ὁ δ' ἑλκεος οὐκ ἀλέγιζεν,  
ἀλλ' ἄφαρ οὐτήσαντι κακὸν γένεθ', οὐνεκ' ἄρ'  
αὐτὸν

ἰέμενον πολέμοιο δι' ἀσπίδος οὐτάσε δουρί·  
ὥσε δέ μιν μεγάλη τε βίη καὶ κάρτεϊ χειρὸς  
ὑπτίου ἐς γαῖαν· κανάχῃσε δέ οἱ πέρι τεύχῃ 315

βλημένου ἐν κούρησι, περὶ μελέεσσι δὲ θώρηξ  
δεύετο φοινῆεντι λύθρῳ· ὁ δὲ λοίγιον ἔγχος  
ἐκ χροὸς ἐξείρυσσε καὶ ἀσπίδος, ἔσπετο δ' αἰχμῇ  
θυμὸς ἀπὸ μελέων, ἔλιπεν δέ μιν ἄμβροτος αἰών.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

There for his healing cunning leeches wrought,  
Who stanch'd the blood-rush, and laid on the gash  
Balms, such as salve war-stricken warriors' pangs.

But Aias still fought on : here, there he slew  
With thrusts like lightning-flashes. His great heart  
Ached sorely for his mighty cousin slain.

And now the warrior-king Laertes' son  
Fought at his side : before him blench'd the foe,  
As he smote down Peisander's fleetfoot son,

The warrior Maenalus, who left his home

In far-renowned Abydos : down on him

He hurled Atymnius, the goodly son

Whom Pegasis the bright-haired Nymph had borne

To strong Emathion by Granicus' stream.

Dead by his side he laid Orestius' son,

Proteus, who dwelt 'neath lofty Ida's folds.

Ah, never did his mother welcome home

That son from war, Panacea beauty-famed !

He fell by Odysseus' hands, who spilt the lives

Of many more whom his death-hungering spear

Reached in that fight around the mighty dead.

Yet Alcon, son of Megacles battle-swift,

Hard by Odysseus' right knee drove the spear

Home, and about the glittering greave the blood

Dark-crimson welled. He reck'd not of the wound,

But was unto his smiter sudden death ;

For clear through his shield he stabbed him with his  
spear

Amidst his battle-fury : to the earth

Backward he dashed him by his giant might

And strength of hand : clashed round him in the dust

His armour, and his corslet was distain'd

With crimson life-blood. Forth from flesh and shield

The hero plucked the spear of death : the soul

Followed the lance-head from the body forth,

And life forsook its mortal mansion. Then

τοῦ δ' ἐτάροις ἐπόρουσε καὶ οὐτάμενός περ Ὀδυσ-  
 σεύς, 320  
 οὐδ' ἀπέληγε μόθοιο δυσηχέος. ὥς δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι  
 πάντες ὁμῶς ἐπιμίξ Δαναοὶ μέγαν ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆα  
 προφρονέως ἐμάχοντο, πολὺν δ' ὑπὸ χεῖρεσι λαὸν  
 ἐσσυμένως ἐδάϊζον ἐϋξέστης μελήσιν.  
 εὖτ' ἄνεμοι θοὰ φύλλα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀμφιχέωνται 325  
 λάβρον ἐπιβρίσαντες ἀν' ἄλσεα ὑλήεντα  
 ἀρχομένου λυκάβαντος, ὅτε φθινύθουσιν ὀπῶραι·  
 ὥς τοὺς ἐγχείησι βάλον Δαναοὶ μενεχάρμαι·  
 μέμβλετο γὰρ πάντεσσιν Ἀχιλλέος ἀμφὶ θανόντος,  
 ἐκπάγλως δ' Αἴαντι δαΐφρονι· τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' ἔμπησ 330  
 Τρῶας ἄδην ἐδάϊζε κακῇ ἐναλίγκιος Αἴση.  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ τόξ' ἐτίταινε Πάρις· τὸν δ' αἶψα νοήσας  
 κάββαλε χερμαδίῳ κατὰ κράατος· ἐν δ' ἄρ'  
 ἔθλασεν  
 ἀμφίφαλον κυνέην ὀλοὸς λίθος· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν νύξ  
 μάρψεν. ὁ δ' ἐν κονίησὶ κατήριπεν, οὐδέ οἱ ἰοὶ 335  
 ἤρκεσαν ἰεμένῳ· ἐκέχυντο δ' ἄρ' ἄλλυδις ἄλλοι  
 ἐν κονίῃ, κενεὴ δὲ παρεκτετάνυστο φαρέτρη·  
 τόξον δ' ἐκφυγε χεῖρε. φίλοι δέ μιν ἀρπάξαντες  
 ἵπποις Ἑκτορέοισι φέρον ποτὶ Τρώιον ἄστν  
 βαιὸν ἔτ' ἀμπνεύοντα καὶ ἀργαλέον στενάχοντα· 340  
 οὐδὲ μὲν ἔντε' ἄνακτος ἐκὰς λίπον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὰ  
 ἐκ πεδίοιο κόμισσαν ἐφ' βασιλῇ φέροντες.  
 τῷ δ' Αἴας ἐπὶ μακρὸν αὖτεεν ἀσχαλῶν κῆρ·  
 “ὦ κύον, ὥς θανάτοιο βαρὺ σθένος ἐξυπάλυξας  
 σήμερον· ἀλλὰ σοὶ εἶθαρ ἐλεύσεται ὕστατον ἡμαρ 345  
 ἢ τινος Ἀργείων ὑπὸ χεῖρεσιν ἢ ἐμεῦ αὐτοῦ.  
 νῦν δ' ἐμοὶ ἄλλα μέμηλε περὶ φρεσίν, ὥς Ἀχιλλῆος  
 ἐκ φόνου ἀργαλέοιο νέκυν Δαναοῖσι σαώσω.”  
 Ὡς εἰπὼν δηΐοισι κακὰς ἐπὶ κῆρας ἱάλλεν,  
 οἳ ῥ' ἔτι δηριόωντο νέκυν πέρι Πηλείωνος. 350

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Rushed on his comrades, in his wound's despite,  
Odysseus, nor from that stern battle-toil  
Refrained him. And by this a mingled host  
Of Danaans eager-hearted fought around  
The mighty dead, and many and many a foe  
Slew they with those smooth-shafted ashen spears.  
Even as the winds strew down upon the ground  
The flying leaves, when through the forest-glades  
Sweep the wild gusts, as waneth autumn-tide,  
And the old year is dying ; so the spears  
Of dauntless Danaans strewed the earth with slain,  
For loyal to dead Achilles were they all,  
And loyal to hero Aias to the death.  
For like black Doom he blasted the ranks of Troy.  
Then against Aias Paris strained his bow ;  
But he was ware thereof, and sped a stone  
Swift to the archer's head : that bolt of death  
Crashed through his crested helm, and darkness closed  
Round him. In dust down fell he : naught availed  
His shafts their eager lord, this way and that  
Scattered in dust : empty his quiver lay,  
Flew from his hand the bow. In haste his friends  
Upcaught him from the earth, and Hector's steeds  
Hurried him thence to Troy, scarce drawing breath,  
And moaning in his pain. Nor left his men  
The weapons of their lord, but gathered up  
All from the plain, and bare them to the prince ;  
While Aias after him sent a wrathful shout :  
“ Dog, thou hast 'scaped the heavy hand of death  
To-day ! But swiftly thy last hour shall come  
By some strong Argive's hands, or by mine own,  
But now have I a nobler task in hand,  
From murder's grip to rescue Achilles' corse.”  
Then turned he on the foe, hurling swift doom  
On such as fought around Peleides yet.

οἱ δέ οἱ ὥς ἄθρησαν ὑπὸ σθεναρῇσι χέρεσσι  
πολλοὺς ἐκπνεύοντας, ὑπέτρεσαν οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔμμνον,  
οὐτιδανοῖς γύπεσιν ἐοικότες, οὓς τε φοβήσῃ  
αἰετὸς οἰωνῶν προφερέστατος, εὖτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
πῶεα δαρδάπτωσι λύκοις ὑπο δηωθέντα· 355  
ὥς τοὺς ἄλλυδις ἄλλον ἀπεσκέδασε θρασὺς Αἴας  
χερμαδίοισι θοοῖσι καὶ ἄορι καὶ μένει ᾧ.  
οἱ δέ μέγα τρομέοντες ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο φέβοντο  
πανσυνδίῃ, ψήρεσιν ἐοικότες, οὓς τε δαΐζων  
κίρκος ἐπισσεύει, τοὶ δ' Ἰλαδὸν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ 360  
ταρφέες αἴσσουσιν ἀλευόμενοι μέγα πῆμα·  
ὥς οἱ γ' ἐκ πολέμοιο ποτὶ Πριάμοιο πόλῃα  
φεύγον ὀϊζυρῶς ἐπιδειμένοι ἀκλέα φύζαν  
Αἴαντος μεγάλιο περιτρομέοντες ὁμοκλήν,  
ὅς ῥ' ἔπετ' ἀνδρομέῳ πεπαλαγμένος αἵματι χειράς. 365  
καὶ νύ κε δὴ μάλα πάντας ἐπασσυντέρους ἀπό-  
λεσσειν,  
εἰ μὴ πεπταμένησι πύλῃς ἐσέχυντο πόλῃα  
βαῖον ἀναπνέοντες, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἦτορ ἵκανε·  
τοὺς δ' ἔλσας ἀνὰ ἄστνυ, νομεὺς ὥς αἰόλα μῆλα,  
ἦϊεν ἐς πεδίον, χθόνα δ' οὐ ποσὶ μάρπτειν ἐοῖσιν 370  
ἐμβαίνων τεύχεσσι καὶ αἵματι καὶ κταμένοισι·  
κεῖτο γὰρ εὐρύς ὄμιλος ἀπειρεσίῃ ἐπὶ γαίῃ  
ἄχρῖς ἐφ' Ἑλλήσποντον ἀπ' εὐρυχόροιο πόλῃος  
αἰζήων κταμένων, ὁπόσους λάχε δαίμονος Αἴσα.  
ὥς δ' ὅτε λήιον αὖτον ὑπ' ἀμητῆρσι πέσῃσι 375  
πυκνὸν ἑόν, τὰ δὲ πολλὰ καταυτόθι δράγματα  
κεῖται  
βριθόμενα σταχύεσσι, γέγηθε δὲ θυμὸς ἐπ' ἔργῳ  
ἀνέρος εἰσορόωντος, ὅτις κλυτὸν οὐδας ἔχῃσιν·  
ὥς οἱ γ' ἀμφοτέρωθε κακῶ δμηθέντες ὀλέθρῳ  
κεῖντο πολυκλαῦτοιο λελασμένοι ἰωχμοῖο 380·  
πρηνέες· οὐδέ τι Τρῶας Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι υἱες  
σύλουν ἐν κονίῃσι καὶ αἵματι δηωθέντας,



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

'These saw how many yielded up the ghost  
Neath his strong hands, and, with hearts failing them  
For fear, against him could they stand no more.  
As rascal vultures were they, which the swoop  
Of an eagle, king of birds, scares far away  
From carcasses of sheep that wolves have torn ;  
So this way, that way scattered they before  
The hurtling stones, the sword, the might of Aias.  
In utter panic from the war they fled,  
In huddled rout, like starlings from the swoop  
Of a death-dealing hawk, when, fleeing bane,  
One drives against another, as they dart  
All terror-huddled in tumultuous flight.  
So from the war to Priam's burg they fled  
Wretchedly clad with terror as a cloak,  
Quailing from mighty Aias' battle-shout,  
As with hands dripping blood-gouts he pursued.  
Yea, all, one after other, had he slain,  
Had they not streamed through city-gates flung wide  
Hard-panting, pierced to the very heart with fear.  
Pent therewithin he left them, as a shepherd  
Leaves folded sheep, and strode back o'er the plain ;  
Yet never touched he with his feet the ground,  
But aye he trod on dead men, arms, and blood ;  
For countless corpses lay o'er that wide stretch  
Even from broad-wayed Troy to Hellespont,  
Bodies of strong men slain, the spoil of Doom.  
As when the dense stalks of sun-ripened corn  
Fall 'neath the reapers' hands, and the long swaths,  
Heavy with full ears, overspread the field,  
And joys the heart of him who oversees  
The toil, lord of the harvest ; even so,  
By baleful havoc overmastered, lay  
All round face-downward men remembering not  
The death-denouncing war-shout. But the sons  
Of fair Achaea left their slaughtered foes

πρὶν Πηλήιον υἷα πυρῇ δόμεν, ὅς σφιν ὄνειαρ  
 ἔπλετ' ἐνὶ πτολέμοισιν ἑὼ μέγα κάρτεϊ θύων.  
 τοῦνεκά μιν βασιλῆες ἀπὸ πτολέμου ἐρύσαντες 385  
 ἀμφὶ νέκυν πονέοντο ἀπείριτον, εὖ δὲ φέροντες  
 κάτθεσαν ἐν κλισίῃσι νεῶν προπάροιθε θοάων·  
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν μάλα πάντες ἀγειράμενοι στενάχοντο  
 ἀχνύμενοι κατὰ θυμόν· ὃ γὰρ πέλε κάρτος  
 Ἀχαιῶν,  
 καὶ τότε' ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι λελασμένος ἐγχειάων 390  
 κεῖτο βαρυνγδούποιο παρ' ἡόσιν Ἑλλησπόντου,  
 οἷος ὑπερφίαλος Τιτυὸς πέσεν, ὅπποτε Λητῷ  
 ἐρχομένην Πυθώδε βιάζετο, καί ἐχολωθεὶς  
 ἀκάματόν περ ἑόντα θοῶς ὑπεδάμνατ' Ἀπόλλων  
 λαιψηροῖς βελέεσσιν, ὃ δ' ἀργαλέῳ ἐνὶ λύθρῳ 395  
 πουλυπέλεθρος ἔκειτο κατὰ χθονὸς εὐρυπέδοιο  
 μητρὸς ἐῆς· ἡ δ' υἷα περιστονάχῃσε πεσόντα  
 ἐχθόμενον μακάρεσσι, γέλασσε δὲ πότνια Λητῷ·  
 τοῖος ἄρ' Αἰακίδης δῆτ' ὦν ἐπικάππεσε γαίῃ  
 χάρμα φέρων Τρώεσσι, γόον δ' ἀλίσστον Ἀχαιῶν 400  
 λαῶ μυρομένων· περὶ δ' ἔβρεμε βένθεα πόντου.  
 θυμὸς δ' αὐτίκα πᾶσι κατεκλάσθη φίλος ἔνδον  
 ἐλπομένων κατὰ δῆριν ὑπὸ Τρώεσιν ὀλέσθαι·  
 μνησάμενοι δ' ἄρα τοί γε φίλων παρὰ νηυσὶ  
 τοκήων,  
 τοὺς λίπον ἐν μεγάροισι, νεοδμήτων τε γυναικῶν, 405  
 αἷ που ὀδυρόμεναι μίνυθον κενεοῖς λεχέεσσι  
 νηπιάχοις σὺν παισὶ φίλους ποτιδέγμεναι ἄνδρας,  
 μᾶλλον ἀνεστενάχοντο· γόου δ' ἔρος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

In dust and blood unstripped of arms awhile  
Till they should lay upon the pyre the son  
Of Peleus, who in battle-shock had been  
Their banner of victory, charging in his might.  
So the kings drew him from that stricken field  
Straining beneath the weight of giant limbs,  
And with all loving care they bore him on,  
And laid him in his tent before the ships.  
And round him gathered that great host, and wailed  
Heart-anguished him who had been the Achaeans'  
strength,

And now, forgotten all the splendour of spears,  
Lay mid the tents by moaning Hellespont,  
In stature more than human, even as lay  
Tityos, who sought to force Queen Leto, when  
She fared to Pytho : swiftly in his wrath  
Apollo shot, and laid him low, who seemed  
Invincible : in a foul lake of gore  
There lay he, covering many a rood of ground,  
On the broad earth, his mother ; and she moaned  
Over her son, of blessed Gods abhorred ;  
But Lady Leto laughed. So grand of mould  
There in the foemen's land lay Aeacus' son,  
For joy to Trojans, but for endless grief  
To Achaean men lamenting. Moaned the air  
With sighing from the abysses of the sea ;  
And passing heavy grew the hearts of all,  
Thinking : " Now shall we perish by the hands  
Of Trojans ! " Then by those dark ships they  
thought

Of white-haired fathers left in halls afar,  
Of wives new-wedded, who by couches cold  
Mourned, waiting, waiting, with their tender babes  
For husbands unreturning ; and they groaned  
In bitterness of soul. A passion of grief  
Came o'er their hearts ; they fell upon their faces

κλαῖον δ' αὐτ' ἀλίσστον ἐπὶ ψαμάθοισι βαθείης  
 πρηνέες ἐκχύμενοι μεγάλῳ περὶ Πηλείωνι 410  
 χαίτας ἐκ κεφαλῆς προθελύμνους δηϊόωντες,  
 χευάμενοι δ' ἥσυχναν ἄδην ψαμάθοισι κάρηνα.  
 οἷον δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο βροτῶν ἐς τεῖχος ἀλέντων  
 οἰμωγὴ πέλεται, ὅτε δῆϊοι ἐμμεμαῶτες  
 καίωσιν μέγα ἄστυ, κατακτείνωσι δὲ λαοὺς 415  
 πανσυδίῃ, πάντῃ δὲ διὰ κτήσιν φορέωνται·  
 τοίη τις παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν ἔπλετ' αὐτῇ,  
 οὔνεκ' ἄοσσητῆρ Δαναῶν πάϊς Αἰακίδαο  
 κεῖτο μέγας παρὰ νηυσὶ θεοκμήτοισι βελέμνοισι,  
 οἷος Ἄρης, ὅτε μιν δεινὴ θεὸς ὀβριμοπάτρη 420  
 Τρώων ἐν πεδίῳ πολυαχθέϊ κάββαλε πέτρη.

Μυρμιδόνες δ' ἄλληκτον ἀνεστενάχοντ' Ἀχιλλῆα  
 εἰλόμενοι περὶ νεκρὸν ἀμύμονος οἷο ἀνακτος·  
 ἡπίου, ὃς πάντεσσιν ἴσος πάρος ἦεν ἐταῖρος·  
 οὐ γὰρ ὑπερφίαλος πέλεν ἀνδράσιν οὐδ' ὀλοόφρων, 425  
 ἀλλὰ σαοφροσύνη καὶ κάρτεϊ πάντ' ἐκέκαστο.

Αἴας δ' ἐν πρώτοισι μέγα στενάχων ἐγεγώνει  
 πατροκασιγνήτοιο φίλον ποθέων ἅμα παῖδα,  
 βλήμενον ἐκ θεόφιν· θνητῶν γε μὲν οὔτινι βλητὸς  
 ἦεν, ὅσοι ναίουσιν ἐπὶ χθονὸς εὐρυπέδοιο. 430  
 τὸν τότε κῆρ ἀχέων ὀλοφύρετο φαίδιμος Αἴας,  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν κλισίας Πηληιάδαο δαμέντος  
 ἐσφοιτῶν, ὅτε δ' αὐτε παρὰ ψαμάθοισι θαλάσσης  
 ἐκχύμενος μάλα πουλὺς, ἔπος δ' ὀλοφύρατο τοῖον·  
 “ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ μέγα ἔρκος εὖσθενέων Ἀργείων, 435  
 κἀτθανες ἐν Τροίῃ Φθίης ἐκὰς εὐρυπέδοιο  
 ἔκποθεν ἀπροφάτοιο λυγρῷ βεβλημένος ἰῶ,  
 τὸν ῥα ποτὶ κλόνον ἄνδρες ἀνάλκιδες ἰθύνουσιν·  
 οὐ γὰρ τις πίσυνός γε σάκος μέγα νωμήσασθαι  
 ἦδὲ περὶ κροτάφοισιν ἐπισταμένως ἐς Ἄρῃα 440  
 εὖ θέσθαι πῆληκα καὶ ἐν παλάμῃ δόρυ πῆλαι

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

On the deep sand flung down, and wept as men  
All comfortless round Peleus' mighty son,  
And clutched and plucked out by the roots their  
hair,

And cast upon their heads defiling sand.  
Their cry was like the cry that goeth up  
From folk that after battle by their walls  
Are slaughtered, when their maddened foes set fire  
To a great city, and slay in heaps on heaps  
Her people, and make spoil of all her wealth ;  
So wild and high they wailed beside the sea,  
Because the Danaans' champion, Aeacus' son,  
Lay, grand in death, by a God's arrow slain,  
As Ares lay, when She of the Mighty Father  
With that huge stone down dashed him on Troy's  
plain.

Ceaselessly wailed the Myrmidons Achilles,  
A ring of mourners round the kingly dead,  
That kind heart, friend alike to each and all,  
To no man arrogant nor hard of mood,  
But ever tempering strength with courtesy.

Then Aias first, deep-groaning, uttered forth  
His yearning o'er his father's brother's son  
God-stricken – ay, no man had smitten him  
Of all upon the wide-wayed earth that dwell !  
Him glorious Aias heavy-hearted mourned,  
Now wandering to the tent of Peleus' son,  
Now cast down all his length, a giant form,  
On the sea-sands ; and thus lamented he :  
“ Achilles, shield and sword of Argive men,  
Thou hast died in Troy, from Phthia's plains afar,  
Smitten unwares by that accursed shaft,  
Such thing as weakling dastards aim in fight !  
For none who trusts in wielding the great shield,  
None who for war can skill to set the helm  
Upon his brows, and sway the spear in grip,

καὶ χαλκὸν δηϊοῖσι περὶ στέρνοισι δαΐξαι  
 ἰοῖσιν γ' ἀπάνευθεν ἀπεσσύμενος πολεμίζει.<sup>1</sup>  
 εἰ γάρ σευ κατέναντα τότ' ἤλυθεν, ὅς σ' ἔβαλέν  
 περ,

οὐκ ἂν ἀνουντητί γε τεοῦ φύγεν ἔγχεος ὀρμήν. 445  
 ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς τάχα που τάδε μῆδετο πάντ' ἀπο-  
 λέσσαι,

ἡμέων δ' ἐν καμάτοισιν ἐτώσια ἔργα τίθησιν·  
 ἤδη γὰρ Τρώεσσι κατ' Ἀργείων τάχα νίκην  
 νεύσει, ἐπεὶ τόσσον περ Ἀχαιῶν ἔρκος ἀπηύρα.  
 ὦ πόποι, ὡς ἄρα πάγχυ γέρων ἐν δώμασι Πηλεὺς 450  
 ὀχθήσει μέγα πένθος ἀτερπέϊ γῆραι κύρσας·  
 αὐτὴ μὲν φήμη<sup>2</sup> μιν ἀπορραΐσει τάχα θυμόν·  
 ὦδε δέ οἱ καὶ ἄμεινον οἷζύος αἶψα λαθέσθαι·  
 εἰ δέ κεν οὐ φθίσῃ ἐκακὴ περὶ υἱέος ὄσσα,  
 ἂ δειλὸς χαλεποῖς ἐνὶ πένθεσι γῆρας ἰάψῃ 455  
 αἰὲν ἐπ' ἐσχαρόφιν βίοτον κατέδων ὀδύνησι,  
 Πηλεὺς, ὅς μακάρεσσι φίλος περιώσιον ἦεν·  
 ἀλλ' οὐ πάντα τελούσι θεοὶ μογεροῖσι βροτοῖσιν.”

“Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀσχαλὼν ὀλοφύρετο Πηλείωνα.  
 Φοῖνιξ δ' αὖθ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἀάσπετα κωκύεσκεν 460  
 ἀμφιχυθεὶς δέμας ἢ θρασύφρονος Αἰακίδαο·  
 καὶ ῥ' ὀλοφυδνὸν αὔσε μέγ' ἀχνύμενος πινυτὸν κῆρ·  
 “ὦλεό μοι, φίλε τέκνον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἄχος αἰὲν  
 ἄφυκτον

κάλλιπες· ὡς ὄφελόν με χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα κεκεύθει  
 πρὶν σέο πότμον ιδέσθαι ἀμείλιχον· οὐ γὰρ ἔμοιγε 465  
 ἄλλο χειριότερον ποτ' ἐσήλυθεν ἐς φρένα πῆμα,  
 οὐδ' ὅτε πατρίδ' ἐμὴν λιπόμην ἀγανούς τε τοκῆας  
 φεύγων ἐς Πηλῆα δι' Ἑλλάδος, ὅς μ' ὑπέδεκτο,  
 καὶ μοι δῶρα πόρεν, Δολόπεσσι δὲ θῆκεν ἀνάσσειν  
 καὶ σέ γ' ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσι φορεύμενος ἀμφὶ μέλαθρον 470

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἐπεσσύμενος πολεμίζειν of MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Zimmermann, for αὐτὴ σὺν φήμῃ, with lacuna, of Koechly.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

And cleave the brass about the breasts of foes,  
Warreth with arrows, shrinking from the fray.  
Not man to man he met thee, whoso smote ;  
Else woundless never had he 'scaped thy lance !  
But haply Zeus purposed to ruin all,  
And maketh all our toil and travail vain—  
Ay, now will grant the Trojans victory  
Who from Achaea now hath reft her shield !  
Ah me ! how shall old Peleus in his halls  
Take up the burden of a mighty grief  
Now in his joyless age ! His heart shall break  
At the mere rumour of it. Better so,  
Thus in a moment to forget all pain.  
But if these evil tidings slay him not,  
Ah, laden with sore sorrow eld shall come  
Upon him, eating out his heart with grief  
By a lone hearth—Peleus so passing dear  
Once to the Blessèd ! But the Gods vouchsafe  
No perfect happiness to hapless men.”

So he in grief lamented Peleus' son.  
Then ancient Phoenix made heart-stricken moan,  
Clasping the noble form of Aeacus' seed,  
And in wild anguish wailed the wise of heart :  
“Thou art reft from me, dear child, and cureless  
pain

Hast left to me ! Oh that upon my face  
The veiling earth had fallen, ere I saw  
Thy bitter doom ! No pang more terrible  
Hath ever stabbed mine heart—no, not that hour  
Of exile, when I fled from fatherland  
And noble parents, fleeing Hellas through,  
Till Peleus welcomed me with gifts, and lord  
Of his Dolopians made me. In his arms  
Thee through his halls one day he bare, and set

κόλπῳ ἐμῷ κατέθηκε καὶ ἐνδυκέως ἐπέτελλε  
 νηπίαχον κομέειν, ὥσεϊ φίλον νῖα γεγῶτα·  
 τῷ πιθόμην· σὺ δ' ἐμοῖσι περὶ στέρνοισι γεγηθῶς  
 πολλάκι παππάζεις· ἔτ' ἄκριτα χεῖλεσι βάζων,  
 καὶ μεν νηπιέησιν ἄδην ἐνὶ σῆσι δῖηνας 475  
 στήθεά τ' ἠδὲ χιτῶνας· ἔχον δέ σε χερσὶν ἐμῇσι  
 πολλὸν καγχαλῶν, ἐπεὶ ἦ νύ μοι ἦτορ ἐώλπει  
 θρέψειν κηδεμονῆα βίου καὶ γήραος ἄλκαρ.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐλπομένῳ βαιὸν χρόνον ἔπλετο πάντα.  
 νῦν δὲ σύγ' οἴχη ἄϊστος ὑπὸ ζόφον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἐμὸν  
 κῆρ 480

ἄχυντ' οἷζυρῶς, ἐπεὶ ἦ νύ με κῆδος<sup>1</sup> ἰάπτει  
 λευγαλέον· τὸ καὶ εἶθε καταφθίσειε γοῶντα  
 πρὶν Πηλῆα πυθέσθαι ἀμύμονα, τὸν περ οὔτω  
 κωκύσειν ἀλίαςτον, ὅτ' ἀμφὶ ἐφῆμις ἵκηται·  
 οἴκτιστον γὰρ νῶιν ὑπὲρ σέθεν ἔσσεται ἄλγος 485  
 πατρί τε σῷ καὶ ἐμοί, τοί περ μέγα σείο θανόντος  
 ἀχνύμενοι τάχα γαῖαν ὑπὲρ Διὸς ἄσχετον Αἴσαν  
 δυσόμεθ' ἐσσυμένως· καὶ κεν πολὺ λῳίον εἴη,  
 ἢ ζῶειν ἀπάνευθεν ἀοσητῆρος ἐοῖο.”

Ἡ ρ' ὁ γέρων ἀλίαςτον ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πένθος ἀέξων. 490  
 παρ δέ οἱ Ἀτρείδης ὀλοφύρετο δάκρυα χεύων·  
 ὦμωξεν δ' ὀδύνῃσι μέγ' αἰθόμενος κέαρ ἔνδον·  
 “ὦλεο, Πηλεΐδῃ, Δαναῶν μέγα φέρτατε πάντων,  
 ὦλεο, καὶ στρατὸν εὐρὺν ἀνερκέα θήκας Ἀχαιῶν·  
 ῥήϊτεροι δ' ἄρα σείο καταφθιμένοιο πέλονται 495  
 δυσμενέσιν· σὺ δὲ χάρμα πεσῶν μέγα Τρωσὶν  
 ἔθηκας,

οἷ σε πάρος φοβέοντο λέονθ' ὥς αἰόλα μῆλα·  
 νῦν δ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσι λιλαιόμενοι μαχέονται.  
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ῥά τι καὶ σὺ βροτοὺς ψευδέσσι  
 λόγῳσι  
 θέλγεις, ὃς κατένευσας ἐμοὶ Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος 500

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for θυμὸς of MSS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Upon my knees, and bade me foster thee,  
His babe, with all love, as mine own dear child :  
I hearkened to him : blithely didst thou cling  
About mine heart, and, babbling wordless speech,  
Didst call me ' father ' oft, and didst bedew  
My breast and tunic with thy baby lips.  
Ofttimes with soul that laughed for glee I held  
Thee in mine arms ; for mine heart whispered me  
' This fosterling through life shall care for thee,  
Staff of thine age shall be.' And that mine hope  
Was for a little while fulfilled ; but now  
Thou hast vanished into darkness, and to me  
Is left long heart-ache wild with all regret.  
Ah, might my sorrow slay me, ere the tale  
To noble Peleus come ! When on his ears  
Falleth the heavy tidings, he shall weep  
And wail without surcease. Most piteous grief  
We twain for thy sake shall inherit aye,  
Thy sire and I, who, ere our day of doom,  
Mourning shall go down to the grave for thee—  
Ay, better this than life unholpen of thee ! ”

So moaned his ever-swelling tide of grief.  
And Atreus' son beside him mourned and wept  
With heart on fire with inly smouldering pain :  
“ Thou hast perished, chiefest of the Danaan men,  
Hast perished, and hast left the Achæan host  
Fenceless ! Now thou art fallen, are they left  
An easier prey to foes. Thou hast given joy  
To Trojans by thy fall, who dreaded thee  
As sheep a lion. These with eager hearts  
Even to the ships will bring the battle now.  
Zeus, Father, thou too with deceitful words  
Beguilest mortals ! Thou didst promise me

ἄστυ διαπραθέειν, νῦν δ' οὐ τελέεις ὅσ' ὑπέστης,  
ἀλλὰ λήν ἀπάφησας ἐμὰς φρένας· οὐ γὰρ ὅτω  
εὐρέμεναι πολέμοιο τέκμωρ φθιμένον Ἀχιλῆος."

“Ὡς ἔφατ' ἀχυνόμενος κέαρ ἔνδοθεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
κώκουν ἐκ θυμοῖο θρασὺν περὶ Πηλείωνα· 505

τοῖς δ' ἄρ' ἐπεβρόμεον νῆες περιμυρομένοισιν·  
ἦχῃ δ' ἄσπετος ὦρτο δι' αἰθέρος ἀκαμάτοιο.  
ὥς δ' ὅτε κύματα μακρὰ βίῃ μεγάλου ἀνέμοιο  
ὀρνύμεν' ἐκ πόντοιο πρὸς ἡϊόνας φορέονται  
σμερδαλέον, πάντα δὲ προσαγνυμένης ἀλὸς αἰεὶ 510  
ἀκταὶ ὁμῶς ῥηγμῖσιν ἀπειρέσiai βοόωσι·  
τοῖος ἄρ' ἀμφὶ νέκυν Δαναῶν στόνος αἰνὸς ὀρώρει  
μυρομένων ἄλληκτον ἀταρβέα Πηλείωνα.

Καί σφιν ὀδυρομένοισα τάχ' ἤλυθε κυανὴ νύξ,  
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδην προσεφώνεε Νηλέος υἱὸς 515  
Νέστωρ, ὃς ῥά τ' ἔχεσκεν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μυρίοι ἄλγος  
μνησάμενος σφοῦ παιδὸς εὖφρονος Ἀντιλόχοιο·  
“Ἀργείων σκηπτοῦχε μέγα κρατέων Ἀγά-  
μεμνον,

νῦν μὲν ἀποσχώμεσθα δυσηχέος αἵψα γόοιο  
σήμερον· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὖθις ἐρώήσει τις Ἀχαιοὺς 520  
κλαυθμοῦ ἄδην κορέσασθαι ἐπ' ἥματα πολλὰ  
γοῶντας.

ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ βρότον αἰνὸν ἀταρβέος Αἰακίδαο  
λούσαντες λεχέεσσ' ἐνιθείομεν· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν  
αἰσχύνειν ἐπὶ δηρὸν ἀκηδεῖσιν θανόντας."

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἐπέτελλε περίφρων Νηλέος υἱός· 525  
αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' οἷς ἐτάροισιν ἐπισπέρχων ἐκέλευεν  
ὔδατος ἐν πυρὶ θέντας ἄφαρ κρυεροῖο λέβητας  
θερμῆναι λούσαί τε νέκυν, περί θ' εἵματα ἔσσαι  
καλά, τά οἱ πόρε παιδὶ φίλῳ ἀλιπόρφυρα μήτηρ  
εἰς Τροίην ἀνιόντι. θοῶς δ' ἐπίθησαν ἄνακτι· 530

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

That Priam's burg should be destroyed ; but now  
That promise given dost thou not fulfil,  
But thou didst cheat mine heart : I shall not win  
The war's goal, now Achilles is no more."

So did he cry heart-anguished. Mourned all round  
Wails multitudinous for Peleus' son :

The dark ships echoed back the voice of grief,  
And sighed and sobbed the immeasurable air.  
And as when long sea-rollers, onward driven  
By a great wind, heave up far out at sea,  
And strandward sweep with terrible rush, and aye  
Headland and beach with shattered spray are  
scourged,

And roar unceasing ; so a dread sound rose  
Of moaning of the Danaans round the corse,  
Ceaselessly wailing Peleus' aweless son.

And on their mourning soon black night had come,  
But spake unto Atreides Neleus' son,  
Nestor, whose own heart bare its load of grief  
Remembering his own son Antilochus :

" O mighty Agamemnon, sceptre-lord  
Of Argives, from wide-shrilling lamentation  
Refrain we for this day. None shall withhold  
Hereafter these from all their heart's desire  
Of weeping and lamenting many days.

But now go to, from aweless Aeacus' son  
Wash we the foul blood-gouts, and lay we him  
Upon a couch : unseenly it is to shame  
The dead by leaving them untended long."

So counselled Neleus' son, the passing-wise.  
Then hasted he his men, and bade them set  
Caldrons of cold spring-water o'er the flames,  
And wash the corse, and clothe in vesture fair,  
Sea-purple, which his mother gave her son  
At his first sailing against Troy. With speed  
They did their lord's command : with loving care,

ἐνδυκέως δ' ἄρα πάντα πονησάμενοι κατὰ κόσμον  
κάτθεσαν ἐν κλισίῃσι δεδουπότα Πηλείωνα.

Τὸν δ' ἐσιδοῦσ' ἐλέησε περίφρων Τριτογένεια·  
στάζε δ' ἄρ' ἀμβροσίην κατὰ κράτος, ἣν ῥά τέ  
φασι

δηρὸν ἐρυκακέειν νεαρὸν χροῶ κηρὶ δαμέντων· 535

θῆκε δ' ἄρ' ἐρσήεντα καὶ εἵκελον ἀμπνέοντι·

σμερδαλέον δ' ἄρ' ἐπισκύνιον νεκρῷ περ ἔτευξεν,

οἷον τ' ἀμφ' ἐτάριοιο δαϊκταμένου Πατρόκλοιο

χωομένῳ ἐπέκειτο κατὰ βλοσυροῖο προσώπου·

βριθύτερον δ' ἄρ' ἔθηκε δέμας καὶ ἄρειον ἰδέσθαι. 540

Ἀργεῖους δ' ἔλε θάμβος ὁμιλαδὸν ἀθρήσαντας

Πηλείδην ζῶοντι πανείκελον, ὅς ῥ' ἐπὶ λέκτροις

ἐκχύμενος μάλα πουλὺς ἄδην εὐδοντι ἑφκει.

Ἀμφὶ δέ μιν μογεραὶ ληϊτίδες, ἅς ῥά ποτ' αὐτὸς

Λημνὸν τε ζαθέην Κιλίκων τ' αἰπὺν πτολίεθρον 545

Θήβην Ἡετίωνος ἐλὼν ληίσσατο κούρας,

ιστάμεναι γοάασκον ἀμύσσουσαι χροῶ καλόν,

στήθεά τ' ἀμφοτέρησι πεπληγυῖαι παλάμησιν

ἐκ θυμοῦ στενάχεσκον εὐφρονα Πηλείωνα·

τὰς γὰρ δὴ τίεσκε καὶ ἐκ δητῶν περ εἰούσας· 550

πασάων δ' ἑκπαγλὸν ἀκηχεμένη κέαρ ἔνδον

Βρισηὶς παράκοιτις εὐπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος

ἀμφὶ νέκυν στρωφᾶτο καὶ ἀμφοτέρης παλάμησιν

δρυπτομένη χροῶ καλὸν αὖτεεν· ἐκ δ' ἀπαλοῖο

στήθεος αἱματόεσσαι ἀνὰ σμῶδιγγες ἄερθεν 555

θεινομένης· φαίης κεν ἐπὶ γλάγος αἷμα χέασθαι

φοίνιον· ἀγλατὴ δὲ καὶ ἀχνυμένης ἀλεγεινῶς

ἱμερόεν μάρμαιρε· χάρις δέ οἱ ἀμφεχεν εἶδος·

τοῖον δ' ἑκφατο μῦθον οἷζυρὸν γοόωσα·

“ὦ μοι ἐγὼ πάντων περιώσιον αἰνὰ παθοῦσα· 560

οὐ γάρ μοι τόσσον περ ἐπήλυθεν ἄλλο τι πῆμα,



### THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

All service meetly rendered, on a couch  
Laid they the mighty fallen, Peleus' son.

The Trito-born, the passing-wise, beheld  
And pitied him, and showered upon his head  
Ambrosia, which hath virtue aye to keep  
Taintless, men say, the flesh of warriors slain.  
Like softly-breathing sleeper dewy-fresh  
She made him: over that dead face she drew  
A stern frown, even as when he lay, with wrath  
Darkening his grim face, clasping his slain friend  
Patroclus; and she made his frame to be  
More massive, like a war-god to behold.  
And wonder seized the Argives, as they thronged  
And saw the image of a living man,  
Where all the stately length of Peleus' son  
Lay on the couch, and seemed as though he slept.

Around him all the woeful captive-maids,  
Whom he had taken for a prey, what time  
He had ravaged hallowed Lemnos, and had scaled  
The towered crags of Thebes, Eëtion's town,  
Wailed, as they stood and rent their fair young flesh,  
And smote their breasts, and from their hearts  
bemoaned

That lord of gentleness and courtesy,  
Who honoured even the daughters of his foes.  
And stricken most of all with heart-sick pain  
Briseïs, hero Achilles' couchmate, bowed  
Over the dead, and tore her fair young flesh  
With ruthless fingers, shrieking: her soft breast  
Was ridged with gory weals, so cruelly  
She smote it—thou hadst said that crimson blood  
Had dripped on milk. Yet, in her grief's despite,  
Her winsome loveliness shone out, and grace  
Hung like a veil about her, as she wailed:  
“Woe for this grief passing all griefs beside!  
Never on me came anguish like to this—

οὔτε κασιγνήτων οὔτ' εὐρυχόρου περὶ πάτρης,  
 ὅσσον σείο θανόντος· ἐπεὶ σύ μοι ἱερὸν ἦμαρ  
 καὶ φάος ἡλίοιο πέλες καὶ μείλιχος αἰὼν  
 ἐλπωρή τ' ἀγαθοῖο καὶ ἄσπετον ἄλκαρ ἀνίης 565  
 πάσης τ' ἀγλαΐης πολὺ φέρτερος ἡδὲ τοκῆων  
 ἔπλεο· πάντα γὰρ οἶος ἔης δμῳῇ περ εὔουση·  
 καὶ ῥά μ' ἔθηκας ἄκοιτιν ἐλὼν ἀπο δούλια ἔργα.  
 νῦν δέ τις ἐν νήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν ἄξεται ἄλλος  
 Σπάρτην εἰς ἐρίβωλον ἢ ἐς πολυδίψιον Ἄργος· 570  
 καὶ νύ κεν ἀμφιπολεῦσα κακὰς ὑποτλήσοιμ' ἀνίας  
 σεῦ ἀπονοοσφισθεῖσα δυσάμμορος· ὥς ὄφελόν με  
 γαῖα χυτὴ ἐκάλυψε, πάρος σέο πότμον ἰδέσθαι."

Ὡς ἡ μὲν δμηθέντ' ὀλοφύρετο Πηλεΐωνα  
 δμῳῆς σὺν μογερῇσι καὶ ἀχνυμένοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς 575  
 μυρομένη καὶ ἄνακτα καὶ ἀνέρα· τῆς δ' ἀλεγεινὸν  
 οὔποτ' ἐτέρσετο δάκρυ, κατείβετο δ' ἄχρις ἐπ'  
 οὐδας

ἐκ βλεφάρων, ὥσεί τε μέλαν κατὰ πίδακος ὕδωρ  
 πετραίης, ἧς πουλὺς ὕπερ παγετός τε χιῶν τε  
 ἐκκέχυται στυφελοῖο κατ' οὔδεος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶχυν 580  
 τήκεθ' ὁμῶς εὖρω τε καὶ ἡλίοιο βολῇσι.

Καὶ τότε δὴ ῥ' ἐσάκουσαν ὀρινομένοιο γόοιο  
 θυγατέρες Νηρήος, ὅσαι μέγα βένθος ἔχουσι·  
 πάσῃσιν δ' ἀλεγεινὸν ὑπὸ κραδίην πέσεν ἄλγος·  
 οἰκτρὸν δ' ἐστονάχησαν, ἐπίαχε δ' Ἑλλήσποντος. 585  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ κυανέοισι καλυψάμεναι χροᾶ πέπλοις  
 ἐσσυμένως οἴμῃσαν, ὅπῃ στόλος ἐπλετ' Ἀχαιῶν,  
 πανσυδίῃ πολιοῖο δι' οἴδματος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι  
 νισσομένῃσι θάλασσα δίστατο· ταὶ δ' ἐφέροντο  
 κλαγγηδόν, κραιπνῇσιν ἐειδόμεναι γεράνοισιν 590  
 ὀσσομένης μέγα χεῖμα· περιστενάχοντο δὲ λυγρὸν  
 κήτεα μυρομένησιν· ἔσαν δ' ἄφαρ ἦχι νέοντο

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Not when my brethren died, my fatherland  
Was wasted—like this anguish for thy death !  
Thou wast my day, my sunlight, my sweet life,  
Mine hope of good, my strong defence from harm,  
Dearer than all my beauty -- yea, more dear  
Than my lost parents ! Thou wast all in all  
To me, thou only, captive though I be.  
Thou tookest from me every bondmaid's task  
And like a wife didst hold me. Ah, but now  
Me shall some new Achæan master bear  
To fertile Sparta, or to thirsty Argos.  
The bitter cup of thralldom shall I drain,  
Severed, ah me, from thee ! Oh that the earth  
Had veiled my dead face ere I saw thy doom !”

So for slain Peleus' son did she lament  
With woeful handmaids and heart anguished Greeks,  
Mourning a king, a husband. Never dried  
Her tears were : ever to the earth they streamed  
Like sunless water trickling from a rock  
While rime and snow yet mantle o'er the earth  
Above it ; yet the frost melts down before  
The east-wind and the flame-shafts of the sun.

Now came the sound of that upringing wail  
To Nereus' Daughters, dwellers in the depths  
Unfathomed. With sore anguish all their hearts  
Were smitten : piteously they moaned : their cry  
Shivered along the waves of Hellespont.  
Then with dark mantles overpalled they sped  
Swiftly to where the Argive men were thronged.  
As rushed their troop up silver paths of sea,  
The flood disported round them as they came.  
With one wild cry they floated up ; it rang,  
A sound as when fleet-flying cranes forebode  
A great storm. Moaned the mounsters of the deep  
Plaintively round that train of mourners. Fast  
On sped they to their goal, with awesome cry

παῖδα κασιγνήτης κρατερόφρονα κωκύνουσαι  
ἐκπάγλως. Μοῦσαι δὲ θοῶς Ἑλικῶνα λιποῦσαι  
ἤλυθον ἄλγος ἄλαστον ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν ἔχουσαι 595  
ἀρνύμεναι τιμὴν ἐλικώπιδι Νηρηΐνῃ.

Ζεὺς δὲ μέγ' Ἀργείοισι καὶ ἄτρομον ἔμβαλε  
θάρσος,

ὄφρα μὴ ἐσθλὸν ὄμιλον ὑποδδείσωσι θεάων  
ἀμφαδὸν ἀθρήσαντες ἀνὰ στρατόν· αἱ δ' Ἀχιλλῆος  
ἀμφὶ νέκυν στενάχοντο καὶ ἀθάνατοί περ ἐοῦσαι 600  
πᾶσαι ὁμῶς· ἀκταὶ δὲ περίαχον Ἑλλησπόντου·  
δεύετο δὲ χθὼν πᾶσα περὶ νέκυν Αἰακίδαο  
δάκρυσιν· ὥς μέγα πένθος ἀνέστενον· ἀμφὶ δὲ  
λαῶν

μυρομένων δακρύοισι φορύνετο τεύχεα πάντα  
καὶ κλισίαι καὶ νῆες, ἐπεὶ μέγα πένθος ὀρώρει. 605  
μήτηρ δ' ἀμφιχυθεῖσα κύσε στόμα Πηλείωνος  
παιδὸς ἐοῦ, καὶ τοῖον ἔπος φάτο δακρυχέουσα·  
“ γηθείτω ῥοδόπεπλος ἀν' οὐρανὸν Ἥριγένεια,  
γηθείτω φρεσὶν ἥσι μεθεὶς χόλον Ἀστεροπαίου  
Ἄξιος εὐρυρέεθρος ἰδὲ Πριάμοιο γενέθλη· 610  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἀφίξομαι, ἀμφὶ δὲ  
ποσσὶ

κείσομαι ἀθανάτοιο Διὸς μεγάλα στενάχουσα,  
οὐνεκά μ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσαν ὑπ' ἀνέρι δῶκε δαμῆναι,  
ἀνέρι, τὸν τάχα γῆρας ἀμείλιχον ἀμφιμέμαρπε,  
Κῆρές τ' ἐγγὺς ἔασι τέλος θανάτοιο φέρουσαι. 615  
ἀλλὰ μοι οὐ κείνοιο μέλει τόσον, ὥς Ἀχιλλῆος,  
ὃν μοι Ζεὺς κατένευσεν ἐν Αἰακίδαο δόμοισιν  
ἰφθιμον θήσειν, ἐπεὶ οὔτι μοι ἦνδανεν εὐνή·  
ἀλλ' ὅτε μὲν ζαῆς ἄνεμος πέλον, ἄλλοτε δ' ὕδωρ,  
ἄλλοτε δ' οἰωνῷ ἐναλίγκιος ἢ πυρὸς ὀρμῇ· 620  
οὐδέ με θνητὸς ἀνὴρ δύνατ' ἐν λεχέεσσι δαμάσσαι

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Wailing the while their sister's mighty son.  
Swiftly from Helicon the Muses came  
Heart-burdened with undying grief, for love  
And honour to the Nereïd starry-eyed.

Then Zeus with courage filled the Argive men,  
That eyes of flesh might undismayed behold  
That glorious gathering of Goddesses.  
Then those Divine Ones round Achilles' corse  
Pealed forth with one voice from immortal lips  
A lamentation. Rang again the shores  
Of Hellespont. As rain upon the earth  
Their tears fell round the dead man, Aeacus' son ;  
For out of depths of sorrow rose their moan.  
And all the armour, yea, the tents, the ships  
Of that great sorrowing multitude were wet  
With tears from ever-welling springs of grief.  
His mother cast her on him, clasping him,  
And kissed her son's lips, crying through her tears :  
" Now let the rosy-vestured Dawn in heaven  
Exult ! Now let broad-flowing Axius  
Exult, and for Asteropæus dead  
Put by his wrath ! Let Priam's seed be glad !  
But I unto Olympus will ascend,  
And at the feet of everlasting Zeus  
Will cast me, bitterly plainning that he gave  
Me, an unwilling bride, unto a man—  
A man whom joyless eld soon overtook,  
To whom the Fates are near, with death for gift.  
Yet not so much for his lot do I grieve  
As for Achilles ; for Zeus promised me  
To make him glorious in the Aeacid halls,  
In recompense for the bridal I so loathed  
That into wild wind now I changed me, now  
To water, now in fashion as a bird  
I was, now as the blast of flame ; nor might  
A mortal win me for his bride, who seemed

φαινομένην, ὅσα γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς ἐντὸς ἑέργει,  
 μέσφ' ὅτε μοι κατένευσεν Ὀλύμπιος υἷέα διόν  
 ἔκπαγλον θήσιν καὶ ἀρήϊον. ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν που  
 ἀτρεκέως ἐτέλεσσεν· ὁ γὰρ πέλε φέρτατος ἀνδρῶν· 625  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ὠκύμορον ποιήσατο καὶ μ' ἀκάχησε.  
 τοῦνεκ' ἐς οὐρανὸν εἶμι· Διὸς δ' ἐς δώματ' ἰοῦσα  
 κωκύσω φίλον υἷα, καὶ ὀππόσα πρόσθ' ἐμόγησα  
 ἀμφ' αὐτῷ καὶ παισὶν ἀεικέα τειρομένοισι  
 μνήσω ἀκηχεμένη, ἵνα οἱ σὺν θυμὸν ὀρίνω.” 630

Ὡς ἔφατ' αἰνὰ γοῶσ' ἀλήη Θέτις· ἡ δέ οἱ αὐτὴ  
 Καλλιόπη φάτο μῦθον ἀρηραμένη φρεσὶ θυμόν·  
 “ἴσχεο κωκυτοῖο, θεὰ Θέτι, μηδ' ἀλύουσα  
 εἵνεκα παιδὸς ἐοῖο θεῶν μεδέοντι καὶ ἀνδρῶν 635  
 σκύζεο· καὶ γὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐριβρεμέταο ἄνακτος  
 υἱες ὁμῶς ἀπόλοντο κακῇ περὶ κηρὶ δαμέντες·  
 κάτθανε δ' υἱὸς ἐμεῖο καὶ αὐτῆς ἀθανάτοιο  
 Ὀρφεύς, οὗ μολπῇσιν ἐφέσπετο πᾶσα μὲν ὕλη,  
 πᾶσα δ' ἄρ' ὀκριόεσσα πέτρῃ ποταμῶν τε ῥέεθρα  
 πνοιαί τε λιγέων ἀνέμων ἀμέγαρτον ἀέντων 640  
 οἰωνοὶ τε θοῇσι διεσσύμενοι πτερύγεσσιν·  
 ἀλλ' ἔτλην μέγα πένθος, ἐπεὶ θεὸν οὔτι ἔοικεν  
 πένθεσι λευγαλέοισι καὶ ἄλγעי θυμὸν ἀχεύειν.  
 τῷ σε καὶ ἀχθυμένην μεθέτω γόος υἱέος ἐσθλοῦ·  
 καὶ γὰρ οἱ κλέος αἰὲν ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἀοιδοὶ 645  
 καὶ μένος αἰείουσιν ἐμῇ τ' ἰότητι καὶ ἄλλων  
 Πιερίδων· σὺ δὲ μή τι κελαινῷ πένθει θυμὸν  
 δάμνασο θηλυτέρησιν ἴσον γοῶσα γυναιξίν.  
 ἦ οὐκ αἶτις ὅτι πάντας, ὅσοι χθονὶ ναιετάουσιν,  
 ἀνθρώπους ὁλοὴ περιπέπταται ἄσχετος Αἴσα 650



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

All shapes in turn that earth and heaven contain,  
Until the Olympian pledged him to bestow  
A godlike son on me, a lord of war.  
Yea, in a manner this did he fulfil  
Faithfully ; for my son was mightiest  
Of men. But Zeus made brief his span of life  
Unto my sorrow. Therefore up to heaven  
Will I : to Zeus's mansion will I go  
And wail my son, and will put Zeus in mind  
Of all my travail for him and his sons  
In their sore stress, and sting his soul with shame.'

So in her wild lament the Sea-queen cried.  
But now to Thetis spake Calliope,  
She in whose heart was steadfast wisdom throned :  
" From lamentation, Thetis, now forbear,  
And do not, in the frenzy of thy grief  
For thy lost son, provoke to wrath the Lord  
Of Gods and men. Lo, even sons of Zeus,  
The Thunder-king, have perished, overborne  
By evil fate. Immortal though I be,  
Mine own son Orpheus died, whose magic song  
Drew all the forest-trees to follow him,  
And every craggy rock and river-stream,  
And blasts of winds shrill-piping stormy-breathed,  
And birds that dart through air on rushing wings.  
Yet I endured mine heavy sorrow : Gods  
Ought not with anguished grief to vex their souls.  
Therefore make end of sorrow-stricken wail  
For thy brave child ; for to the sons of earth  
Minstrels shall chant his glory and his might,  
By mine and by my sisters' inspiration,  
Unto the end of time. Let not thy soul  
Be crushed by dark grief, nor do thou lament  
Like those frail mortal women. Know'st thou not  
That round all men which dwell upon the earth  
Hovereth irresistible deadly Fate,

οὐδὲ θεῶν ἀλέγουσα; τόσου σθένος ἔλλαχε μούνη·  
ἦ καὶ νῦν Πριάμοιο πολυχρύσοιο πόλῃα  
ἐκπέρσει Τρώων τε καὶ Ἀργείων ὀλέσασα  
ἀνέρας, ὃν κ' ἐθέλησι· θεῶν δ' οὔτις μιν ἐρύξει.”

Ὡς φάτο Καλλιόπη πινυτὰ φρεσὶ μητιόωσα. 655  
ἥελιος δ' ἀπόρουσεν ἐς ὠκεανοῖο ῥέεθρα,  
ὦρτο δὲ νύξ μέγαλοιο κατ' ἡέρος ὀρφνῆεσσα,  
ἦ τε καὶ ἀχνυμένοισι πέλει θνητοῖσιν ὄνειαρ.  
αὐτοῦ δ' ἐν ψαμάθοισιν Ἀχαιῶν ἔδραθον υἷες  
ἱλαδὸν ἀμφὶ νέκυν μεγάλη βεβαρηότες ἄτη. 660  
ἀλλ' οὐχ ὕπνος ἔμαρπτε θεὸν Θέτιν· ἄγχι δὲ  
παιδὸς

ἦστο σὺν ἀθανάτης Νηρηΐσιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Μοῦσαι  
ἀχνυμένην ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἀμοιβαδὶς ἄλλοθεν ἄλλη  
πολλὰ παρηγορέεσκον, ὅπως λελάθοιτο γόοιο.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε καγχαλώσα δι' αἰθέρος ἦλυθεν ἡὼς 665  
λαμπρότατον πᾶσιν τε φάος Τρῶεσσι φέρουσα  
καὶ Πριάμῳ—Δαναοὶ δὲ μέγ' ἀχνύμενοι Ἀχιλλῆα  
κλαῖον ἐπ' ἤματα πολλά, περιστενάχοντο δὲ  
μακρὰι

ἡιόνες πόντοιο, μέγας δ' ὀλοφύρετο Νηρεὺς  
ἦρα φέρων κούρη Νηρηίδι, σὺν δέ οἱ ἄλλοι 670  
εἰνάλιοι μύροντο θεοὶ φθιμένου Ἀχιλλῆος—  
καὶ τότε δὴ μέγαλοιο νέκυν Πηληιάδαο  
Ἀργεῖοι πυρὶ δῶκαν ἀάσπετα νηήσαντες  
δοῦρα, τὰ οἱ φορέοντες ἀπ' οὔρεος Ἰδαίου  
πάντες ὁμῶς ἐμόγησαν, ἐπεὶ σφεας ὀτρύνοντες 675  
Ἀτρεΐδαι προέηκαν ἀπείριτον οἰσέμεν ὕλην,  
ὄφρα θοῶς καίοιτο νέκυς κταμένου Ἀχιλλῆος.  
ἀμφὶ δὲ τεύχεα πολλὰ πυρῇ περινηήσαντο  
αἰζῆων κταμένων, πολλοὺς δ' ἐφύπερθε βάλοντο

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Who recks not even of the Gods? Such power  
She only hath for heritage. Yea, she  
Soon shall destroy gold-wealthy Priam's town,  
And Trojans many and Argives doom to death,  
Whomso she will. No God can stay her hand."

So in her wisdom spake Calliope.  
Then plunged the sun down into Ocean's stream,  
And sable-vestured Night came floating up  
O'er the wide firmament, and brought her boon  
Of sleep to sorrowing mortals. On the sands  
There slept they, all the Achæan host, with heads  
Bowed 'neath the burden of calamity.  
But upon Thetis sleep laid not his hand:  
Still with the deathless Nereïds by the sea  
She sate; on either side the Muses spake  
One after other comfortable words  
To make that sorrowing heart forget its pain.

But when with a triumphant laugh the Dawn  
Soared up the sky, and her most radiant light  
Shed over all the Trojans and their king,  
Then, sorrowing sorely for Achilles still,  
The Danaans woke to weep. Day after day,  
For many days they wept. Around them moaned  
Far-stretching beaches of the sea, and mourned  
Great Nereus for his daughter Thetis' sake;  
And mourned with him the other Sea-gods all  
For dead Achilles. Then the Argives gave  
The corpse of great Peleides to the flame.  
A pyre of countless tree-trunks built they up  
Which, all with one mind toiling, from the heights  
Of Ida they brought down; for Atreus' sons  
Sped on the work, and charged them to bring thence  
Wood without measure, that consumed with speed  
Might be Achilles' body. All around  
Piled they about the pyre much battle-gear  
Of strong men slain; and slew and cast thereon

Τρώων δηώσαντες ὁμῶς περικαλλέας νῆας 680  
 ἵππους τε χρεμέθοντας εὖσθενέας θ' ἅμα ταύρους,  
 σὺν δ' οἷάς τε σύας τ' ἔβαλον βρίθοντας ἀλοιφῇ·  
 φάρεα δ' ἐκ χηλῶν φέρον ἄσπετα κωκύουσαι  
 δμωιάδες, καὶ πάντα πυρῆς καθύπερθε βάλλοντο,  
 χρυσόν τ' ἤλεκτρον τ' ἐπενήεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίτας 685  
 Μυρμιδόνες κείραντο, νέκυν δ' ἐκάλυσαν ἄνακτος·  
 καὶ δ' αὐτὴ Βρισηὶς ἀκηχεμένη περὶ νεκρῷ  
 κειραμένη πλοκάμους πύματον πόρε δῶρον ἄνακτι.  
 πολλοὺς δ' ἀμφιφορῆας ἀλείφατος ἀμφεχέοντο,  
 ἄλλους δ' ἀμφὶ πυρῇ μέλιτος θέσαν ἡδὲ καὶ οἶνου 690  
 ἡδέος, οὗ μέθην λαρόν ὁδῶδε νέκταρι ἴσον.  
 ἄλλα δὲ πολλὰ βάλλοντο θυώδεα θαῦμα βρο-  
 τοῖσιν,

ὅσσα χθὼν φέρει ἐσθλὰ καὶ ὀππόσα διὰ θάλασσα.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ περὶ πᾶν γινυ πυρὴν διεκοσμήσαντο,  
 πεζοὶ ἅμ' ἱππῆεσσι σὺν ἔντεσιν ἐρρώσαντο 695  
 ἀμφὶ πυρὴν πολύδακρυν. ὁ δ' ἔκποθεν Οὐλύμπιοι  
 Ζεὺς ψεκάδας κατέχευεν ὑπὲρ νέκυν Λιακίδαο  
 ἀμβροσίας, δῖη δὲ φέρων Νηρηίδι τιμὴν  
 Ἑρμείην προέηκεν ἐς Αἴολον, ὅφρα καλέσῃ  
 λαιψηρῶν ἀνέμων ἱερὸν μένος· ἥ γὰρ ἔμελλε 700  
 καίεσθ' Αἰακίδαο νέκυσ. τοῦ δ' αἶψα μολόντος  
 Αἴολος οὐκ ἀπίθησε· καλεσσάμενος δ' ἀλεγεινὸν  
 καρπαλίμως Βορέην Ζεφύροιο τε λάβρον ἀήτην  
 ἐς Τροίην προέηκε θοῇ θύοντας ἀέλλη·  
 οἱ δὲ θοῶς οἴμησαν ὑπὲρ πόντοιο φέρεσθαι 705  
 ῥιπῇ ἀπειρεσίῃ· περὶ δ' ἴαχεν ἐσσυμένοισι  
 πόντος ὁμοῦ καὶ γαῖα· περικλονέοντο δ' ὑπερθε  
 πάντα νέφη μέγαλοιο δι' ἡέρος αἴσσοντα.  
 οἱ δὲ Διὸς βουλῇσι δαΐκταμένου Ἀχιλλῆος

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Full many goodly sons of Trojan men,  
And snorting steeds, and mighty bulls withal,  
And sheep and fatling swine thereon they cast.  
And wailing captive maids from coffers brought  
Mantles untold; all cast they on the pyre:  
Gold heaped they there and amber. All their  
hair

The Myrmidons shore, and shrouded with the same  
The body of their king. Briseïs laid  
Her own shorn tresses on the corpse, her gift,  
Her last, unto her lord. Great jars of oil  
Full many poured they out thereon, with jars  
Of honey and of wine, rich blood of the grape  
That breathed an odour as of nectar, yea,  
Cast incense-breathing perfumes manifold  
Marvellous sweet, the precious things put forth  
By earth, and treasures of the sea divine.

Then, when all things were set in readiness  
About the pyre, all, footmen, charioteers,  
Compassed that woeful bale, clashing their arms,  
While, from the viewless heights Olympian, Zeus  
Rained down ambrosia on dead Aeacus' son.  
For honour to the Goddess, Nereus' child,  
He sent to Aeolus Hermes, bidding him  
Summon the sacred might of his swift winds,  
For that the corpse of Aeacus' son must now  
Be burned. With speed he went, and Aeolus  
Refused not: the tempestuous North in haste  
He summoned, and the wild blast of the West;  
And to Troy sped they on their whirlwind wings.  
Fast in mad onrush, fast across the deep  
They darted; roared beneath them as they flew  
The sea, the land; above crashed thunder-voiced  
Clouds headlong hurtling through the firmament.  
Then by decree of Zeus down on the pyre  
Of slain Achilles, like a charging host

αἶψα πυρῇ ἐνόρουσαν ἰολλέες, ὦρτο δ' αὖτμῃ 710  
 Ἑφαίστου μαλεροῖο· γόος δ' ἀλίαςτος ὀρώρει  
 Μυρμιδόνων· ἄνεμοι δὲ καὶ ἐσσύμενοί περ ἀέλλη  
 πᾶν ἡμαρ καὶ νύκτα νέκυν περιποιπνύοντες  
 καίον ἐϋπνεύοντες ὁμῶς· ἀνὰ δ' ἔγρετο πουλὺς 715  
 καπνὸς ἐς ἡέρα διαν, ἐπέστενε δ' ἄσπετος ὕλη  
 δαμναμένη πυρὶ πᾶσα, μέλαινα δὲ γίνετο τέφρη.  
 οἱ δὲ μέγ' ἐκτελέσαντες ἀτειρέες ἔργον ἀῆται  
 εἰς ἐὼν ἄντρον ἕκαστος ὁμοῦ νεφέεσσι φέροντο.

Μυρμιδόνες δ', ὅτ' ἄνακτα πελώριον ὕστατον  
 ἄλλων

ἦνυσε πῦρ αἶδηλον ἀποκταμένων περὶ νεκρῶ 720  
 ἵππων τ' αἰζήων τε, καὶ ἄλλ' ὅσα δακρυχέοντες  
 ὄβριμον ἀμφὶ νέκυν κειμήλια θῆκαν Ἀχαιοί,  
 δὴ τότε πυρκαϊὴν οἶνω σβέσαν· ὅστέα δ' αὐτοῦ  
 φαίνεται ἀριφραδέως, ἐπεὶ οὐχ ἐτέροισιν ὁμοῖα 725  
 ἦν, ἀλλ' οἶα Γίγαντος ἀτειρέος, οὐδὲ μὲν ἄλλα  
 σὺν κείνοις ἐμέμικτ', ἐπεὶ ἦ βόες ἡδὲ καὶ ἵπποι  
 καὶ παῖδες Τρώων μίγδα κταμένοισι καὶ ἄλλοις  
 βαιὸν ἄπωθε κέοντο περὶ νέκυν, ὃς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσοις  
 ῥιπῇ ὕφ' Ἑφαίστοιο δεδμημένος οἶος ἔκειτο.  
 τοῦ δὲ καὶ ὅστέα πάντα περιστενάχοντες ἐταῖροι 730  
 ἄλλεγον ἐς χηλὸν πολυχανδέα τε βριαρὴν τε  
 ἰργυρέην, χρυσῶ δὲ διαυγείῃ πᾶσ' ἐκέκαστο·  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμβροσίῃ καὶ ἀλείφασι πάγχυ δῖηναν  
 κοῦραι Νηρῆος μέγ' Ἀχιλλέα κυδαίνουσai, 735  
 ἐς δὲ βοῶν δημὸν θέσαν ἀθρόα πάγχυ χέασαι  
 σὺν μέλιτι λιαρῶ· μήτηρ δὲ οἱ ἀμφιφορῆα  
 ὥπασε, τὸν ῥα πάροιθε Διώνυσος πόρε δῶρον,  
 Ἑφαίστου κλυτὸν ἔργον ἐϋφρονος· ᾧ ἔνι θῆκαν  
 ὅστέ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαλήτορος· ἀμφὶ δὲ τύμβον



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Swooped they ; upleapt the Fire-god's madding  
breath :

Uprose a long wail from the Myrmidons.

Then, though with whirlwind rushes toiled the winds,  
All day, all night, they needs must fan the flames  
Ere that death-pyre burned out. Up to the heavens  
Vast-volumed rolled the smoke. The huge tree-trunks  
Groaned, writhing, bursting, in the heat, and dropped  
The dark-grey ash all round. So when the winds  
Had tirelessly fulfilled their mighty task,  
Back to their cave they rode cloud-charioted.

Then, when the fire had last of all consumed  
That hero-king, when all the steeds, the men  
Slain round the pyre had first been ravined up,  
With all the costly offerings laid around  
The mighty dead by Achaia's weeping sons,  
The glowing embers did the Myrmidons quench  
With wine. Then clear to be discerned were seen  
His bones ; for nowise like the rest were they,  
But like an ancient Giant's ; none beside  
With these were blent ; for bulls and steeds, and sons  
Of Troy, with all that mingled hecatomb,  
Lay in a wide ring round his corse, and he  
Amidst them, flame-devoured, lay there alone.  
So his companions groaning gathered up  
His bones, and in a silver casket laid  
Massy and deep, and banded and bestarred  
With flashing gold ; and Nereus' daughters shed  
Ambrosia over them, and precious nards  
For honour to Achilles : fat of kine  
And amber honey poured they over all.  
A golden vase his mother gave, the gift  
In old time of the Wine-god, glorious work  
Of the craft-master Fire-god, in the which  
They laid the casket that enclosed the bones  
Of mighty-souled Achilles. All around

Ἄργεῖοι καὶ σῆμα πελώριον ἀμφεβάλοντο 740  
ἀκτῇ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῃ παρὰ βένθεσιν Ἑλλησπόντου  
Μυρμιδόνων βασιλῆα θρασὺν περικωκύνοντες.

Οὐδὲ μὲν ἄμβροτοι ἵπποι ἀταρβέος Αἰακίδαο  
μῖνον ἀδάκρυτοι παρὰ νήεσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ 745  
μύροντο σφετέραιο δαΐκταμένου βασιλῆος,  
οὐδ' ἔθελον μογεροῖσιν ἔτ' ἀνδράσιν οὐδὲ μὲν  
ἵπποις

μίσγεσθ' Ἀργείων ὀλοὸν περὶ πένθος ἔχοντες,  
ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ ὠκεανοῖο ῥοὰς καὶ Τηθύος ἄντρα  
ἀνθρώπων ἀπάτερθεν οὔζυρῶν φορέεσθαι,  
ἧχί σφεας τὸ πάροιθεν ἐγείνατο δῖα Ποδάργη 750  
ἄμφω ἀελλόποδας Ζεφύρῳ κελάδοντι μιγείσα.  
καὶ νῦ κεν αἰψ' ἐτέλεσαν ὅσα σφίσι μῆδετο  
θυμός,

εἰ μὴ σφεας κατέρυξε θεῶν νόις, ὅφρ' Ἀχιλῆος  
ἔλθοι ἀπὸ Σκύροιο θοὸς πῆις, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ  
δέχυνθ', ὀππόθ' ἴκοιτο ποτὶ στρατόν, οὔνεκ'  
ἄρα σφι 755

θέσφατα γεινομένοισι Χάους ἱεροῖο θύγατραι  
Μοῖραι ἐπεκλώσαντο καὶ ἀθανάτοις περ εὐοῦσι  
πρῶτα Ποσειδάωνι δαμήμεναι, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
θαρσαλέῳ Πηλῇ καὶ ἀκαμάτῳ Ἀχιλῇ,  
τέτρατον αὐτ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι Νεοπτολέμῳ μεγαθύμῳ, 760  
τὸν καὶ ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδίου μετόπισθεν ἐμελλον  
Ζηνὸς ὑπ' ἐννεσίῃσι φέρειν μακάρων ἐπὶ γαῖαν.  
τοὔνεκα καὶ στυγερῇ βεβολημένοι ἦτορ ἀνίη  
μῖνον παρ νήεσσιν ἐὼν κατὰ θυμὸν ἄνακτα  
τὸν μὲν ἀκηχέμενοι τὸν δ' αὖ ποθέοντες ιδέσθαι. 765

Καὶ τότε ἐριγδούποιο λιπὼν ἁλὸς ὄβριμον  
οἶδμα

ἤλυθεν Ἐννοσίγαιος ἐπ' ἧόνας· οὐδέ μιν ἄνδρες  
ἔδρακον, ἀλλὰ θεῇσι παρίστατο Νηρηΐνης·  
καὶ ῥα Θέτιν προσέειπεν ἔτ' ἀχινυμένην Ἀχιλῆος·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

The Argives heaped a barrow, a giant sign,  
Upon a foreland's uttermost end, beside  
The Hellespont's deep waters, wailing loud  
Farewells unto the Myrmidons' hero-king.

Nor stayed the immortal steeds of Aeacus' son  
Tearless beside the ships; they also mourned  
Their slain king: sorely loth were they to abide  
Longer mid mortal men or Argive steeds  
Bearing a burden of consuming grief;  
But fain were they to soar through air, afar  
From wretched men, over the Ocean's streams,  
Over the Sea-queen's caverns, unto where  
Divine Podarge bare that storm-foot twain  
Begotten of the West-wind clarion-voiced.  
Yea, and they had accomplished their desire,  
But the Gods' purpose held them back, until  
From Scyros' isle Achilles' fleetfoot son  
Should come. Him waited they to welcome, when  
He came unto the war-host; for the Fates,  
Daughters of holy Chaos, at their birth  
Had spun the life-threads of those deathless foals,  
Even to serve Poseidon first, and next  
Peleus the dauntless king, Achilles then  
The invincible, and, after these, the fourth,  
The mighty-hearted Neoptolemus,  
Whom after death to the Elysian Plain  
They were to bear, unto the Blessed Land,  
By Zeus' decree. For which cause, though their hearts  
Were pierced with bitter anguish, they abode  
Still by the ships, with spirits sorrowing  
For their old lord, and yearning for the new.

Then from the surge of heavy-plunging seas  
Rose the Earth-shaker. No man saw his feet  
Pace up the strand, but suddenly he stood  
Beside the Nereid Goddesses, and spake  
To Thetis, yet for Achilles bowed with grief:

“ ἴσχεο νῦν περὶ παιδὸς ἀπειρέσιον γοῶσα· 770  
οὐ γὰρ ὃ γε φθιμένοισι μετέσσεται, ἀλλὰ θεοῖσιν  
ὥς ἡὺς Διόνυσος ἰδὲ σθένος Ἡρακλῆος·

οὐ γάρ μιν μόρος αἰνὸς ὑπὸ ζόφον αἰὲν ἐρύξει  
οὐδ’ Ἀΐδης, ἀλλ’ αἶψα καὶ ἐς Διὸς ἵξεται αὐγὰς·  
καὶ οἱ δῶρον ἔγωγε θεοῦδέα νῆσον ὀπάσσω 775

Εὐξεινον κατὰ πόντον, ὅπῃ θεὸς ἔσσεται αἰεὶ  
σὸς παῖς· ἀμφὶ δὲ φῦλα περικτιόνων μέγα λαῶν  
κεῖνον κυδαίνοντα θυηπολῆς ἐρατεινῆς  
ἴσον ἐμοὶ τίσουσιν· σὺ δ’ ἴσχεο κωκύουσα  
ἐσσυμένως καὶ μή τι χαλέπτεο πένθει θυμόν.” 780

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπήιεν εἵκελος αὖρῃ  
παρφάμενος μύθοισι Θέτιν· τῆς δ’ ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸς  
βαιὸν ἀνέπνευσεν· τὰ δέ οἱ θεὸς ἐξετέλεσσαν.

Ἀργεῖοι δὲ γοῶντες ἀπήιον, ἦχι ἐκάστω  
νῆες ἔσαν, τὰς ἦγον ἀφ’ Ἑλλάδος· αἱ δ’ Ἑλι-  
κῶνα 785

Πιερίδες νίσσοντο, καὶ εἰς ἄλα Νηρηῖναι  
δῦσαν ἀναστενάχουσιν εὐφρονα Πηλείωνα.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

“Refrain from endless mourning for thy son.  
Not with the dead shall he abide, but dwell  
With Gods, as doth the might of Herakles,  
And Dionysus ever fair. Not him  
Dread doom shall prison in darkness evermore,  
Nor Hades keep him. To the light of Zeus  
Soon shall he rise; and I will give to him  
A holy island for my gift: it lies  
Within the Euxine Sea: there evermore  
A God thy son shall be. The tribes that dwell  
Around shall as mine own self honour him  
With incense and with steam of sacrifice.  
Hush thy laments, vex not thine heart with grief.”

Then like a wind-breath had he passed away  
Over the sea, when that consoling word  
Was spoken; and a little in her breast  
Revived the spirit of Thetis: and the God  
Brought this to pass thereafter. All the host  
Moved moaning thence, and came unto the ships  
That brought them o'er from Hellas. Then returned  
To Helicon the Muses: 'neath the sea,  
Wailing the dear dead, Nereus' Daughters sank.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΣ

Οὐδὲ μὲν Ἴππολόχοιο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον νῆα  
 Τρῶες ἀδάκρυτον δειλοὶ λίπον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 Δαρδανίης προπάρειθε πύλης ἐρικυδέα φῶτα  
 πυρκαϊῆς καθύπερθε βάλον· τὸν δ' αὐτὸς  
 Ἀπόλλων

ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο μάλ' ἐσσυμένως ἀναείρας 5  
 δῶκε θοοῖς ἀνέμοισι φέρειν Λυκίης σχεδὸν αἴης·  
 οἱ δέ μιν αἶψ' ἀπένεικαν ὑπ' ἄγkea Τηλάνδροιο  
 χῶρον ἐς ἱμερόεντα, πέτρην δ' ἐφύπερθε βάλουντο  
 ἄρρηκτον· Νύμφαι δὲ περίβλυσαν ἱερὸν ὕδωρ  
 αἰνίου ποταμοῖο, τὸν εἰσέτι φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων 10  
 Γλαῦκον ἐπικλείουσιν ἐϋρροον· ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν που  
 ἀθάνατοι τεύξαντο γέρας Λυκίων βασιλῆι.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐρίθυμον ἀνεστενάχοντ' Ἀχιλλῆα  
 νηυσὶ παρ' ὠκυπόροισιν· ἔτειρε δὲ πάντας ἀνὴρ 15  
 λευγαλέη καὶ πένθος, ἐπεὶ ῥά μιν ὥς ἐόν νῆα  
 δίζοντ', οὐδέ τις ἦεν ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν ἄδακρυς·  
 Τρῶες δ' αὖτ' ἀλῖαστον ἐγήθεον εἰσορόωντες  
 τοὺς μὲν ἀκηχεμένους, τὸν δ' ἐν πυρὶ δηωθέντα·  
 καὶ τις ἐπευχόμενος μῦθον ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπεν·  
 “νῦν πάντεσσιν ἄελπτον ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο Κρο- 20  
 νίων

ἡμῖν ὥπασε χάρμα λιλαιομένοισιν ιδέσθαι  
 ἐν Τροίῃ Ἀχιλλῆα δεδουπότα· τοῦ γὰρ ὁῖω  
 βλημένου ἀμπνεύσειν Τρώων ἐρικυδέα φῦλα



## BOOK IV

*How in the Funeral Games of Achilles heroes contended.*

NOR did the hapless Trojans leave unwept  
The warrior-king Hippolochus' hero-son,  
But laid, in front of the Dardanian gate,  
Upon the pyre that captain war-renowned.  
But him Apollo's self caught swiftly up  
Out of the blazing fire, and to the winds  
Gave him, to bear away to Lycia-land;  
And fast and far they bare him, 'neath the glens  
Of high Telandrus, to a lovely glade;  
And for a monument above his grave  
Upheaved a granite rock. The Nymphs therefrom  
Made gush the hallowed water of a stream  
For ever flowing, which the tribes of men  
Still call fair-fleeting Glaucus. This the gods  
Wrought for an honour to the Lycian king.

But for Achilles still the Argives mourned  
Beside the swift ships: heart-sick were they all  
With dolorous pain and grief. Each yearned for him  
As for a son; no eye in that wide host  
Was tearless. But the Trojans with great joy  
Exulted, seeing their sorrow from afar,  
And the great fire that spake their foe consumed.  
And thus a vaunting voice amidst them cried:  
"Now hath Cronion from his heaven vouchsafed  
A joy past hope unto our longing eyes,  
To see Achilles fallen before Troy.  
Now he is smitten down, the glorious hosts

αἵματος ἐξ ὀλοοῖο καὶ ἀνδροφόνου ὑσμίνης·  
αἰεὶ γὰρ φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἐμήδετο [Τρῶσιν ὄλεθρον]  
αἰνὰ δέ οἱ χεῖρεσσιν ἐμαίνετο λοίγιον ἔγχος 25  
λύθρῳ ὑπ' ἀργαλέῳ πεπαλαγμένον, οὐδέ τις

ἡμέων

κείνῳ ἔναντα κιὼν ἔτ' ἐσέδρακεν Ἡριγένειαν·  
νῦν δ' οἴω φεύξεσθαι Ἀχαιῶν ὄβριμα τέκνα  
νηυσὶν εὐπρώροισι δαϊκταμένου Ἀχιλλῆος·  
ὥς ὄφελον μένος ἦεν ἔθ' Ἑκτορος, ὄφρ' ἅμα  
πάντας 30

Ἀργεῖους σφετέρησιν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ὄλεσσαν·”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Τρῶων τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πάγχυ γε-  
γηθώς·

ἄλλος δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρῳθι πύκα φρονέων φάτο μῦθον·  
“φῆσθα σὺ μὲν Δαναῶν ὀλοὸν στρατὸν ἔνδοθι  
νηῶν

πόντον ἐπ' ἡερόεντα πεφυζότας αἶψα νέεσθαι· 35

ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν δείσουσι λιλαιόμενοι μέγα χάρμης·

εἰσὶ γάρ ἢ κρατεροί τε καὶ ὄβριμοι ἄνδρες ἄλλοι,  
Τυδεΐδης Αἴας τε καὶ Ἀτρεὺς ὄβριμοι υἱες·

τοὺς ἔτ' ἐγὼ δείδοικα κατακταμένου Ἀχιλλῆος·

τοὺς εἴθ' ἀργυρότοξος ἀναιρήσειεν Ἀπόλλων, 40  
καὶ κεν ἀνάπνευσις πολέμου καὶ ἀεικέος οἴτου  
ἡμῖν εὐχομένοισιν ἐλεύσεται ἥματι κείνῳ.”

Ὡς ἔφατ'· ἀθάνατοι δὲ κατ' οὐρανὸν ἐστενά-  
χοντο,

ὅσσοι ἔσαν Δαναοῖσιν εὖσθενέεσσιν ἀρωγοί,

ἀμφὶ δὲ κράτ' ἐκάλυψαν ἀπειρεσίοις νεφέεσσι 45

θυμὸν ἀκηχέμενοι· ἐτέρῳθι δὲ γήθεον ἄλλοι

εὐχόμενοι Τρῶεσσι πέρας θυμηδὲς ὀρέξαι.

καὶ τότε δὴ Κρονίωνα κλυτὴ προσεφώνεεν Ἥρη·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ ἀργικέραυνε, τί ἦ Τρῶεσσιν ἀρήγεις  
κούρης ἡὔκόμοιο λελασμένος, ἦν ῥα πάροιθεν 50  
ἀντιθέῳ Πηλῇι πόρες θυμῆρέ' ἄκοιτιν

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Of Troy, I trow, shall win a breathing-space  
From blood of death and from the murderous fray.  
Ever his heart devised the 'Trojans' bane ;  
In his hands maddened aye the spear of doom  
With gore besprent, and none of us that faced  
Him in the fight beheld another dawn.  
But now, I wot, Achaea's valorous sons  
Shall flee unto their galleys shapely-prowed,  
Since slain Achilles lies. Ah that the might  
Of Hector still were here, that he might slay  
The Argives one and all amidst their tents !”

So in unbridled joy a Trojan cried ;  
But one more wise and prudent answered him :  
“ Thou deemest that yon murderous Danaan host  
Will straightway get them to the ships, to flee  
Over the misty sea. Nay, still their lust  
Is hot for fight : us will they nowise fear.  
Still are there left strong battle-eager men,  
As Aias, as Tydeides, Atreus' sons :  
Though dead Achilles be, I still fear these.  
Oh that Apollo Silverbow would end them !  
Then in that day were given to our prayers  
A breathing-space from war and ghastly death.”

In heaven was dole among the Immortal Ones,  
Even all that helped the stalwart Danaans' cause.  
In clouds like mountains piled they veiled their  
heads

For grief of soul. But glad those others were  
Who fain would speed Troy to a happy goal.  
Then unto Cronos' Son great Hera spake :  
“ Zeus, Lightning-father, wherefore helpst thou  
Troy, all forgetful of the fair-haired bride  
Whom once to Peleus thou didst give to wife

Πηλίου ἐν βήσσησι; γάμον δέ οἱ αὐτὸς ἔτευξας  
 ἄμβροτον, οἱ δέ νυ πάντες ἐδαινύμεθ' ἡματι κείνῳ  
 ἀθάνατοι καὶ πολλὰ δόμεν περικαλλέα δῶρα·  
 ἀλλὰ τά γ' ἐξελάθου, μέγα δ' Ἑλλάδι μήσαο  
 πένθος.” 55

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· τὴν δ' οὔτι προσέννεπεν ἀκάματος  
 Ζεὺς·

ἦστο γὰρ ἀχνύμενος κραδίην καὶ πολλὰ μενοινῶν,  
 οὔνεκεν ἡμελλον Πριάμου πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξειν  
 Ἄργεῖοι, τοῖς αἰνὸν ἐμήδετο λοιγὸν ὀπάσσαι  
 ἐν πολέμῳ στονόεντι καὶ ἐν βαρυνηχέϊ πόντῳ· 60  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ὥρμαινε, τὰ δὴ μετόπισθε τέλεσ-  
 σεν.

Ἡὼς δ' ὠκεανοῖο βαθὺν ῥόον εἰσαφίκανε,  
 κυανέην δ' ἄρα γαῖαν ἐπήειεν ἄσπετος ὄρφυη,  
 ἦμος ἀναπνέουσιν βροτοὶ βαιὸν καμάτοιο·  
 Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἐδύρπεον ἀχνύμενοί περ· 65  
 οὐ γὰρ νηδύος ἐστὶν ἀπώσμεναι μεμανῆς  
 λιμὸν ἀταρτηρόν, ὁπότεν στέρνοισιν ἵκηται.  
 ἀλλ' εἴθαρ θοὰ γυῖα βαρύνεται, οὐδέ τι μῆχος  
 γίνεται, ἦν μή τις κορέση θυμαλγέα νηδύν·  
 τοὔνεκα δαῖτ' ἐπάσαντο καὶ ἀχνύμενοι Ἀχιλῆος· 70  
 αἰνὴ γὰρ μάλα πάντα ἐποτρύνεσκεν ἀνάγκη.  
 τοῖσι δὲ πασσαμένοισιν ἐπήλυθε νήδυμος ὕπνος,  
 λῦσε δ' ἀπὸ μελέων ὀδύνας, ἐπὶ δὲ σθένος ὤρσεν.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ κεφαλὰς μὲν ἐπ' ἀντολίην ἔχον  
 ἄρκτοι,

δέγμεναι ἡελίοιο θοὸν φάος, ἔγρετο δ' ἡώς, 75  
 δὴ τότε ἀνέγρετο λαὸς εὐσθενέων Ἀργείων  
 πορφύρων Τρώεσσι φόνον καὶ κῆρ' αἰδήλον.  
 κίνυτο δ' ἥντε πόντος ἀπείριτος Ἰκαρίοιο  
 ἥε καὶ αὐαλέον βαθὺ λήιον, ὁππότε ἵκηται

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Midst Pelion's glens ? Thyself didst bring to pass  
Those spousals of a Goddess ; on that day  
All we Immortals feasted there, and gave  
Gifts passing-fair. All this dost thou forget,  
And hast devised for Hellas heaviest woe."

So spake she ; but Zeus answered not a word ;  
For pondering there he sat with burdened breast,  
Thinking how soon the Argives should destroy  
The city of Priam, thinking how himself  
Would visit on the victors ruin dread  
In war and on the great sea thunder-voiced.  
Such thoughts were his, ere long to be fulfilled.

Now sank the sun to Ocean's fathomless flood :  
O'er the dim land the infinite darkness stole,  
Wherein men gain a little rest from toil.  
Then by the ships, despite their sorrow, supped  
The Argives, for ye cannot thrust aside  
Hunger's importunate craving, when it comes  
Upon the breast, but straightway heavy and faint  
Lithe limbs become ; nor is there remedy  
Until one satisfy this clamorous guest.  
Therefore these ate the meat of eventide  
In grief for Achilles : hard necessity  
Constrained them all. And, when they had broken  
bread,  
Sweet sleep came on them, loosening from their  
frames

Care's heavy chain, and quickening strength anew.  
But when the starry Bears had eastward turned  
Their heads, expectant of the uprushing light  
Of Helios, and when woke the Queen of Dawn,  
Then rose from sleep the stalwart Argive men  
Purposing for the Trojans death and doom.  
Stirred were they like the roughly-ridging sea  
Icarian, or as sudden-rippling corn  
In harvest field, what time the rushing wings

ρίπη ἀπειρεσίῃ νεφεληγερέος Ζεφύροιο· 80  
ὥς ἄρα κίνυτο λαὸς ἐπ' ἡόσιν Ἑλλησπόντου.  
καὶ τότε Τυδέος υἱὸς ἐελδομένοισιν ἔειπεν·

“ὦ φίλοι, εἰ ἐτεὸν γε μενεπτόλεμοι πελόμεσθα,  
νῦν μᾶλλον στυγεροῖσι μαχώμεθα δυσμενέεσσι,  
μή πως θαρσήσωσιν Ἀχιλλέος οὐκέτ' ἐόντος· 85  
ἀλλ' ἄγε, σὺν τεύχεσσι καὶ ἄρμασιν ἡδὲ καὶ  
ἵπποις

ἵομεν ἀμφὶ πόλῃα· πόνος δ' ἄρα κῦδος ὀρέξει.”  
Ὡς ἔφατ' ἐν Δαναοῖσιν· ἀμείβετο δ' ὄβριμος  
Αἴας·

“Τυδεΐδη, σὺ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ οὐκ ἀνεμώλια βάξεις  
ὀτρύνων Τρώεσσιν εὐπτολέμοισι μάχεσθαι 90  
ἀγχεμάχους Δαναούς, οἵπερ μεμῆασι καὶ αὐτοί·  
ἀλλὰ χρὴ ἐν νήεσσι μένειν, ἄχρις ἑξ ἁλὸς ἔλθῃ  
δῖα Θέτις· μάλα γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μῆδεται ἦτορ  
υἱέος ἀμφὶ τάφῳ περικαλλέα θεῖναι ἄεθλα·  
ὥς χθιζή μοι ἔειπεν, ὅτ' εἰς ἁλὸς ἦε βένθος, 95  
νόσφ' ἄλλων Δαναῶν· καὶ ἐσχεδὸν ἔλπομαι εἶναι  
ἐσσυμένην· Τρῶες δέ, καὶ εἰ θάνε Πηλέος υἱός,  
οὐ μάλα θαρσήσουσιν ἔτι ζώοντος ἐμεῖο  
καὶ σέθεν ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ ἀμύμονος Ἀτρεΐδαο.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Τελαμῶνος εὖς παῖς, οὐδέ τι ἦδη, 100  
ὅττι ρά οἱ μετ' ἄεθλα κακὸν μόρον ἔντυε δαίμων  
ἀργαλέον· τὸν δ' αὖθις ἀμείβετο Τυδέος υἱός·  
“ὦ φίλος, εἰ ἐτεὸν Θέτις ἔρχεται ἡματι τῷδε  
υἱέος ἀμφὶ τάφῳ περικαλλέα θεῖναι ἄεθλα,  
παρ νήεσσι μένωμεν ἐρυκανόωντε καὶ ἄλλους· 105  
καὶ γὰρ δὴ μακάρεσσι θεοῖς πείθεσθαι ἔοικε·  
καὶ δ' ἄλλως Ἀχιλῇ καὶ ἀθανάτων ἀέκῃτι  
αὐτοὶ φραζώμεσθα δόμεν θυμηδέα τιμῇ.”

Ὡς φάτο Τυδεΐδαο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον ἦτορ.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Of the cloud-gathering West sweep over it ;  
So upon Hellespont's strand the folk were stirred.  
And to those eager hearts cried 'Tydeus' son :  
" If we be battle-biders, friends, indeed,  
More fiercely fight we now the hated foe,  
Lest they take heart because Achilles lives  
No longer. Come, with armour, ear, and steed  
Let us beset them. Glory waits our toil ? "

But battle-eager Aias answering spake  
" Brave be thy words, and nowise idle talk,  
Kindling the dauntless Argive men, whose hearts  
Before were battle-eager, to the fight  
Against the 'Trojan men, O 'Tydeus' son.  
But we must needs abide amidst the ships  
Till Goddess Thetis come forth of the sea ;  
For that her heart is purposed to set here  
Fair athlete-prizes for the funeral-games.  
This yesterday she told me, ere she plunged  
Into sea-depths, yea, spake to me apart  
From other Danaans ; and, I trow, by this  
Her haste hath brought her nigh. Yon Trojan men,  
Though Peleus' son hath died, shall have small heart  
For battle, while myself am yet alive,  
And thou, and noble Atreus' son, the king."

So spake the mighty son of Telamon,  
But knew not that a dark and bitter doom  
For him should follow hard upon those games  
By Fate's contrivance. Answered 'Tydeus' son  
" O friend, if Thetis comes indeed this day  
With goodly gifts for her son's funeral-games,  
Then bide we by the ships, and keep we here  
All others. Meet it is to do the will  
Of the Immortals : yea, to Achilles too,  
Though the Immortals willed it not, ourselves  
Must render honour grateful to the dead."

So spake the battle-eager 'Tydeus' son.

καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἐκ πόντοιο κίεν Πηλῆος ἄκοιτις 110  
 αὖρη ὑπηώη ἐναλίγκιον αἶψα δ' ἵκανε  
 Ἀργείων ἐς ὄμιλον, ὅπῃ μεμαῶτες ἔμιμνον,  
 οἱ μὲν ἀεθλεύοντες ἀπειρεσίῳ ἐν ἀγῶνι,  
 οἱ δὲ φρένας καὶ θυμὸν ἀεθλητῆρσιν ἱῆναι.  
 τοῖσι δ' ἅμ' ἀγρομένοισι Θέτις κυανοκρήδεμνος 115  
 θῆκεν ἄεθλα φέρουσα καὶ ὀτρύνεσκεν Ἀχαιοὺς  
 αὐτίκ' ἀεθλεύειν· τοὶ δ' ἀθανάτη πεπίθοντο.

Πρῶτος δ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἀνίστατο Νηλέος υἱός,  
 οὐ μὲν πυγμαχίῃσι λιλαιόμενος πονέεσθαι  
 οὔτε παλαισμοσύνῃ πολυτειρέει· τοῦ γὰρ ὑπερθε 120  
 γυῖα καὶ ἄψα πάντα λυγρὸν κατεδάμνατο γῆρας·  
 ἀλλὰ οἱ ἐν στέρνοισιν ἔτ' ἔμπεδος ἔπλετο θυμὸς  
 καὶ νόος, οὐδέ τις ἄλλος ἐριδμαίνεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν  
 κείνῳ, ὅτ' εἰν ἀγορῇ ἐπέων πέρι δῆρις ἐτύχθη·  
 τῷ καὶ Λαέρταο κλυτὸς πάϊς εἵνεκα μύθων 125  
 εἰν ἀγορῇ ὑπόεικε, καὶ ὃς βασιλεύτατος ἦεν  
 πάντων Ἀργείων μέγ' εὐμμελῆς Ἀγαμέμνων.  
 τοῦνεκ' ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν εὐφρονα Νηρηϊνῇ  
 ὕμνεεν, ὥς πάσῃσι μετέπρεπεν εἰναλίῃσιν  
 εἵνεκ' εὐφροσύνης τε καὶ εἵδεος· ἥ δ' αἶτουσα 130  
 τέρπεθ'· ὃ δ' ἱμερόεντα γάμον Πηλῆος ἐνισπε,  
 τὸν ῥά οἱ ἀθάνατοι μάκαρες συνετεκτάναντο  
 Πηλίου ἀμφὶ κάρηνα, καὶ ἄμβροτον ὥς ἐπάσαντο  
 δαῖτα παρ' εἰλαπίνῃσιν, ὅτ' εἶδατα θεῖα φέρουσαι  
 χερσὶν ὑπ' ἄμβροσίῃσι θεαὶ παρενήνεον Ὀραιοὶ 135  
 χρυσείοις κανέοισι, Θέμις δ' ἄρα καγχαλῶσα  
 ἀργυρέας ἐτίταινεν ἐπισπέρχουσα τραπέζας,  
 πῦρ δ' Ἥφαιστος ἔκαιεν ἀκήρατον, ἀμφὶ δὲ

Νύμφαι

ἀμβροσίην ἐκέрайον ἐνὶ χρυσείοισι κυπέλλοις,  
 αἱ δ' ἄρ' ἐς ὀρχηθμόν Χάριτες τράπην ἱμερόεντα, 140  
 Μοῦσαι δ' ἐς μολπὴν, ἐπετέρπετο δ' οὔρεα πάντα

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

And lo, the Bride of Peleus gliding came  
Forth of the sea, like the still breath of dawn,  
And suddenly was with the Argive throng  
Where eager-faced they waited, some, that looked  
Soon to contend in that great athlete-strife,  
And some, to joy in seeing the mighty strive.  
Amidst that gathering Thetis sable-stoled  
Set down her prizes, and she summoned forth  
Achaea's champions : at her hest they came.

But first amidst them all rose Neleus' son,  
Not as desiring in the strife of fists  
To toil, nor strain of wrestling ; for his arms  
And all his sinews were with grievous eld  
Outworn, but still his heart and brain were strong.  
Of all the Achaeans none could match himself  
Against him in the folk-mote's war of words ;  
Yea, even Laertes' glorious son to him  
Ever gave place when men for speech were met ;  
Nor he alone, but even the kingliest  
Of Argives, Agamemnon, lord of spears.  
Now in their midst he sang the gracious Queen  
Of Nereïds, sang how she in winsomeness  
Of beauty was of all the Sea-maids chief.  
Well-pleased she hearkend. Yet again he sang,  
Singing of Peleus' Bridal of Delight,  
Which all the blest Immortals brought to pass  
By Pelion's crests ; sang of the ambrosial feast  
When the swift Hours brought in immortal hands  
Meats not of earth, and heaped in golden maunds ;  
Sang how the silver tables were set forth  
In haste by Themis blithely laughing ; sang  
How breathed Hephaestus purest flame of fire ;  
Sang how the Nymphs in golden chalices  
Mingled ambrosia ; sang the ravishing dance  
Twined by the Graces' feet ; sang of the chant  
The Muses raised, and how its spell enthralled

καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ θῆρες, λαίνετο δ' ἄφθιτος αἰθὴρ  
ἄντρα τε Χείρωνος περικαλλέα καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ Νηλῆος ἐὺς πάϊς Ἀργείοισι  
πάντα μάλ' ἱεμένοις κατελέξατο· τοὶ δ' αἶοντες 145

τέρπονθ'· ὃς δ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἀμύμονος ἄφθιτα ἔργα  
μέλπε μέσῳ ἐν ἀγῶνι· πολὺς δ' ἀμφίαχε λαὸς  
ἀσπασίως. ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐνθεν ἔλων ἐρικυδέα φῶτα  
ἐκπάγλως κύδαινεν ἀρηραμένοις ἐπέεσσι,

δώδεχ' ὅπως διέπερσε κατὰ πλόον ἄστεα φωτῶν, 150

ἔνδεκα δ' αὖ κατὰ γαίαν ἀπείριτον, ὥς δ' ἐδάϊξε  
Τήλεφον, ἥδὲ βῆν ἐρικυδέος Ἡετίωνος·

Θήβης ἐν δαπέδοισι, καὶ ὥς Κύκνον ἔκτανε δουρὶ  
νῖα Ποσειδάωνος ἰδ' ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον

καὶ Τρώϊλον θηητὸν ἀμύμονά τ' Ἀστεροπαῖον, 155

αἵματι δ' ὥς ἐρύθηνεν ἄδην ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα  
Ξάνθου καὶ νεκύεσσιν ἀπειρεσίοισι κάλυψε  
πάντα ῥόον κελάδοντα, Λυκάονος ὀππότε θυμὸν  
νοσφίσας ἐκ μελέων ποταμοῦ σχεδὸν ἠχήμεντος,  
Ἐκτορά θ' ὥς ἐδάμασσε, καὶ ὥς ἔλε Πενθε-  
σίλειαν, 160

ἥδὲ καὶ νῖέα δῖον εὐθρόνου Ἡριγενείης.

καὶ τὰ μὲν Ἀργείοισιν ἐπισταμένοισι καὶ αὐτοῖς  
μέλπε, καὶ ὥς ἐτέτυκτο πελώριος, ὥς τέ οἱ οὔτις

ἔσθενε δηριάσθαι ἐναντίον, οὔτ' ἐν ἀέθλοις  
αἰζηῶν, ὅτε ποσσὶ νέοι περιδηριόωνται, 165

οὐδὲ μὲν ἵππασίῃ, οὐδὲ σταδίῃ ἐνὶ χάρμῃ,  
κάλλει θ' ὥς Δαναοὺς μέγ' ὑπείρεχεν, ὥς τέ οἱ  
ἀλκῇ

ἔπλετ' ἀπειρεσίῃ, ὀπότε Ἀρεὸς ἔσσυτο δῆρις.

εὐχετο δ' ἀθανάτοισι καὶ νῖέα τοῖον ιδέσθαι  
κείνου ἀπὸ Σκύροιο πολυκλύστοιο μολόντα. 170

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

All mountains, rivers, all the forest brood ;  
How raptured was the infinite firmament,  
Cheiron's fair caverns, yea, the very Gods.

Such noble strain did Neleus' son pour out  
Into the Argives' eager ears ; and they  
Hearkened with ravished souls. Then in their midst  
He sang once more the imperishable deeds  
Of princely Achilles. All the mighty throng  
Acclaimed him with delight. From that beginning  
With fitly chosen words did he extol  
The glorious hero ; how he voyaged and smote  
Twelve cities ; how he marched o'er leagues on  
leagues

Of land, and spoiled eleven ; how he slew  
Telephus and Eëtion's might renowned  
In Thebe ; how his spear laid Cynus low,  
Poseidon's son, and godlike Polydorus,  
Troilus the goodly, princely Asteropæus ;  
And how he dyed with blood the river-streams  
Of Xanthus. and with countless corpses choked  
His murmuring flow, when from the limbs he tore  
Lycaon's life beside the sounding river ;  
And how he smote down Hector ; how he slew  
Penthesileia, and the godlike son  
Of splendour-thronèd Dawn ;—all this he sang  
To Argives which already knew the tale ;  
Sang of his giant mould, how no man's strength  
In fight could stand against him, nor in games  
Where strong men strive for mastery, where the swift  
Contend with flying feet or hurrying wheels  
Of chariots, nor in combat panoplied ;  
And how in goodlihead he far outshone  
All Danaans, and how his bodily might  
Was measureless in the stormy clash of war.  
Last, he prayed Heaven that he might see a son  
Like that great sire from sea-washed Scyros come.

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπευφήμησαν ἔπεσσιν  
 αὐτὴ τ' ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, καὶ οἱ πόρεν ἵππους  
 ὠκύποδας, τοὺς πρόσθεν εὐμμελίῃ Ἀχιλλῇ  
 Τηλέφος ὥπασε δῶρον ἐπὶ προχοῇσι Καΐκου,  
 εὐτέ ἐμοχθίζοντα κακῶ περὶ ἔλκεϊ θυμὸν 175  
 ἠκέσατ' ἐγχείῃ, τῇ μιν βάλε δηριόωντα  
 αὐτὸς ἔσω μηροῖο, διήλασε δ' ὄβριμον αἰχμὴν.  
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν Νέστωρ Νηλήϊος οἷς ἐτάροισιν  
 ὥπασεν· οἱ δ' ἐς νῆας ἄγον μέγα κυδαίνοντες  
 ἀντίθεον βασιλῆα. Θέτις δ' ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα 180  
 θῆκεν ἄρ' ἀμφὶ δρόμοιο βόας δέκα· τῇσι δὲ πάσης  
 καλαὶ πόρτιες ἦσαν ὑπὸ μαζοῖσιν ἰοῦσαι·  
 τὰς ποτε Πηλεΐδαο θρασὺ σθένος ἀκαμάτοιο  
 ἦλασεν ἐξ Ἰδῆς μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ δουρὶ πεποισθῶς.  
 Τῶν πέρι δοιοὶ ἀνέστην ἐελδόμενοι μέγα νίκης· 185  
 Τεῦκρος μὲν πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος, ἂν δὲ καὶ Αἴας,  
 Αἴας, ὅς τε Λοκροῖσι μετέπρεπεν ἰοβόλοισιν.  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα ζώσαντο θεῶς περὶ μῆδεα χερσὶ  
 φάρεα, πάντα δ' ἐνερθεν, ἅπερ θέμις, ἐκρύψαντο  
 αἰδόμενοι Πηλῆος εὖσθενέος παράκοιτιν 190  
 ἄλλας τ' εἰναλίας Νηρηίδας, ὅσσαι ἅμ' αὐτῇ  
 ἦλυθον Ἀργείων κρατεροὺς ἐσιδέσθαι ἀέθλους.  
 τοῖσι δὲ σημαίνεσκε δρόμου τέλος ὠκυτάτοιο  
 Ἀτρεΐδης, ὃς πᾶσι μετ' Ἀργείοισιν ἄνασσε.  
 τοὺς δ' Ἔρις ὀτρύνεσκεν ἐπήρατος· οἱ δ' ἀπὸ  
 νύσσης 195  
 καρπαλίμως οἶμησαν εἰκότες ἱρήκεσσι·  
 τῶν δὲ καὶ ἀμφήριστος ἦν δρόμος· οἱ δ' ἐκάτερθεν  
 Ἀργεῖοι λεύσσοντες ἐπίαχον ἄλλυδις ἄλλος.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε τέρματ' ἔμελλον ἱκανέμεναι μεμαῶτες,  
 δὴ τότε που Τεύκροιο μένος καὶ γυῖα πέδησαν 200  
 ἀθάνατοι· τὸν γάρ ῥα θεὸς βάλεν ἢ τις ἄτη  
 ὅζον ἐς ἀλγινόεντα βαθυρρίζοιο μυρίκης·



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

That noble song acclaiming Argives praised ;  
Yea, silver-footed Thetis smiled, and gave  
The singer fleetfoot horses, given of old  
Beside Caïcus' mouth by Telephus  
To Achilles, when he healed the torturing wound  
With that same spear wherewith himself had pierced  
Telephus' thigh, and thrust the point clear through.  
These Nestor Neleus' son to his comrades gave,  
And, glorying in their godlike lord, they led  
The steeds unto his ships. Then Thetis set  
Amidst the athlete-ring ten kine, to be  
Her prizes for the footrace, and by each  
Ran a fair suckling calf. These the bold might  
Of Peleus' tireless son had driven down  
From slopes of Ida, prizes of his spear.

To strive for these rose up two victory-fain,  
Teucer the first, the son of Telamon,  
And Aias, of the Loerian archers chief.  
These twain with swift hands girded them about  
With loin-cloths, reverencing the Goddess-bride  
Of Peleus, and the Sea-maids, who with her  
Came to behold the Argives' athlete-sport.  
And Atreus' son, lord of all Argive men,  
Showed them the turning-goal of that swift course.  
Then these the Queen of Rivalry spurred on,  
As from the starting-line like falcons swift  
They sped away. Long doubtful was the race :  
Now, as the Argives gazed, would Aias' friends  
Shout, now rang out the answering cheer from friends  
Of Teucer. But when in their eager speed  
Close on the end they were, then Teucer's feet  
Were trammelled by unearthly powers : some god  
Or demon dashed his foot against the stock

τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐνιχριμφθεὶς χαμάδις πέσε· τοῦ δ'  
ἀλεγεινῶς

ἄκρον ἀνεγνάμφθη λαιοῦ ποδός, αἱ δ' ὑπανέστησαν  
οἰδαλέαι ἐκάτερθε περὶ φλέβες. οἱ δ' ἰάχησαν 205  
Ἀργεῖοι κατ' ἀγῶνα· παρήξεν δέ μιν Αἴας  
γηθόσυνος· λαοὶ δὲ συνέδραμον, οἳ οἱ ἔποντο,  
Λοκροί· αἶψα δὲ χάρμα περὶ φρένας ἤλυθε  
πάντων·

ἐκ δ' ἔλασαν κατὰ νῆας ἀγοῦ βόας, ὅφρα νέμονται.  
Τεῦκρον δ' ἐσσυμένως ἔταροι περιποιπνύοντες 210  
ἦγον ἐπισκάζοντα· θοῶς δέ οἱ ἱητῆρες  
ἐκ ποδὸς αἶμ' ἀφέλοντο, θέσαν δ' ἐφύπερθε μοτῶν  
εἴρι' ἄδην δεύσαντες ἀλείφασιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην  
δήσαντ' ἐνδυκέως· ὁλοὰς δ' ἐκέδασσαν ἀνίας.

Ἄλλω δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθι παλαισμοσύνης ὑπερ-  
όπλου 215

καρπαλίμως μνώνοντο δῶο κρατερόφρονε φῶτε,  
Τυδεὸς ἵπποδάμοιο πάϊς καὶ ὑπέρβιος Αἴας,  
οἳ ῥ' ἴσαν ἐς μέσσον· θάμβος δ' ἔχεν ἀθρήσαντας  
Ἀργεῖους· ἄμφω γὰρ ἔσαν μακάρεσσιν ὁμοῖοι.  
σὺν δ' ἔβαλον θήρεσσιν ἐοικότες, οἳ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν 220  
ἀμφ' ἐλάφοιο μάχονται ἐδητύος ἰσχανόωντες,  
ἴσον δ' ἀμφοτέροισι πέλει σθένος, οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν  
λείπεται οὐδ' ἡβαιὸν ἀταρτηρῶν μάλ' ἐόντων·  
ὥς οἳ γ' ἴσον ἔχον κρατερὸν μένος. ὁψὲ δ' ἄρ' Αἴας  
Τυδεΐδην συνέμαρψεν ὑπὸ στιβαρῇσι χέρεσσιν 225  
ἄξαι ἐπειγόμενος. ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἰδρεῖν τε καὶ ἀλκῇ  
πλευρὸν ὑποκλίνας Τελαμώνιον ὄβριμον νῖα  
ἐσσυμένως ἀνάειρεν ὑπὸ μῶνος ἐρείσας  
ὦμον, καὶ ποδὶ μηρὸν ὑποπλίζας ἐτέρωσε  
κάββαλεν ὄβριμον ἄνδρα κατὰ χθονός· ἀμφὶ δ'  
ἄρ' αὐτῷ 230

ἔζετο· τοὶ δ' ὁμάδησαν. ὁ δ' ἀσχαλόων ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
Αἴας ὄβριμόθυμος ἀνίστατο δεύτερον αὐθις

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Of a deep-rooted tamarisk. Sorely wrenched  
Was his left ankle : round the joint upswelled  
The veins high-ridged. A great shout rang from all  
That watched the contest. Aias darted past  
Exultant : ran his Locrian folk to hail  
Their lord, with sudden joy in all their souls.  
Then to his ships they drave the kine, and cast  
Fodder before them. Eager-helpful friends  
Led Teucer halting thence. The leeches drew  
Blood from his foot : then over it they laid  
Soft-shredded linen ointment-smeared, and swathed  
With smooth bands round, and charmed away the  
pain.

Then swiftly rose two mighty-hearted ones  
Eager to match their strength in wrestling strain,  
The son of Tydeus and the giant Aias.  
Into the midst they strode, and marvelling gazed  
The Argives on men shapen like to gods.  
Then grappled they, like lions famine-stung  
Fighting amidst the mountains o'er a stag,  
Whose strength is even-balanced ; no whit less  
Is one than other in their deadly rage ;  
So these long time in might were even-matched,  
Till Aias locked his strong hands round the son  
Of Tydeus, straining hard to break his back ;  
But he, with wrestling-craft and strength combined,  
Shifted his hip 'neath Telamon's son, and heaved  
The giant up ; with a side-twist wrenched free  
From Aias' ankle-lock his thigh, and so  
With one huge shoulder-heave to earth he threw  
That mighty champion, and himself came down  
Astride him : then a mighty shout went up.  
But battle-stormer Aias, chafed in mind,

ὀρμαίνων ἐς δῆριν ἀμείλιχον· αἶψα δὲ χερσὶ  
σμερδαλέησι κόνιν κατεχεύατο, καὶ μέγα θύων  
Τυδείδην ἐς μέσσον αὖτεεν· ὃς δέ μιν οὔτι 235  
ταρβήσας οἶμησε καταντίον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλή  
ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀμφοτέρων κόνις ὤρνυτο· τοὶ δ'  
ἐκάτερθε

ταῦροι ὅπως συνόρουσαν ἀταρβέες, οἳ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
θαρσαλέου μένεος πειρώμενοι εἰς ἐν ἵκωνται  
ποσσὶ κονιόμενοι, περὶ δὲ βρομέουσι κολῶναι 240  
βρυχῇ ὑπ' ἀμφοτέρων, τοὶ δ' ἄσχετα μαιμώνωντες  
κράατα συμφορέουσιν ἀτειρέα καὶ μέγα κάρτος  
δηρὸν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι πονεύμενοι, ἐκ δὲ μόγοιο  
λάβρον ἀνασθμαίνοντες ἀμείλιχα δηριόωνται,  
πουλὺς δ' ἐκ στομάτων χαμάδις καταχεύεται  
ἀφρός· 245

ὥς οἳ γε στιβαρῇσιν ἄδην πονέοντο χέρεσσιν.  
ἀμφοτέρων δ' ἄρα νῶτα καὶ αὐχένες ἀλκήμεντες  
χερσὶ περικτυπέοντο τετριγότες, εὐτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
δένδρε' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι βαλόντ' ἐριθιλέας ὄξους.  
πολλάκι δ' Αἴαντος μέγαλον στιβαροῦς ὑπὸ  
μηρούς 250

κάββαλε Τυδείδης κρατερὰς χέρας, ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι  
ἄψ ὥσαι δύνατο στιβαροῖς ποσσὶν ἐμβεβαῶτα·  
τὸν δ' Αἴας καθυπερθεν ἐπεσσύμενος ποτὶ γαῖαν  
ἐξ ὤμων ἐτίνασσε κατὰ χθονὸς οὐδας ἐρείδων·  
ἄλλοτε δ' ἀλλοίως ὑπὸ χείρεσι δηριόωντο. 255

λαοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μέγ' ἴαχον εἰσορόωντες,  
οἳ μὲν Τυδείδην ἐρικυδέα θαρσύνοντες,  
οἳ δὲ βῆνν Αἴαντος· ὁ δ' ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα τινάξας  
ἐξ ὤμων ἐκάτερθε, βαλὼν δ' ὑπὸ νηδύα χεῖρας  
ἐσσυμένως ἐφέηκε κατὰ χθονὸς ἥντε πέτρην 260  
ἀλκῇ ὑπὸ σθεναρῇ· μέγα δ' ἴαχε Τρώιον οὐδας  
Τυδείδαο πεσόντος· ἐπηῦτησε δὲ λαός.

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἀνόρουσεν ἐελδόμενος πονέεσθαι

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Sprang up, hot-eager to essay again  
That grim encounter. From his terrible hands  
He dashed the dust, and challenged furiously  
With a great voice Tydeides: not a whit  
That other quailed, but rushed to close with him.  
Rolled up the dust in clouds from 'neath their feet:  
Hurtling they met like battling mountain-bulls  
That clash to prove their dauntless strength, and  
spurn

The dust, while with their roaring all the hills  
Re-echo: in their desperate fury these  
Dash their strong heads together, straining long  
Against each other with their massive strength,  
Hard-panting in the fierce rage of their strife,  
While from their mouths drip foam-flakes to the  
ground;

So strained they twain with grapple of brawny hands.  
'Neath that hard grip their backs and sinewy necks  
Cracked, even as when in mountain-glades the trees  
Dash storm-tormented boughs together. Oft  
Tydeides clutched at Aias' brawny thighs,  
But could not stir his steadfast-rooted feet.  
Oft Aias hurled his whole weight on him, bowed  
His shoulders backward, strove to press him down;  
And to new grips their hands were shifting aye.  
All round the gazing people shouted, some  
Cheering on glorious Tydeus' son, and some  
The might of Aias. Then the giant swung  
The shoulders of his foe to right, to left;  
Then gripped him 'neath the waist; with one fierce  
heave

And giant effort hurled him like a stone  
To earth. The floor of Troyland rang again  
As fell Tydeides: shouted all the folk.  
Yet leapt he up all eager to contend

τὸ τρίτον ἀμφ' Αἴαντα πελώριον· ἄλλ' ἄρα  
 Νέστωρ

ἔσθη ἐνὶ μέσσοισι καὶ ἀμφοτέροισι μετηύδα· 265

“ἴσχεσθ', ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, παλαισμοσύνης ὑπερ-  
 ὀπλου·

ἴδμεν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσον προφερέστεροί ἐστε  
 Ἀργείων μεγάλοιο καταφθιμένου Ἀχιλλῆος.”

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἴσχοντο πονεῦμενοι· ἐκ δὲ  
 μετώπων

χερσὶν ἄδην μόρξαντο κατεσσύμενόν περ ἰδρώτα· 270  
 κύσσαν δ' ἀλλήλους, φιλότῃτι δὲ δῆριν ἔθεντο.

τοῖς δ' ἄρα ληιάδας πίσυρας πόρε πότνα θεάων  
 διὰ Θέτις· τὰς δ' αὐτοὶ ἐθήησαντο ἰδόντες  
 ἥρωες κρατεροὶ καὶ ὑταρβέες, οὐνεκα πασέων  
 ληιάδων προφέρεσκον εὐφροσύνη τε καὶ ἔργοις 275

νόσφιν εὐπλοκάμου Βρισηίδος, ἃς ποτ' Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 ληίσατ' ἐκ Λέσβοιο, νόον δ' ἐπετέρπετο τῇσι·  
 καὶ ῥ' ἢ μὲν δόρποιο πέλεν ταμίη καὶ ἐδωδῆς,

ἢ δ' ἄρα δαινυμένοισι παροινοχόει μέθυ λαρόν,  
 ἄλλη δ' αὖ μετὰ δόρπον ὕδωρ ἐπέχευε χέρεσσιν 280

ἢ δ' ἐτέρῃ ἀπὸ δαιτὸς αἰεὶ φορέεσκε τράπεζας.

τὰς δ' ἄρα Τυδείδαο μένος καὶ ὑπέρβιος Αἴας  
 δασσάμενοι προέηκαν εὐπρώρους ἐπὶ νῆας.

Ἀμφὶ δὲ πυγμαχίης πρῶτον σθένος Ἰδομενῆος  
 ὦρνυτ', ἐπεὶ οἱ θυμὸς ἴδρις πέλε παντὸς ἀέθλου. 285

τῷ δ' οὐτις κατέναντα κίεν· μάλα γάρ μιν ἅπαντες  
 αἰδόμενοι ὑπόειξαν, ἐπεὶ ῥα γεραίτερος ἦεν.

τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ μέσσοισι Θέτις πόρεν ἄρμα καὶ  
 ἵππους

ὠκύποδας, τοὺς πρόσθε βίη μεγάλου Πατρόκλοιο  
 ἤλασεν ἐκ Τρώων Σαρπηδόνα δῖον ὀλέσσας· 290

καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράποντι πόρεν ποτὶ νῆας ἄγεσθαι  
 Ἰδομενεύς· αὐτὸς δὲ κλυτῷ ἐν ἀγῶνι μένεσκε.

Φοῖνιξ δ' Ἀργείοισιν εὐσθενέεσσι μετηύδα·



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

With giant Aias for the third last fall :  
But Nestor rose and spake unto the twain :  
“ From grapple of wrestling, noble sons, forbear ;  
For all we know that ye be mightiest  
Of Argives since the great Achilles died.”

Then these from toil refrained, and from their brows  
Wiped with their hands the plenteous-streaming  
sweat :

They kissed each other, and forgot their strife.  
Then Thetis, queen of Goddesses, gave to them  
Four handmaids ; and those strong and aweless ones  
Marvelled beholding them, for these surpassed  
All captive-maids in beauty and household-skill,  
Save only lovely-tressed Briseis. These  
Achilles captive brought from Lesbos' Isle,  
And in their service joyed. The first was made  
Stewardess of the feast and lady of meats ;  
The second to the feasters poured the wine ;  
The third shed water on their hands thereafter ;  
The fourth bare all away, the banquet done.  
These Tydeus' son and giant Aias shared,  
And, parted two and two, unto their ships  
Sent they those fair and serviceable ones.

Next, for the play of fists Idomeneus rose,  
For cunning was he in all athlete-lore ;  
But none came forth to meet him, yielding all  
To him, the elder-born, with reverent awe.  
So in their midst gave Thetis unto him  
A chariot and fleet steeds, which theretofore  
Mighty Patroclus from the ranks of Troy  
Drove, when he slew Sarpedon, seed of Zeus,  
These to his henchmen gave Idomeneus  
To drive unto the ships : himself remained  
Still sitting in the glorious athlete-ring.  
Then Phoenix to the stalwart Argives cried :

“ νῦν μὲν ἄρ’ Ἰδομενῆι θεοὶ δόσαν ἐσθλὸν ἄεθλον  
αὐτῶς, οὔτι καμόντι βίη καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ὤμοις, 295  
ἀλλ’ ἄρ’ ἀναιμωτὶ προγενέστερον ἄνδρα τίοντες·  
ἀλλ’ ἄλλον, νέοι ἄνδρες, ἐπεντύνεσθαι ἄεθλον  
χεῖρας ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοισι δαήμονας ἰθύνοντες  
πυγμαχίης, καὶ θυμὸν ἰήνατε Πηλείωνος.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ’ αἰόντες ἐπέδρακον ἀλλήλοισιν· 300  
ἦκα δὲ πάντες ἔμμινον ἀναινόμενοι τὸν ἄεθλον,  
εἰ μὴ σφεας ἐνένιπεν ἀγανοῦ Νηλέος υἱός·

“ὦ φίλοι, οὔτι ἔοικε δαήμονος ἄνδρας αὐτῆς  
πυγμαχίην ἀλέασθαι ἐπήρατον, ἣ τε νέοισι  
τερπωλὴ πέλεται, καμάτῳ δ’ ἐπὶ κῦδος ἀγινεῖ. 305

ὥς εἶθ’ ἐν γυίοισιν ἐμοῖς ἔτι κάρτος ἔκειτο,  
οἷον ὅτ’ ἀντίθεον Πελίην κατεθάπτομεν ἡμεῖς,  
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ καὶ Ἀκαστος, ἀνεψιοὶ εἰς ἐν ἰόντες,  
ὀππότε ἄρ’ ἀμφήριστος ἐγὼ Πολυδεύκεϊ δίφῳ  
πυγμαχίῃ γενόμην, ἔλαβον δέ οἱ ἴσον ἄεθλον· 310

ἐν δὲ παλαισμοσύνῃ με καὶ ὁ κρατερώτατος ἄλλων  
Ἀγκαῖος θάμβησε καὶ ἔτρεσεν, οὐδέ μοι ἔτλη  
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι νίκης ὑπερ, οὔνεκ’ ἄρ’ αὐτὸν  
ἤδη που τὸ πάροιθε παρ’ ἀγχεμάχοισιν Ἐπειοῖς  
νίκησ’ ἦν ἐόντα, πεσὼν δ’ ἐκονίσατο νῶτα 315  
σῆμα πάρα φθιμένου Ἀμαρυγκέος, ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’  
αὐτῷ

πολλοὶ θηήσαντο βίην καὶ κάρτος ἐμεῖο·  
τῷ νύ μοι οὐκέτι κείνος ἐναντίον ἦρατο χεῖρας  
καὶ κρατερός περ ἐών, ἔλαβον δ’ ἀκόνιτος ἄεθλον·  
νῦν δέ με γῆρας ἔπεισι καὶ ἀλγεα· τοῦνεκ’ ἄνωγα 320  
ὑμέας, οἷσιν ἔοικεν, ἀέθλια χερσὶν ἀρέσθαι·  
κῦδος γὰρ νέῳ ἀνδρὶ φέρειν ἀπ’ ἀγῶνος ἄεθλον.”

“Ὡς φαμένιοιο γέροντος ἀνίστατο θαρσαλέος φῶς,  
υἱὸς ὑπερθύμοιο καὶ ἀντιθέου Παιροπίης,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

“ Now to Idomeneus the Gods have given  
A fair prize uncontested, free of toil  
Of mighty arms and shoulders, honouring  
The elder-born with bloodless victory.  
But lo, ye younger men, another prize  
Awaiteth the swift play of cunning hands.  
Step forth then : gladden great Peleides’ soul.”

He spake, they heard ; but each on other looked,  
And, loth to essay the contest, all sat still,  
Till Neleus’ son rebuked those laggard souls :

“ Friends, it were shame that men should shun the  
play

Of clenched hands, who in that noble sport  
Have skill, wherein young men delight, which links  
Glory to toil. Ah that my thews were strong

As when we held King Pelias’ funeral-feast,

I and Acastus, kinsmen joining hands,

When I with godlike Polydeuces stood

In gauntlet-strife, in even-balanced fray,

And when Ancaeus in the wrestlers’ ring

Mightier than all beside, yet feared and shrank

From me, and dared not strive with me that day,

For that ere then amidst the Epeian men—

No battle-blenchers they !—I had vanquished him,

For all his might, and dashed him to the dust

By dead Amarynceus’ tomb, and thousands round

Sat marvelling at my prowess and my strength.

Therefore against me not a second time

Raised he his hands, strong wrestler though he were ;

And so I won an uncontested prize.

But now old age is on me, and many griefs.

Therefore I bid you, whom it well beseems,

To win the prize ; for glory crowns the youth

Who bears away the meed of athlete-strife.”

Stirred by his gallant chiding, a brave man  
Rose, son of haughty godlike Panopeus,

ὅς τε καὶ ἵππον ἔτευξε κακὸν Πριάμοιο πόλῃ 325  
 ὕστερον· ἀλλ' οὐ οἷ τις ἐτόλμα ἐγγὺς ἰκέσθαι  
 εἵνεκα πυγμαχίης· πολέμου δ' οὐ πάγχυ δαήμων  
 ἔπλετο λευγαλέου, ὁπότε Ἄρεος ἔσσυτο δῆρις.  
 καὶ κεν ἀνιδρωτὶ περικαλλέα διὸς Ἐπειὸς  
 ἤμελλεν τότ' ἄεθλα φέρειν ποτὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν, 330  
 εἰ μὴ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθεν ἀγαυοῦ Θησέος υἱὸς  
 αἰχμητῆς Ἀκάμας μέγ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ κάρτος ἀέξων,  
 ἀζαλέους ἱμάντας ἔχων περὶ χερσὶ θοῇσι,  
 τοὺς οἱ ἐπισταμένως Εὐηνορίδης Ἀγέλαος  
 ἀμφέβαλεν παλάμῃσιν ἐποτρύνων βασιλῆα. 335  
 ὥς δ' αὐτῶς ἔταροι Πανοπηιάδαο ἄνακτος  
 θαρσύνεσκον Ἐπειόν· ὁ δ' ἐν μέσσοισι λέων ὧς  
 εἰστήκει περὶ χερσὶν ἔχων βοὸς ἱφὶ δαμέντος  
 ῥινοὺς ἀζαλέας. μέγα δ' ἴαχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα  
 λαοὶ ἐποτρύνοντες εὐσθενέων μένος ἀνδρῶν 340  
 μῖξαι ἐν αἵματι χεῖρας ἀτειρέας· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 ἔσταν μαιμώνοντες ἐνὶ ξυνοχῇσιν ἀγῶνος,  
 ἄμφω χεῖρας ἑὰς πειρώμενοι, εἵπερ ἔασιν  
 ὥς πρὶν<sup>1</sup> εὐτρόχαλοι, μῆδ' ἐκ πολέμου βαρύθιοιεν.  
 αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἀλλήλοισι καταντία χεῖρας ἄειραν 345  
 ταρφέα παπταίνοντες, ἐπ' ἀκροτάτοις δὲ πόδεσσι  
 βαίνοντες κατὰ βαιὸν αἰεὶ γόνυ γουνὸς ἄμειβον  
 ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ δῆρὸν ἀλευόμενοι μέγα κάρτος.  
 σὺν δ' ἔβαλον νεφέλῃσιν εἰκότες αἰψηρῇσιν,  
 αἶ τ' ἀνέμων ῥιπῇσιν ἐπ' ἀλλήλῃσιν θοροῦσαι 350  
 ὕστεροπὴν προῖᾱσι, μέγας δ' ὀροθύνεται αἰθῆρ  
 θηγομένων νεφέων, βαρὺ δὲ κτυπέουσιν ἄελλαι·  
 ὧς τῶν ἀζαλέῃσι περικτυπέοντο γένεια  
 ῥινοῖς· αἶμα δὲ πουλὺ κατέρρεεν, ἐκ δὲ μετώπων

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, from P; for ὡς ποτ' of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

The man who framed the Horse, the bane of Troy,  
Not long thereafter. None dared meet him now  
In play of fists, albeit in deadly craft  
Of war, when Ares rusheth through the field,  
He was not cunning. But for strife of hands  
The fair prize uncontested had been won  
By stout Epeius—yea, he was at point  
To bear it thence unto the Achaean ships ;—  
But one strode forth to meet him, Theseus' son,  
The spearman Acamas, the mighty of heart,  
Bearing already on his swift hands girt  
The hard hide-gauntlets, which Evenor's son  
Agelaus on his prince's hands had drawn  
With courage-kindling words. The comrades then  
Of Panopeus' princely son for Epeius raised  
A heartening cheer. He like a lion stood  
Forth in the midst, his strong hands gauntleted  
With bull's hide hard as horn. Loud rang the cheers  
From side to side of that great throng, to fire  
The courage of the mighty ones to clash  
Hands in the gory play. Sooth, little spur  
Needed they for their eagerness for fight.  
But, ere they closed, they flashed out proving blows  
To wot if still, as theretofore, their arms  
Were limber and lithe, unclogged by toil of war ;  
Then faced each other, and upraised their hands  
With ever-watching eyes, and short quick steps  
A-tiptoe, and with ever-shifting feet,  
Each still eluding other's crushing might.  
Then with a rush they closed like thunder-clouds  
Hurled on each other by the tempest-blast,  
Flashing forth lightnings, while the welkin thrills  
As clash the clouds and hollow roar the winds ;  
So 'neath the hard hide-gauntlets clashed their jaws.  
Down streamed the blood, and from their brows the  
sweat

ἰδρὼς αἱματόεις θαλερὰς ἐρύθαινε παρείας. 355  
 οἱ δ' ἄμοτον πονέοντο μεμαότες· οὐδ' ἄρ' Ἐπειὸς  
 λήγεν, ἐπέσσυτο δ' αἰὲν ἐϞ μέγα κάρτεϊ θύων.  
 τὸν δ' ἄρα Θησέος υἱὸς εὐφρονέων ἐν ἀέθλῳ  
 πολλάκις ἐς κενεὸν κρατερὰς χέρας ἰθύνεσθαι  
 θῆκε, καὶ ἰδρεῖησι διατμήξας ἐκάτερθε 360  
 χείρας ἐς ὀφρύα τύψεν ἐπάλμενος, ἄχρῃς ἰκέσθαι  
 ὀστέον· ἐκ δέ οἱ αἶμα κατέρρεεν ὀφθαλμοῖο.  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς Ἀκάμαντα βαρεῖη χειρὶ τυχήσας  
 τύψε κατὰ κροτάφοιο, χαμαὶ δέ οἱ ἤλασε γυῖα·  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' αἰψ' ἀνόρουσε καὶ ἔνθορε φωτὶ κραταιῶ, 365  
 πληῆξε δέ οἱ κεφαλὴν· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔμπαλιν αἵσσοντος  
 βαιὸν ὑποκλίνας σκαιῇ χειρὶ τύψε μέτωπον,  
 ἄλλῃ δ' ἤλασε ῥίνας ἐπάλμενος· ὃς δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς  
 μήτι παντοίῃ χέρας ὥρεγε· τοὺς δ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἀλλήλων ἀπέρυξαν ἐέλδομένους πονέεσθαι 370  
 νίκης ἀμφ' ἐρατῆς. τῶν δ' ἐσσυμένως θεράποντες  
 ῥινοὺς αἱματόεντας ἄφαρ σθειναρῶν ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
 λῦσαν· τοὶ δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀπέπνευσαν καμάτοιο  
 μορξάμενοι σπόγγοισι πολυτρήτοισι μέτωπα.  
 τοὺς δ' ἔταροί τε φίλοι τε παρηγορέοντες ἄγεσκον 375  
 ἄντικρυς ἀλλήλων, ὥς κεν χόλου ἀλγινόεντος  
 ἐσσυμένως λελάθωνται ἀρεσσάμενοι φιλότητι.  
 ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν πεπύθοντο παραιφασίησιν ἐταίρων·  
 ἀνδράσι γὰρ πινυτοῖσι πέλει νόος ἥπιος αἰεί·  
 κύσσαν δ' ἀλλήλους, ἔριδος δ' ἐπελήθετο θυμὸς 380  
 λευγαλέης. τοῖς δ' αἶψα Θέτις κυανοκρήδεμνος  
 ἀργυρέους κρητῆρας ἐέλδομένοισιν ὅπασσε  
 δοιῶ, τοὺς Εὐνήος Ἰήσονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς  
 ὦνον ὑπὲρ κρατεροῖο Λυκάονος ἐγγυάλιξεν  
 ἀντιθέῳ Ἀχιλῇ περικλύστῳ ἐνὶ Δήμῳ· 385  
 τοὺς Ἥφαιστος ἔτευξεν ἀριπρεπέϊ Διούσῳ



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Blood-streaked made on the flushed cheeks crimson bars.

Pierce without pause they fought, and never flagged  
Epeius, but threw all his stormy strength  
Into his onrush. Yet did Theseus' son  
Never lose heart, but baffled the straight blows  
Of those strong hands, and by his fighting-craft  
Flinging them right and left, leapt in, brought home  
A blow to his eyebrow, cutting to the bone.  
Even then with counter-stroke Epeius reached  
Acamas' temple, and hurled him to the ground.  
Swift he sprang up, and on his stalwart foe  
Rushed, smote his head : as he rushed in again,  
The other, slightly swerving, sent his left  
Clean to his brow ; his right, with all his might  
Behind it, to his nose. Yet Acamas still  
Warded and struck with all the manifold shifts  
Of fighting-craft. But now the Achacans all  
Bade stop the fight, though eager still were both  
To strive for coveted victory. Then came  
Their henchmen, and the gory gauntlets loosed  
In haste from those strong hands. Now drew they  
breath

From that great labour, as they bathed their brows  
With sponges myriad-pored. Comrades and friends  
With pleading words then drew them face to face,  
And prayed, "In friendship straight forget your wrath."  
So to their comrades' suasion hearkened they ;  
For wise men ever bear a placable mind.  
They kissed each other, and their hearts forgot  
That bitter strife. Then Thetis sable-stoled  
Gave to their glad hands two great silver bowls  
The which Eunæus, Jason's warrior son  
In sea-washed Lemnos to Achilles gave  
To ransom strong Lycaon from his hands.  
These had Hephaestus fashioned for his gift

δῶρον, ὅτ' εἰς Οὐλυμπον ἀνήγαγε διαν ἄκοιτιν  
 Μίνωος κούρην ἐρικυδέα, τὴν ποτε Θησεὺς  
 κάλλιπεν οὐκ ἐθέλων γε περικλύστῳ ἐνὶ Δίῃ.  
 τοὺς δ' ἡὺς Διόνυσος ἑῷ πόρεν υἱεῖ δῶρον 390  
 νέκταρος ἐμπλήσας, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὥπασεν Ὑψιπυλείῃ  
 πολλοῖς σὺν κτεάτεσσι Θόας, ἣ δ' υἱεῖ δῖω  
 κάλλιπεν, ὃς δ' Ἀχιλῇ Λυκάονος εἵνεκα δῶκε.  
 τῶν δ' ἕτερον μὲν ἔλεσκεν ἀγαυοῦ Θησέος υἱός,  
 ἄλλον δ' ἡὺς Ἐπειὸς εἰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵαλλε 395  
 γηθόσυνος. τῶν δ' ἀμφιδεδρυμμένα τύμματα πάντα  
 ἠκέσατ' ἐνδυκέως Ποδαλείριος, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτὸς  
 πρῶτα μὲν ἐκμύζησεν, ἔπειτα δὲ χερσὶν ἐῆσι  
 ῥάψεν ἐπισταμένως, καθύπερθε δὲ φάρμακ' ἔθηκε  
 κεῖνα, τὰ οἱ τὸ πάροιθε πατὴρ ἐὸς ἐγγυάλιξε· 400  
 τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' ἐσσυμένως καὶ ἀναλθέα τύμματα  
 φωτῶν

αὐτῆμαρ μορόεντος ὑπὲκ κακοῦ ἰαίνονται·  
 τῶν δ' ἄφαρ ἀμφὶ πρόσωπα καὶ εὐκομόωντα  
 κάρηνα

τύμματ' ἀπαλθαίνοντο, κατηπιόωντο δ' ἀνῖαι.  
 Ἀμφὶ δὲ τοξοσύνης Τεῦκρος καὶ Οἰλέος υἱός 405  
 ἔστασαν, οἱ καὶ πρόσθε δρόμον πέρι πειρήσαντο·  
 τῶν δ' ἄρα τηλόσε θῆκεν εὐμμελὴς Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἱππόκομον τρυφάλειαν, ἔφη δέ τε· “ πολλὸν  
 ἀμείνων

ἔσσεται, ὃς κέρσειεν ἄπο τρίχας ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ.”  
 Αἴας δ' αὐτίκα πρῶτος ἐὼν προέηκε βέλεμνον, 410  
 πληῆξε δ' ἄρα τρυφάλειαν, ἐπηύτησε δὲ χαλκὸς  
 ὀξύτατον. Τεῦκρος δὲ μέγ' ἐγκονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ,  
 δεύτερος ἦκεν οἷστόν, ἄφαρ δ' ἀπέκερσεν ἐθείρας  
 ὀξὺ βέλος· λαοὶ δὲ μέγ' ἴαχον ἀθρήσαντες,  
 καί μιν κυδαίνεσκον ἀπείριτον, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτὸν 415  
 πληγὴν ἔτ' ἀλγύνεσκε θεοῦ ποδός, ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι  
 βλάψεν ὑπαὶ παλάμησι θεοὺν βέλος ἰθύνοντα.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

To glorious Dionysus, when he brought  
His bride divine to Olympus, Minos' child  
Far-famous, whom in sea-washed Dia's isle  
Theseus unwitting left. The Wine-god brimmed  
With nectar these, and gave them to his son;  
And Thoas at his death to Hypsipyle  
With great possessions left them. She bequeathed  
The bowls to her godlike son, who gave them up  
Unto Achilles for Lycaon's life.  
The one the son of lordly Theseus took,  
And goodly Epeius sent to his ship with joy  
The other. Then their bruises and their scars  
Did Podaleirius tend with loving care.  
First pressed he out black humours, then his hands  
Deftly knit up the gashes: salves he laid  
Thereover, given him by his sire of old,  
Such as had virtue in one day to heal  
The deadliest hurts, yea, seeming-cureless wounds.  
Straight was the smart assuaged, and healed the scars  
Upon their brows and 'neath their clustering hair.  
Then for the archery-test Oileus' son  
Stood forth with Teucer, they which in the race  
Erewhile contended. Far away from these  
Agamemnon, lord of spears, set up a helm  
Crested with plumes, and spake: "The master-shot  
Is that which shears the hair-crest clean away."  
Then straightway Aias shot his arrow first,  
And smote the helm-ridge: sharply rang the brass.  
Then Teucer second with most earnest heed  
Shot: the swift shaft hath shorn the plume away.  
Loud shouted all the people as they gazed,  
And praised him without stint, for still his foot  
Halted in pain, yet nowise marred his aim  
When with his hands he sped the flying shaft.

καὶ οἱ τευχέα καλὰ πόρεν Πηλῆος ἄκοιτις  
 ἀντιθέου Τρωίλοιο, τὸν ἠθέων μέγ' ἄριστον  
 Τροίῃ ἐν ἡγαθέῃ Ἑκάβῃ τέκετ', οὐδ' ἀπόνητο 420  
 ἀγλαΐης· δὴ γάρ μιν ἀταρτηροῦ Ἀχιλῆος  
 ἔγχος ὁμοῦ καὶ κάρτος ἀπήμερσαν βιότοιο·  
 ὥς δ' ὁπόθ' ἐρσήεντα καὶ εὐθαλέοντ' ἀνὰ κῆπον  
 ὕδρηλῆς καπέτοιο μάλ' ἀγχόθι τηλεθά·ντα  
 ἦ στάχυν ἦ μήκωνα, πάρος καρποῖο τυχήσαι, 425  
 κέρση τις δρεπάνῳ νεοθηγείῃ, μηδ' ἄρ' ἐάσῃ  
 ἐς τέλος ἡδὺ μολεῖν μηδ' ἐς σπόρον ἄλλον ἰκέσθαι,  
 ἀμήσας κενεόν τε καὶ ἄσπορον ἐσσομένοισι <sup>1</sup>  
 μέλλονθ' ἐρσήεντος ὑπ' εἵαρος ἀλδαίνεσθαι·  
 ὥς υἱὸν Πριάμοιο θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιον εἶδος 430  
 Πηλεΐδης κατέπεφνευ, ἔτ' ἄχνοον, εἰσέτι νύμφης  
 νηίδα, νηπιάχοισιν ὁμῶς ἔτι κουρίζοντα·  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἐς πόλεμον φθισίμβροτον ἡγαγε Μοῖρα  
 ἥβης ἀρχόμενον πολυγηθέος, ὅππότε φῶτες  
 θαρσαλέοι τελέθουσιν, ὅτ' οὐκέτι δεύεται ἦτορ. 435  
 Λυτικά δ' αὖτε σόλον περιμήκεά τε βριαρόν τε  
 πολλοὶ πειρήσαντο θεῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἰήλαι·  
 τὸν δ' οὔτις βαλέειν δύνατο στιβαρὸν μάλ' ἐόντα  
 Ἀργείων· οἷος δ' ἔβαλεν μενεδήιος Αἴας  
 χειρὸς ἀπὸ κρατερῆς, ὥς εἰ δρυὸς ἀγρονόμοιο 440  
 ὄξον ἀπαιανθέντα θέρευς εὐθαλπέος ὥρη,  
 ὅππότε λήια πάντα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀναίνηται.  
 θάμβησαν δ' ἄρα πάντες, ὅσον χερὸς ἐξεποτήθη  
 χαλκός, ὃν ἀνέρε χερσὶ δύω μογέοντες ἄειραν·  
 τὸν ῥα μὲν Ἀνταίοιο βίῃ ρίπτασκε πάροιθε 445  
 ῥηιδίως ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐῆς πειρώμενος ἀλκῆς,  
 πρὶν κρατερῇσι χέρεσσι δαμήμεναι Ἡρακλῆος·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, from P; for αἰθυμένοισι, with lacuna, of Koechly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Then Peleus' bride gave unto him the arms  
Of godlike Troilus, the goodliest  
Of all fair sons whom Hecuba had borne  
In hallowed Troy ; yet of his goodlihead  
No joy she had ; the prowess and the spear  
Of fell Achilles reft his life from him.  
As when a gardener with new-whetted scythe  
Mows down, ere it may seed, a blade of corn  
Or poppy, in a garden dewy-fresh  
And blossom-flushed, which by a water-course  
Crowdeth its blooms—mows it ere it may reach  
Its goal of bringing offspring to the birth,  
And with his scythe-sweep makes its life-work vain  
And barren of all issue, nevermore.  
Now to be fostered by the dews of spring ;  
So did Peleides cut down Priam's son  
The god-like beautiful, the beardless yet  
And virgin of a bride, almost a child !  
Yet the Destroyer Fate had lured him on  
To war, upon the threshold of glad youth,  
When youth is bold, and the heart feels no void.

Forthwith a bar of iron massy and long  
From the swift-speeding hand did many essay  
To hurl ; but not an Argive could prevail  
To cast that ponderous mass. Aias alone  
Sped it from his strong hand, as in the time  
Of harvest might a reaper fling from him  
A dry oak-bough, when all the fields are parched.  
And all men marvelled to behold how far  
Flew from his hand the bronze which scarce two men  
Hard-straining had uplifted from the ground.  
Even this Antaeus' might was wont to hurl  
Erstwhile, ere the strong hands of Hercules  
O'ermastered him. This, with much spoil beside,

Ἡρακλῆς δέ μιν ἥϋς ἐλὼν σὺν ληίδι πολλῇ  
 ἀκαμάτης ἔχε χειρὸς ἀέθλιον, ἀλλὰ μιν ἐσθλῶ  
 ὕστερον Αἰακίδῃ δῶρον πόρεν, ὅππότε ἄρ' αὐτῷ 450  
 Ἴλίου εὐπύργοιο συνέπραθε κύδιμον ἄστν,  
 κείνος δ' υἱεὶ δῶκεν, ὃ δ' ὠκυπόροις ἐνὶ νηυσὶν  
 ἐς Τροίην μιν ἔνεικεν, ἵνα σφετέροιο τοκῆος  
 μνωόμενος Τρώεσσιν ἐϋσθενέεσσι μάχῃται  
 προφρονέως, εἴη δὲ πόνος πειρωμένῳ ἀλκῆς· 455  
 τὸν ῥ' Αἴας μάλα πολλὸν ἀπὸ στιβαρῆς βύλε  
 χειρός.

καὶ τότε οἱ Νηρηῖς ἀγακλυτὰ τεύχεα δῶκε  
 Μέμνονος ἀντιθέοιο, τὰ καὶ μέγα θήσαντο  
 Ἀργεῖοι· λήν γὰρ ἔσαν περιμήκεα πάντα·  
 καὶ τά γε καγχαλῶν ὑπεδέξατο κύδιμος ἀνὴρ· 460  
 οἷω γὰρ κείνῳ γε περὶ βριαροῖσι μέλεσσιν  
 ἥρμοσεν ἀπλήτοιο κατὰ χροὸς ἀμφιτεθέντα·  
 αὐτὸς δ' αὐτ' ἀνάειρε μέγαν σόλον, ὅφρα οἱ εἴη  
 τερπωλὴ μένος ἥϋ λιλαιομένῳ πονέεσθαι.

Οἱ δ' ἄρα δηριόωντες ἐφ' ἄλματι πολλοὶ  
 ἀνέστησαν. 465

τῶν δ' ἄρ' ὑπέρθορε πολλὸν ἐϋμμελῆς Ἀγαπήνωρ  
 σήματα· τοὶ δ' ὁμάδησαν ἐπ' ἀνέρι μακρὰ θορόντι·  
 καὶ οἱ τεύχεα καλὰ πόρεν μεγάλοιο Κύκνοιο  
 διὰ Θέτις· τὸν γάρ ῥα φόνῳ ἐπὶ Πρωτεσιλάου  
 πολλῶν θυμὸν ἐλόντα κατέκτανε Πηλέος υἱὸς 470  
 πρῶτον ἀριστήων· Τρῶας δ' ἄχος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.

Αἰγανέῃ δ' ἄρα πολλὸν ὑπέρβαλε δηριόωντας  
 Εὐρύαλος· λαοὶ δὲ μέγ' ἴαχον· οὐ γὰρ ἔφαντο  
 κείνον ὑπερβαλέειν οὐδὲ πτερόεντι βελέμνῳ.  
 τοῦνεκά οἱ φιάλην πολυχανδέα δῶκε φέρεσθαι 475  
 μήτηρ Λιακίδαο δαΐφρονος, ἣν ποτ' Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 ἀργυρέην κτεάτισσε βαλὼν ὑπὸ δουρὶ Μύνητα,  
 ὅππότε Λυρνησσοῖο διέπραθεν ὄλβιον<sup>1</sup> ἄστν.

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, from P, for Τρώιον of v.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Hercules took, and kept it to make sport  
For his invincible hand ; but afterward  
Gave it to valiant Peleus, who with him  
Had smitten fair-towered Ilium's burg renowned ;  
And he to Achilles gave it, whose swift ships  
Bare it to Troy, to put him aye in mind  
Of his own father, as with eager will  
He fought with stalwart Trojans, and to be  
A worthy test wherewith to prove his strength.  
Even this did Aias from his brawny hand  
Fling far. So then the Nereid gave to him  
The glorious arms from godlike Memnon stripped.  
Marvelling the Argives gazed on them : they were  
A giant's war-gear. Laughing a glad laugh  
That man renowned received them : he alone  
Could wear them on his brawny limbs ; they seemed  
As they had even been moulded to his frame.  
The great bar thence he bore withal, to be  
His joy when he was fain of athlete-toil.

Still sped the contests on ; and many rose  
Now for the leaping. Far beyond the marks  
Of all the rest brave Agapenor sprang :  
Loud shouted all for that victorious leap ;  
And Thetis gave him the fair battle-gear  
Of mighty Cynus, who had smitten first  
Protesilaus, then had reft the life  
From many more, till Peleus' son slew him  
First of the chiefs of grief-enshrouded Troy.

Next, in the javelin-cast Euryalus  
Hurled far beyond all rivals, while the folk  
Shouted aloud : no archer, so they deemed,  
Could speed a winged shaft farther than his cast ;  
Therefore the Acacid hero's mother gave  
To him a deep wide silver oil-flask, ta'en  
By Achilles in possession, when his spear  
Slew Mynes, and he spoiled Lyrnessus' wealth.

Αἴας δ' ὀβριμόθυμος ἐελδόμενος πονέεσθαι  
 χερσὶν ὁμῶς καὶ ποσσὶν ἀνιστάμενος καλέεσκεν 480  
 ἐς μέσον ἡρώων τὸν ὑπέρτατον. οἱ δ' ὀρόωντες  
 θάμβεον ὀβριμον ἄνδρα καὶ ἄλκιμον· οὐδέ τις  
 ἔτλη

ἅντα μολεῖν· πάντων γὰρ ὑπέκλασε δεῖμ' ἄλε-  
 γεινὸν

ἡνορέην, φοβέοντο δ' ἀνὰ φρένα, μή τινα χερσὶ  
 τύψας ἀκαμάτησιν ὑπὸ πληγῇσι πρόσωπον 485  
 συγχέῃ ἐσσυμένως, μέγα δ' ἀνέρι πῆμα γένηται.

ὁψὲ δὲ πάντες ἔνευσαν ἐπ' Εὐρύαλῳ μενεχάρμῃ  
 ἴδμονα πυγμαχίης εὖ εἰδότες· ὃς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσοις  
 τοῖον ἔπος προέηκεν ὑποτρομέων θρασὺν ἄνδρα·  
 “ὦ φίλοι, ἄλλον μὲν τιν' Ἀχαιῶν, ὃν κ' ἐθέλητε, 490  
 τλήσομαι ἀντιώωντα, μέγαν δ' Αἴαντα τέθηπα·  
 πολλὸν γὰρ προβέβηκε· διαρραΐσει δέ μοι ἦτορ,  
 ἣν μιν ἐπιβρίσαντα λάβῃ χόλος· οὐ γὰρ ὁῖω  
 ἀνδρὸς ἀπ' ἀκαμάτοιο σόος ποτὶ νῆας ἰκέσθαι.”

Ὡς φαμένοιο γέλασαν· ὁ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ πάμπαν  
 ἰάνθη 495

Αἴας ὀβριμόθυμος· ἄειρε δὲ δοιὰ τίλαντα  
 ἀργύρου αἰγλήεντος, ἃ οἱ Θέτις εἶνεκ' ἀέθλου  
 δῶκεν ἄτερ καμάτοιο· φίλου δ' ἐμνήσατο παιδὸς  
 Αἴαντ' εἰσορώσα· γόος δέ οἱ ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.

Οἱ δ' αὖθ' ἵππασίῃ μεμελημένον ἦτορ ἔχοντες 500  
 ἐσσυμένως ἀνόρουσαν ἐποτρύνοντος ἀέθλου·  
 πρῶτος μὲν Μενέλαος ἰδ' Εὐρύπυλος θρασυ-  
 χάρμης

Εὐμηλος δὲ Θόας τε καὶ ἰσόθεος Πολυποίτης.  
 ἵπποις δ' ἀμφὶ λέπαδνα βάλον καὶ ὑφ' ἄρματ'  
 ἔρυσσαν

πάντες ἐπειγόμενοι πολυγηθέος εἶνεκα νίκης· 505  
 αἶψα δ' ἄρ' εἰς ἐν ἅμα ξύνισαν δίφροις βεβαῶτες  
 χῶρον ἀν' ἡμαθόεντ'· ἐπὶ νύσσης δ' ἔσταν ἕκαστοι·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Then fiery-hearted Aias eagerly  
Rose, challenging to strife of hands and feet  
The mightiest hero there ; but marvelling  
They marked his mighty thews, and no man dared  
Confront him. Chilling dread had palsied all  
Their courage : from their hearts they feared him,  
lest

His hands invincible should all to-break  
His adversary's face, and naught but pain  
Be that man's meed. But at the last all men  
Made signs to battle-bider Euryalus,  
For well they knew him skilled in fighting-craft ;  
But he too feared that giant, and he cried :  
“ Friends, any other Achæan, whom ye will,  
Blithe will I face ; but mighty Aias—no !  
Far doth he overmatch me. He will rend  
Mine heart, if in the onset anger rise  
Within him : from his hands invincible,  
I trow, I should not win to the ships alive.”

Loud laughed they all : but glowed with triumph-  
joy  
The heart of Aias. Gleaming talents twain  
Of silver he from Thetis' hands received,  
His uncontested prize. His stately height  
Called to her mind her dear son, and she sighed.

They which had skill in chariot-driving then  
Rose at the contest's summons eagerly :  
Menelaus first, Eurypylus bold in fight,  
Eumelus, Thoas, godlike Polypoetes  
Harnessed their steeds, and led them to the cars  
All panting for the joy of victory.  
Then rode they in a glittering chariot rank  
Out to one place, to a stretch of sand, and stood  
Ranged at the starting-line. The reins they grasped

καρπαλίμως δ' εὖληρα λάβον κρατερῆς παλά-  
μησιν.

ἵπποι δ' ἐγχριμφθέντες ἐν ἄρμασι ποιπνύεσκον  
ὅππως τις προάλοιτο, πόδας δ' ὑπεκίννον αὐτως, 510  
οὐατα δ' ὠρθώσαντο καὶ ἄμπυκας ἀφρῶ ἔδενσαν.  
οἱ δ' ἄφαρ ἐγκονέοντες ἐλαφροπόδων μένος ἵππων  
μάστιον· οἱ δὲ θοῇσιν εἰκότες Ἀρπυίῃσι  
καρπαλίμως ζεύγλῃσι μέγ' ἔκθορον ἀσχαλόντες,  
ἄρματα δ' ὦκα φέρεσκον ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἀΐσσοντα· 515  
οὐδ' ἄρματροχιάς ἰδέειν ἦν οὐδὲ ποδοῦν  
ἐν χθονὶ σήματα, τόσσον ὑπεξέφερον δρόμον  
ἵπποι.

πουλὺς δ' αἰθέρ' ἵκανε κούισαλος ἐκ πεδίοιο,  
καπνῶ ἢ ὁμίχλῃ ἐναλίγκιος, ἦν τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
ἀμφιχέῃ πρόνεσσι Νότου μένος ἢ Ζεφύροιο 520  
χείματος ἐγρομένου, ὁπότε οὐρεα δεύεται ὄμβρῳ.  
ἵπποι δ' Εὐμήλοιο μέγ' ἔκθορον, οἱ δ' ἐφέποντο  
ἀντιθέοιο Θόαντος· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος αὐτεῖ  
ἄρματι τοὶ δ' ἐφέροντο δι' εὐρυχόρου πεδίοιο <sup>1</sup> 524

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ἡλιδος ἐκ δίης, ἐπεὶ ἦ μέγα ἔργον ἔρεξε 526  
παρφθάμενος θοὸν ἄρμα κακόφρονος Οἰνομάοιο,  
ὅς ῥα τότε ἠιθέοισιν ἀνηλέα τεύχεν ὄλεθρον  
κούρης ἀμφὶ γάμοιο περίφρονος Ἴπποδαμείης·  
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν κείνός γε καὶ ἵππασίῃσι μεμηλὼς 530  
ἵππους ὠκύποδας τοίους ἔχεν, ἀλλ' ἄρα πολλὸν  
ποσσὶν ἀφαυροτέρους· οἱ γάρ ῥ' εἶδοντ' ἀνέμοισιν."

Ἡ μέγα κυδαίνων ἵππων μένος ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν

<sup>1</sup> There is a long hiatus here: the lost verses contained an account of accidents to Thoas and Eurypylus, and the text resumes in the middle of a speech (by Nestor?) in praise of the horses of Menelaus.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

In strong hands quickly, while the chariot-steeds  
Shoulder to shoulder fretted, all afire  
To take the lead at starting, pawed the sand,  
Pricked ears, and o'er their frontlets flung the foam.  
With sudden-stiffened sinews those car-lords  
Lashed with their whips the tempest-footed steeds ;  
Then swift as Harpies sprang they forth ; they  
strained

Furiously at the harness, onward whirling  
The chariots bounding ever from the earth.  
Thou couldst not see a wheel-track, no, nor print  
Of hoof upon the sand—they verily flew.  
Up from the plain the dust-clouds to the sky  
Soared, like the smoke of burning, or a mist  
Rolled round the mountain-forelands by the might  
Of the dark South-wind or the West, when wakes  
A tempest, when the hill-sides stream with rain.  
Burst to the front Eumelus' steeds : behind  
Close pressed the team of godlike Thoas : shouts  
Still answered shouts that cheered each chariot, while  
Onward they swept across the wide-wayed plain.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ From hallowed Elis, when he had achieved  
A mighty triumph, in that he outstripped  
The swift car of Oenomaus evil-souled,  
The ruthless slayer of youths who sought to wed  
His daughter Hippodameia passing-wise.  
Yet even he, for all his chariot-lore,  
Had no such fleetfoot steeds as Atreus' son——  
Far slower !—the wind is in the feet of these.”

So spake he, giving glory to the might  
Of those good steeds, and to Atreides' self ;

Ἀτρείδην· ὁ γὰρ ἦσι περὶ φρεσὶ γήθεε θυμῷ.  
 τοὺς δὲ μέγ' ἀσθμαίνοντας ἄφαρ θεράποντες ἔλυσαν 535  
 ζεύγλης· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀελλόποδας λύον ἵππους  
 πάντες, ὅσοις ἐν ἀγῶνι δρόμου πέρι δῆρις ἐτύχθη.  
 ἀντίθεον δὲ Θόαντα καὶ Εὐρύπυλον μενεχάρμην  
 ἠκέσατ' ἐσσυμένως Ποδαλείριος ἔλκεα πάντα,  
 ὅσσα περιδρύφθησαν ἀπὲκ δίφροιο πεσόντες. 540  
 Ἀτρείδης δ' ἀλίαςτον ἐγήθεεν εἵνεκα νίκης·  
 καὶ οἱ εὐπλόκαμος Θέτις ὥπασε καλὸν ἄλειςον  
 χρύσειον, ἀντιθέοιο μέγα κτέαρ Ἡετίωνος,  
 πρὶν Θῆβης κλυτὸν ἄστυ διαπραθέειν Ἀχιλλῆα.  
 Ἄλλοι δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθι μονάμπυκας ἔντυον  
 ἵππους 545  
 ἐς δρόμον ἰθύνοντες, ἔλοντο δὲ χερσὶ βοείας  
 μᾶστιγας, καὶ πάντες ἀναΐξαντες ἐφ' ἵππων  
 ἔζονθ'· οἱ δὲ χαλινὰ γενειάσιν ἀφρίζοντες  
 δάπτον, καὶ ποσὶ γαῖαν ἐπέκτυπον ἐγκονέοντες  
 ἐκθορέειν. τοῖς δ' αἶψα τάθη δρόμος· οἱ δ' ἀπὸ  
 νύσσης 550  
 καρπαλίμως οἴμησαν ἐριδμαίνειν μεμαῶτες,  
 εἵκελοι ἢ Βορέας μέγα πνεύοντος ἀέλλαις  
 ἢ Νότου κελάδοντος, ὅτ' εὐρέα πόντον ὀρίνει  
 λαίλαπι καὶ ῥιπῇσι, Θυτήριον εὖτ' ἀλεγεινὸν  
 ἀντέλλη ναῦτῃσι φέρου πολύδακρυν οἰζύν· 555  
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἐσσεύοντο κόνιν ποσὶ καρπαλίμοισιν  
 ἐν πεδίῳ κλονέοντες ὑπείριτον· οἱ δ' ἐλατῆρες  
 ἵπποις οἷσιν ἕκαστος ἐκέκλετο, τῇ μὲν ἰμάσθλην  
 ταρφέα πεπληγῶς, ἐτέρῃ δ' ἐνὶ χειρὶ τινάσσων  
 νωλεμές ἀμφὶ γένυσι μέγα κτυπέοντα χαλινόν. 560  
 ἵπποι δ' ἐρρώοντο· βοὴ δ' ἀνὰ λαὸν ὀρῶρει  
 ἄσπετος· οἱ δ' ἐπέτοντο διὰ πλατέος πεδίοιο.  
 καὶ νύ κεν ἐσσυμένως ἐξ Ἀργεὸς αἰόλος ἵππος  
 νίκησεν μάλα πολλὸν ἐφεζομένου Σθενέλοιο,  
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ἐξήρπαξε δρόμον, πεδίον δ' ἀφίκανε 565



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

And filled with joy was Menelaus' soul.  
Straightway his henchmen from the yoke-band  
loosed

The panting team, and all those chariot-lords,  
Who in the race had striven, now unyoked  
Their tempest-footed steeds. Podaleirius then  
Hasted to spread salves over all the wounds  
Of Thoas and Eurypylus, gashes scored  
Upon their frames when from the cars they fell.  
But Menelaus with exceeding joy  
Of victory glowed, when Thetis lovely-tressed  
Gave him a golden cup, the chief possession  
Once of Eëtion the godlike ; ere  
Achilles spoiled the far-famed burg of Thebes.

Then horsemen riding upon horses came  
Down to the course : they grasped in hand the whip  
And bounding from the earth bestrode their steeds,  
The while with foaming mouths the coursers champed  
The bits, and pawed the ground, and fretted aye  
To dash into the course. Forth from the line  
Swiftly they darted, eager for the strife,  
Wild as the blasts of roaring Boreas  
Or shouting Notus, when with hurricane-swoop  
He heaves the wide sea high, when in the east  
Uprises the disastrous Altar-star  
Bringing calamity to seafarers ;  
So swift they rushed, spurning with flying feet  
The deep dust on the plain. The riders cried  
Each to his steed, and ever plied the lash  
And shook the reins about the clashing bits.  
On strained the horses : from the people rose  
A shouting like the roaring of a sea.  
On, on across the level plain they flew ;  
And now the flashing-footed Argive steed  
By Sthenelus bestriden, had won the race,  
But from the course he swerved, and o'er the plain

πολλάκις· οὐδέ μιν ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν Καπανήιος υἱὸς  
 κάμψαι ἐπέσθενε χερσίν, ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἔτι νῆις ἀέθλων  
 ἵππος ἦν· γενεῇ γε μὲν οὐ κακός, ἀλλὰ θοοῖο  
 θεσπέσιον γένος ἔσκεν Ἀρίονος, ὃν τέκεν ἵππων  
 Ἄρπυια Ζεφύρῳ πολυηχεῖ φέρτατον ἄλλων 570  
 πολλόν, ἐπεὶ ταχέεσσιν ἐριδμαίνεσκε πόδεσσι  
 πατρὸς ἐοῖο θοῇσι καταιγίσι, καί μιν Ἀδρηστος  
 ἐκ μακάρων ἔχε δῶρον, ὅθεν γένος ἔπλετο κείνου·  
 καί μιν Τυδέος υἱὸς ἐφ' ὅρε δῶρον ἐταίρῳ  
 Τροίῃ ἐνὶ ξαθήῃ· ὁ δέ οἱ μέγα ποσὶ πεποιθὼς 575  
 ὠκὺν ἐόντ' ἐς ἀγῶνα καὶ εἰς ἔριν ἤγαγεν ἵππων  
 αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρῶτοισιν οἰόμενος μέγα κῦδος  
 ἵππασίης ἀνελέσθαι· ὁ δ' οὔτι οἱ ἦτορ ἦνεν  
 ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἀέθλα πονεύμενος· ἦ γὰρ ἔμιμνε<sup>1</sup>  
 δεύτερος, Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ παρήλασεν ὠκὺν ἐόντα 580  
 ἰδρεΐη. λαοὶ δ' Ἀγαμέμνονα κυδαίνεσκον,  
 ἵππον τε Σθενελοῖο θρασύφρονος ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτόν,  
 οὔνεκα δεύτερος ἦλθε, καὶ εἰ μάλα πολλάκι  
 νύσσης  
 ἐξέθορεν, μεγάλῳ περὶ κάρτεϊ οἷς ποσὶ θύων.  
 καὶ τότε ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Θέτις ὥπασε καγχαλῶντι 585  
 ἀργύρεον θώρηκα θεηγενέος Πολυδώρου·  
 δῶκε δ' ἄρα Σθενέλῳ βριαρὴν κόρυν Ἀστεροπαίου  
 χαλκείην καὶ δοῦρε δύω καὶ ἀτειρέα μίτρην.  
 ἄλλοις δ' ἵππῃεσσι καὶ ὀππόσοι ἡματι κείνῳ  
 ἦλθον ἀεθλεύσοντες Ἀχιλλῆος ποτὶ τύμβον, 590  
 δῶρα πόρεν πάντεσσιν. ἐπὶ σφίσι δ' ἄχυντο  
 θυμὸν  
 υἱὸς Λαέρταο δαΐφρονος, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτόν  
 ἀλκῆς ἰέμενον κρατερῶν ἀπέρυξεν ἀέθλων  
 ἔλκος ἀνιηρόν, τό μιν οὔτασεν ὄβριμος Ἀλκων  
 ἀμφὶ νέκυν κρατεροῖο πονεύμενον Αἰακίδαο. 595

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἔμελλεν ἰκάνειν of MSS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Once and again rushed wide, nor Capaneus' son,  
Good horseman though he were, could turn him back  
By rein, or whip, because that steed was strange  
Still to the race-course; yet of lineage  
Noble was he, for in his veins the blood  
Of swift Arion ran, the foal begotten  
By the loud-piping West-wind on a Harpy,  
The fleetest of all earth-born steeds, whose feet  
Could race against his father's swiftest blasts.  
Him did the Blessed to Adrastus give:  
And from him sprang the steed of Sthenelus,  
Which Tydeus' son had given unto his friend  
In hallowed Troyland. Filled with confidence  
In those swift feet his rider led him forth  
Unto the contest of the steeds that day,  
Looking his horsemanship should surely win  
Renown: yet victory gladdened not his heart  
In that great struggle for Achilles' prizes;  
Nay, swift albeit he was, the King of Men  
By skill outraced him. Shouted all the folk,  
"Glory to Agamemnon!" Yet they acclaimed  
The steed of valiant Sthenelus and his lord,  
For that the fiery flying of his feet  
Still won him second place, albeit oft  
Wide of the course he swerved. Then Thetis gave  
To Atreus' son, while laughed his lips for joy,  
God-sprung Polydorus' breastplate silver-wrought.  
To Sthenelus Asteropæus' massy helm,  
Two lances, and a taslet strong, she gave.  
Yea, and to all the riders who that day  
Came at Achilles' funeral-feast to strive  
She gave gifts. But the son of the old war-lord,  
Laertes, inly grieved to be withheld  
From contests of the strong, how fain soe'er,  
By that sore wound which Alcon dealt to him  
In the grim fight around dead Aeacus' son.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΣ

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἄλλοι μὲν ἀπηνύσθησαν ἄεθλοι,  
 δὴ τότε Ἄχιλλῆος μεγαλήτορος ἄμβροτα τεύχη  
 θῆκεν ἐνὶ μέσσοισι θεὰ Θέτις· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη  
 δαίδαλα μαρμαίρεσκεν, ὅσα σθένος Ἡφαίστοιο  
 ἀμφὶ σάκος ποίησε θρασύφρονος Λιακίδαο.

5

Πρῶτα μὲν εὖ ἤσκητο θεοκμήτῳ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ  
 οὐρανὸς ἡδ' αἰθήρ, γαίῃ δ' ἅμα κείμε θάλασσα·  
 ἐν δ' ἄνεμοι νεφέλαι τε σελήνη τ' ἡέλιός τε  
 κεκριμέν' ἄλλυδις ἄλλα, τέτυκτο δὲ τείρεα πάντα,  
 ὅππόσα δινήεντα κατ' οὐρανὸν ἀμφιφέρονται.  
 τῷ δ' ἄρ' ὁμῶς ὑπένερθεν ἀπειρέσιος κέχυτ' ἀήρ·  
 ἐν τῷ δ' ὄρνιθες τανυχειλέες ἀμφεποτῶντο·  
 φαίης κε ζώοντας ἅμα πνοιῇσι φέρεσθαι.  
 Τηθύς δ' ἀμφετέτυκτο καὶ Ὠκεανοῦ βαθὺν χεῦμα·  
 τῶν δ' ἄφαρ ἐξεχέοντο ῥοαὶ ποταμῶν κελαδεινῶν  
 κυκλόθεν ἄλλυδις ἄλλη ἐλισσομένων διὰ γαίης.

10

15

Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' εὖ ἤσκηντο κατ' οὖρεα μακρὰ  
 λέοντες  
 σμερδαλέοι καὶ θῶες ἀναιδέες· ἐν δ' ἰλεγεῖναι  
 ἄρκτοι πορδάλιές τε, σύες θ' ἅμα τῇσι πέλοντο  
 ὄβριμοι ἀλγινόεντας ὑπὸ βλοσυρῇσι γένυσι  
 θήγοντες καναχηδὸν ἐὺ κτυπέοντας ὀδόντας·  
 ἐν δ' ἀγρόται μετόπισθε κυνῶν μένος ἰθύνοντες,

20

## BOOK V

*How the Arms of Achilles were cause of madness and death unto Aias.*

So when all other contests had an end,  
Thetis the Goddess laid down in the midst  
Great-souled Achilles' arms divinely wrought ;  
And all around flashed out the cunning work  
Wherewith the Fire-god overchased the shield  
Fashioned for Aeacus' son, the dauntless-souled.

Inwrought upon that labour of a God  
Were first high heaven and cloudland, and beneath  
Lay earth and sea : the winds, the clouds were there,  
The moon and sun, each in its several place ;  
There too were all the stars that, fixed in heaven,  
Are borne in its eternal circlings round.  
Above and through all was the infinite air  
Where to and fro flit birds of slender beak :  
'Thou hadst said they lived, and floated on the breeze.  
Here 'Tethys' all-embracing arms were wrought,  
And Ocean's fathomless flow. The outrushing flood  
Of rivers crying to the echoing hills  
All round, to right, to left, rolled o'er the land.

Round it rose league-long mountain-ridges, haunts  
Of terrible lions and foul jackals : there  
Fierce bears and panthers prowled ; with these were  
seen

Wild boars that whetted deadly-clashing tusks  
In grimly-frothing jaws. There hunters sped

ἄλλοι δ' αὖ λάεσσι καὶ αἰγανέησι θοῇσι  
βάλλοντες πονέοντο καταντίον, ὥς ἐτεόν περ.

Ἐν δ' ἄρα καὶ πόλεμοι φθισήνορες, ἐν δὲ  
κυδοιμοὶ

25

ἄργαλέοι ἐνέκειντο· περικτείνοντο δὲ λαοὶ  
μῖγδ' ἅμ' ἐοῖς ἵπποισι· πέδον δ' ἅπαν αἵματι  
πολλῷ

δευομένῳ ἦικτο κατ' ἀσπίδος ἀκαμάτοιο.

ἐν δὲ Φόβος καὶ Δεῖμος ἔσαν στονόεσσά τ' Ἐννὼ  
αἵματι λευγαλέῳ πεπαλαγμένη ἄψφα πάντα,

30

ἐν δ' Ἔρις οὐλομένη καὶ Ἐριννύες ὀβριμόθυμοι,  
ἡ μὲν ἐποτρύνουσα ποτὶ κλόνον ἄσχετον ἄνδρας  
ἐλθέμεν, αἱ δ' ὀλοοῖο πυρὸς πνείουσai αὐτμήν.

ἀμφὶ δὲ Κῆρες ἔθνον ἀμείλιχοι, ἐν δ' ἄρα τῇσι  
φοῖτα λευγαλέου Θανάτου μένος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ

35

Ῥοσμῖναι ἐνέκειντο δυσηχέες, ὧν περὶ πάντῃ  
ἐκ μελέων εἰς οὐδας ἀπέρρεεν αἷμα καὶ ἰδρώς.

ἐν δ' ἄρα Γοργόνες ἔσκον ἀναιδέες· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι  
σμερδαλέοι πεπόννηντο περὶ πλοχμοῖσι δράκοντες

40

αἰνὸν λιχμῶντες· ἀπειρέσιον δ' ἄρα θαῦμα  
δαίδαλα κεῖνα πέλοντο μέγ' ἀνδράσι δεῖμα φέ-  
ροντα

οὔνεκ' ἔσαν ζωοῖσιν ἐοικότα κινυμενοισι.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ πολέμοιοι τεράτα πάντα  
τέτυκτο.

εἰρήνης δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἔσαν περικαλλέος ἔργα·  
ἀμφὶ δὲ μυρία φῦλα πολυτλήτων ἀνθρώπων

45

ἄστυα καλὰ νέμοντο· Δίκη δ' ἐπέδερκετο<sup>1</sup> πάντα·  
ἄλλοι δ' ἄλλ' ἐπὶ ἔργα χέρας φέρον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄλῳαι  
καρποῖς ἐβρίθοντο· μέλαινα δὲ γαῖα τεθήλει.

Αἰπύτατον δ' ἐτέτυκτο θεοκμήτῳ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ  
καὶ τρηχὺ ζαθέης Ἀρετῆς ὄρος· ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ

50

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, ex P; for ἐπείκετο of v.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

After the hounds : beaters with stone and dart,  
To the life portrayed, toiled in the woodland sport.

And there were man-devouring wars, and all  
Horrors of fight : slain men were falling down  
Mid horse-hoofs ; and the likeness of a plain  
Blood-drenched was on that shield invincible.  
Panic was there, and Dread, and ghastly Enyo  
With limbs all gore-bespattered hideously,  
And deadly Strife, and the Avenging Spirits  
Fierce-hearted—she, still goading warriors on  
To the onset—they, outbreathing breath of fire.  
Around them hovered the relentless Fates ;  
Beside them Battle incarnate onward pressed  
Yelling, and from their limbs streamed blood and  
sweat.

There were the ruthless Gorgons : through their hair  
Horribly serpents coiled with flickering tongues.  
A measureless marvel was that cunning work  
Of things that made men shudder to behold  
Seeming as though they verily lived and moved.

And while here all war's marvels were portrayed,  
Yonder were all the works of lovely peace.  
The myriad tribes of much-enduring men  
Dwelt in fair cities Justice watched o'er all.  
To diverse toils they set their hands ; the fields  
Were harvest-laden ; earth her increase bore.

Most steeply rose on that god-laboured work  
The rugged flanks of holy Honour's mount,

εἰστήκει φοῖνικος ἐπεμβεβαυῖα κατ' ἄκρης  
 ὑψηλή, ψαύουσα πρὸς οὐρανόν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη  
 ἀτραπιτοὶ θαμέεσσι διειργόμεναι σκοπέλοισιν  
 ἀνθρώπων ἀπέρυκτον ἐὺν πάτον, οὐνεκα πολλοὶ  
 εἰσοπίσω χάζοντο τεθηπότες αἰπὰ κέλευθα, 55  
 παῦροι δ' ἱερὸν οἶμον ἀνήιον ἰδρώοντες.

Ἐν δ' ἔσαν ἀμνητῆρες ἀνὰ πλατὺν ὄγμον ἰόντες  
 σπεύδοντες δρεπάνησι νεήκεσι, τῶν δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ  
 ἦντο λήιον αὖτον· ἐφespoόμενοι δ' ἔσαν ἄλλοι <sup>1</sup> 58a  
 πολλοὶ ἀμαλλοδετῆρες· ἀέξετο δ' ἐς μέγα ἔργον.  
 ἐν δὲ βόες ζεύγλησιν ὑπ' αὐχένας αἰὲν ἔχοντες, 60  
 οἱ μὲν ἀπήνας εἶλκον ἐϋσταχύεσσιν ἀμάλλαις  
 βριθομένας, οἱ δ' αὖθις ἀροτρεύεσκον ἀρούρας·  
 τῶν δὲ πέδον μετόπισθε μελαίνετο, τοὶ δ' ἐφέποντο  
 αἰζηοὶ μετὰ τοῖσι βοοσσόα κέντρα φέροντες  
 χερσὶν ἀμοιβαδίης· ἀνεφαίνετο δ' ἄσπετον ἔργον. 65

Ἐν δ' αὐλοὶ κιθάραι τε παρ' εἰλαπίνησι πέλοντο·  
 ἐν δὲ νέων παρὰ ποσσὶ χοροὶ ἴσταντο γυναικῶν· <sup>2</sup>  
 αἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔσαν ζωῆσιν ἀλίγκια ποιπνύουσαι.

Ἄγχι δ' ἄρ' ὀρχηθμοῦ τε καὶ εὐφροσύνης  
 ἐρατεινῆς  
 ἀφρὸν ἔτ' ἀμφὶ κόμησιν ἔχουσ' ἀνεδύετο πόντου 70  
 Κύπρις ἐϋστέφανος, τὴν δ' Ἰμερος ἀμφεποτᾶτο  
 μειδιόων ἐρατεινὰ σὺν ἡϊκόμοις Χαρίτεσσιν.

Ἐν δ' ἄρ' ἔσαν Νηρῆος ὑπερθύμοιο θύγατρεις  
 ἐξ ἀλὸς εὐρυπόροιο κασιγνήτην ἀνάγουσαι  
 ἐς γάμον Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντες 75  
 ἀθάνατοι δαίνυντο μακρὴν ἀνὰ Πηλίου ἄκρην·  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὕδρηλοί τε καὶ εὐθαλέες λειμῶνες  
 ἔσκον ἀπειρεσίοισι κεκασμένοι ἄνθεσι ποίης,  
 ἄλσεά τε κρῆναί τε διειδέες ὕδατι καλῶ.

Νῆες δὲ στονόεσαι ὑπὲρ πόντοιο φέροντο, 80

<sup>1</sup> Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.

<sup>2</sup> Zimmermann's order of words.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

And there upon a palm-tree throned she sat  
Exalted, and her hands reached up to heaven.  
All round her, paths broken by many rocks  
Thwarted the climbers' feet ; by those steep tracks  
Daunted ye saw returning many folk :  
Few won by sweat of toil the sacred height.

And there were reapers moving down long swaths  
Swinging the whetted sickles : 'neath their hands  
The hot work sped to its close. Hard after these  
Many sheaf-binders followed, and the work  
Grew passing great. With yoke-bands on their  
necks

Oxen were there, whereof some drew the wains  
Heaped high with full-eared sheaves, and further on  
Were others ploughing, and the glebe showed black  
Behind them. Youths with ever-busy goads  
Followed : a world of toil was there portrayed.

And there a banquet was, with pipe and harp,  
Dances of maids, and flashing feet of boys,  
All in swift movement, like to living souls.

Hard by the dance and its sweet winsomeness  
Out of the sea was rising lovely-crowned  
Cypris, foam-blossoms still upon her hair ;  
And round her hovered smiling witchingly  
Desire, and danced the Graces lovely-tressed.

And there were lordly Nereus' Daughters shown  
Leading their sister up from the wide sea  
To her espousals with the warrior-king.

And round her all the Immortals banqueted  
On Pelion's ridge far-stretching. All about  
Lush dewy watermeads there were, bestarred  
With flowers innumerable, grassy groves,  
And springs with clear transparent water bright.

There ships with sighing sheets swept o'er the sea,

αἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐσσύμεναι ἐπικάρσαι, αἱ δὲ κατ' ἰθὺν  
νισσόμεναι· περὶ δέ σφιν ἀέξετο κῦμ' ἀλεγεινὸν  
ὀρνύμενον· ναῦται δὲ τεθηπότες ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος  
ἐσσυμένας φοβέοντο καταγιγίδας, ὥς ἐτεὸν περ,  
λαίφεα λεύκ' ἐρύοντες, ἵν' ἐκ θανάτοιο φύγωσιν· 85  
οἱ δ' ἔζοντ' ἐπ' ἐρετμὰ πονεύμενοι· ἄμφι δὲ νηυσὶ  
πυκνὸν ἐρεσσομένησι μέλας λευκαίνεται πόντος.

Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ κυδιόων μετὰ κήτεσιν εἰναλίοισιν  
ἦσκητ' Ἐννοσίγαιος· ἀελλόποδες δέ μιν ἵπποι  
ὥς ἐτεὸν σπεύδοντες ὑπὲρ πόντοιο φέρεσκον 90  
χρυσεῖη μάστιγι πεπληγότες· ἄμφι δὲ κῦμα  
στόρνυτ' ἐπεσσυμένων, ὁμαλὴ δ' ἄρα πρόσθε  
γαλήνη

ἔπλετο· τοὶ δ' ἐκάτερθεν ἀολλέες ἄμφις ἄνακτα  
ἀγρόμενοι δελφῖνες ἀπειρέσιον κεχάροντο  
σαίνοντες βασιλῆα, κατ' ἡερόεν δ' αἰλὸς οἶδμα 95  
νηχομένοις εἶδοντο καὶ ἀργύρεοί περ ἔοντες.

Ἄλλα δὲ μυρία κεῖτο κατ' ἀσπίδα τεχνήεντα  
χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτης πυκινόφρονος Ἡφαίστοιο·  
πάντα δ' ἄρ' ἐστεφάνωτο βαθὺς ῥόος Ὠκεανοῖο,  
οὐνεκ' ἦν ἔκτοσθε κατ' ἄντυγος, ἧ ἔνι πᾶσα 100  
ἀσπίς ἐνεστήρικτο, δέδεντο δὲ δαίδαλα πάντα.

Τῇ δ' ἄρα παρκατέκειτο κόρυς μέγα βεβριθυῖα·  
Ζεὺς δέ οἱ ἀμφετέτυκτο μέγ' ἀσχαλῶντι ἑοικώς,  
οὐρανῷ ἐμβεβαώς· περὶ δ' ἀθάνατοι πονέοντο  
Τιτήνων ἐριδαινομένων Διὶ συμμαῶτες· 105  
τοὺς δ' ἤδη κρατερὸν πῦρ ἄμφεχεν· ἐκ δὲ κεραυνοὶ  
ἄλληκτοι νιφάδεσσιν ἑοικότες ἐξεχέοντο  
οὐρανόθεν· Ζηνὸς γὰρ αἰάσπετον ὥρνυτο κάρτος·  
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔτ' αἰθομένοισιν ἑοκότες ἀμπνέεσκον.

Ἄμφι δὲ θώρηκος γυῖalon παρεκέκλιτο καλὸν 110  
ἄρρηκτον βριαρόν τε, τὸ χάνδανε Πηλεΐωνα.  
κνημίδες δ' ἦσκηντο πελώρια· ἄμφι δ' ἐλαφραὶ  
μούνῳ ἔσαν Ἀχιλῆι μάλα στιβαραὶ περ εἶουσαι.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

Some beating up to windward, some that sped  
Before a following wind, and round them heaved  
The melancholy surge. Scared shipmen rushed  
This way and that, adread for tempest-gusts,  
Hauling the white sails in, to 'scape the death—  
It all seemed real—some tugging at the oars,  
While the dark sea on either side the ship  
Grew hoary 'neath the swiftly-plashing blades.

And there triumphant the Earth-shaker rode  
Amid sea-monsters : stormy-footed steeds  
Drew him, and seemed alive, as o'er the deep  
They raced, oft smitten by the golden whip.  
Around their path of flight the waves fell smooth,  
And all before them was unrippled calm.  
Dolphins on either hand about their king  
Swarmed, in wild rapture of homage bowing backs,  
And seemed like live things o'er the hazy sea  
Swimming, albeit all of silver wrought.

Marvels of untold craft were imaged there  
By cunning-souled Hephaestus' deathless hands  
Upon the shield. And Ocean's fathomless flood  
Clasped like a garland all the outer rim,  
And compassed all the strong shield's curious work.

And therebeside the massy helmet lay.  
Zeus in his wrath was set upon the crest  
Throned on heaven's dome ; the Immortals all around  
Fierce-battling with the Titans fought for Zeus.  
Already were their foes enwrapped with flame,  
For thick and fast as snowflakes poured from  
heaven

The thunderbolts : the might of Zeus was roused,  
And burning giants seemed to breathe out flames.

And therebeside the fair strong corslet lay,  
Unpierceable, which clasped Peleides once :  
There were the greaves close-lapping, light alone  
To Achilles ; massy of mould and huge they were.

Ἀγχόθι δ' ἄσχετον ἄορ ἄδην περιμαρμαίρεσκε  
 χρυσεῖφ τελαμῶνι κεκασμένον ἀργυρέφ τε 115  
 κουλεῶ, ᾧ ἔπι κώπη ἀρηραμένη ἐλέφαντος  
 θεσπεσίοις τεύχεσσι μετέπρεπε παμφανόωσα.  
 τοῖς δὲ παρεκτετάνυστο κατὰ χθονὸς ὄβριμον  
 ἔγχος,

Πηλιάς ὑψικόμησιν ἐειδομένη ἐλάτῃσι  
 λύθρου ἔτι πνεύουσα καὶ αἵματος Ἑκτορέοιο. 120

Καὶ τότε ἐν Ἀργείοισι Θέτις κυανοκρήδεμνος  
 θεσπέσιον φάτο μῦθον ἀκηχεμένη Ἀχιλῆος·  
 “νῦν μὲν δὴ κατ' ἀγῶνος ἀέθλια πάντα τελέσθη,  
 ὅσ' ἐπὶ παιδὶ θανόντι μέγ' ἀχυνμένη κατέθηκα·  
 ἀλλ' ἴτω ὅς τ' ἐσάωσε νέκυν καὶ ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν, 125  
 καὶ νῦν κέ οἱ θηητὰ καὶ ἄμβροτα τεύχε' ἔσασθαι  
 δώσω, ἃ καὶ μακάρεσσι μέγ' εὐαδεν ἀθανάτοισιν.”  
 Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἀνόρουσαν ἐριδμαίνοντ'  
 ἐπέεσσιν

υἱὸς Λαέρταο καὶ ἀντιθέου Τελαμῶνος  
 Αἴας, ὃς μέγα πάντας ὑπείρεχεν ἐν Δαναοῖσιν, 130  
 ἀστήρ ὡς ἀρίδης ἀν' οὐρανὸν αἰγλήεντα  
 Ἔσπερος, ὃς μέγα πᾶσι μετ' ἀστράσι παμφαίνησι·  
 τῷ εἰκὼς τεύχεσσι παρίστατο Πηλεΐδαο·  
 ἦτεε δ' Ἰδομενῆα κριτὴν καὶ Νηλέος υἱά  
 ἦδ' ἄρα μητιέοντ' Ἀγαμέμνονα· τοὺς γὰρ ἐώλπει 135  
 ἰδμεναι ἀτρεκέως ἐρικυδέος ἔργα μόθοιο·  
 ὡς δ' αὖτως Ὀδυσσεὺς κείνοις ἐπὶ πάγχυ πεποίθει·  
 οἱ γὰρ ἔσαν πινυτοὶ καὶ ἀμύμονες ἐν Δαναοῖσι.

Νέστωρ δ' Ἰδομενῇ καὶ Ἀτρέος υἱεῖ δῖω  
 ἄμφω ἐλδομένοισιν ἔπος φάτο νόσφιν ἀπ'  
 ἄλλων. 140

“ὦ φίλοι, ἦ μέγα πῆμα καὶ ἄσχετον ἡματι τῷδε  
 ἡμῖν συμφορέουσιν ἀκηδέες Οὐρανίῳνες  
 Αἴαντος μεγάλιο περιφραδέος τ' Ὀδυσῆος



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

And hard by flashed the sword whose edge and  
point

No mail could turn, with golden belt, and sheath  
Of silver, and with haft of ivory :  
Brightest amid those wondrous arms it shone.  
Stretched on the earth thereby was that dread spear,  
Long as the tall-tressed pines of Pelion,  
Still breathing out the reek of Hector's blood.

Then mid the Argives Thetis sable-stoled  
In her deep sorrow for Achilles spake ;  
“ Now all the athlete-prizes have been won  
Which I set forth in sorrow for my child.  
Now let that mightiest of the Argives come  
Who rescued from the foe my dead : to him  
These glorious and immortal arms I give  
Which even the blessed Deathless joyed to see.”

Then rose in rivalry, each claiming them,  
Laertes' seed and godlike Telamon's son,  
Aias, the mightiest far of Danaan men :  
He seemed the star that in the glittering sky  
Outshines the host of heaven, Hesperus,  
So splendid by Peleides' arms he stood ;  
“ And let these judge,” he cried, “ Idomeneus,  
Nestor, and kingly-counselled Agamemnon,”  
For these, he weened, would sureliest know the  
truth

Of deeds wrought in that glorious battle-toil.  
“ To these I also trust most utterly,”  
Odysseus said, “ for prudent of their wit  
Be these, and princeliest of all Danaan men.”

But to Idomeneus and Atreus' son  
Spake Nestor apart, and willingly they heard :  
“ Friends, a great woe and unendurable  
This day the careless Gods have laid on us,  
In that into this lamentable strife  
Aias the mighty hath been thrust by them

ἔσσυμένων ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀάσχετον ἀργαλήην τε·  
 τῶν γάρ ῥ' ὅπποτέρῳ δῶη θεὸς εὖχος ἀρέσθαι 145  
 γηθήσει κατὰ θυμόν, ὃ δ' αὖ μέγα πένθος ἰέξει  
 πάντας ἀτεμβόμενος Δαναούς, περὶ δ' ἔξοχα  
 πάντων

ἡμέας· οὐδ' ἔτι κείνος ἐν ἡμῖν ὡς τὸ πάροιθε  
 στήσεται ἐν πολέμῳ· μέγα δ' ἔσσεται ἄλγος

Ἀχαιοῖς,

κείνων ὄντινα δεινὸς ἔλη χόλος, οὐνεκα πάντων 150  
 ἡρώων προφέρουσιν, ὃ μὲν πολέμῳ, ὃ δὲ βουλῇ.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐμοὶ πείθεσθον, ἐπεὶ ῥα γεραίτερός εἰμι  
 λήην, οὐκ ὀλίγον περ, ἔχω δ' ἐπὶ γῆραϊ πολλῷ  
 καὶ νόον, οὐνεκεν ἐσθλὰ καὶ ἄλγεα πολλὰ μόγησα·  
 αἰεὶ δ' ἐν βουλῇσι γέρων πολυῦδρις ἀμείνων 155

ὀπλοτέρου πέλει ἀνδρός, ἐπεὶ μάλα μυρία οἶδε·  
 τοῦνεκα Τρῳσὶν ἐφῶμεν εὐφροσι [ταῦτα] δικάσσαι  
 ἀντιθέω τ' Αἴαντι φιλοπτολέμῳ τ' Ὀδυσῇ,  
 ὄντινα δῆιοι ἄνδρες ὑποτρομέουσι μάλιστα,<sup>1</sup> 158a  
 ἦδ' ὅτις ἐξεσάωσε νέκυν Πηληϊάδαο

ἐξ ὀλοοῦ πολέμοιο· δορυκτῆτοι γὰρ ἐν ἡμῖν 160  
 πολλοὶ Τρῶες ἔασι νεοδμήτῳ ὑπ' ἀνάγκῃ·  
 οἳ ῥα δίκην ἰθεῖαν ἐπὶ σφίσι ποιήσονται  
 οὔτινι ἦρα φέροντες, ἐπεὶ μάλα πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς  
 ἴσον ἀπεχθαίρουσι κακῆς μεμνημένοι ἄτης.

Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν εὐμμελὴς Ἀγαμέμνων· 165  
 “ὦ γέρον, ὡς οὔτις πινυτώτερος ἄλλος ἐν ἡμῖν  
 σείο πέλει Δαναῶν οὔτ' ἄρ νέος οὔτε παλαιός,  
 ὃς φῆς Ἀργείοισιν ἀνηλεγέως χαλεπῆναι  
 ἄνδρα τόν, ὄντινα τῶνδε θεοὶ μετόπισθε βάλωνται  
 νίκης· οἳ γὰρ ἄριστοι ἐπὶ σφίσι δηριῶνται· 170  
 καὶ ῥά μοι ἐνδοθεὶς ἦτορ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ ταῦτα μενοινᾷ,  
 ὄφρα δορυκτῆτοισι δικασπολίην ὀπάσωμεν·

<sup>1</sup> Transposed by Treu from lacuna after iv. 524.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

Against Odysseus passing-wise. For he,  
To whichsoe'er God gives the victor's glory—  
O yea, he shall rejoice ! But he that loseth—  
Ah for the grief in all the Danaans' hearts  
For him ! And ours shall be the deepest grief  
Of all ; for that man will not in the war  
Stand by us as of old. A sorrowful day  
It shall be for us, whichsoe'er of these  
Shall break into fierce anger, seeing they  
Are of our heroes chiefest, this in war,  
And that in counsel. Hearken then to me,  
Seeing that I am older far than ye,  
Not by a few years only : with mine age  
Is prudence joined, for I have suffered and wrought  
Much ; and in counsel ever the old man,  
Who knoweth much, excelleth younger men.  
Therefore let us ordain to judge this cause  
"Twixt godlike Aias and war-fain Odysseus,  
Our Trojan captives. They shall say whom most  
Our foes dread, and who saved Peleides' corse  
From that most deadly fight. Lo, in our midst  
Be many spear-won Trojans, thralls of Fate ;  
And these will pass true judgment on these twain,  
To neither showing favour, since they hate  
Alike all authors of their misery."

He spake : replied Agamemnon lord of spears :  
" Ancient, there is none other in our midst  
Wiser than thou, of Danaans young or old,  
In that thou say'st that unforgiving wrath  
Will burn in him to whom the Gods herein  
Deny the victory ; for these which strive  
Are both our chiefest. Therefore mine heart too  
Is set on this, that to the thralls of war  
This judgment we commit : the loser then

τοὺς καὶ ἀτεμβόμενός τις ὀλέθρια μῆσεται ἔργα  
Τρωσὶν εὐπτολέμοισι, χόλον δ' οὐκ ἄμμιν ὀπάσ-  
σει.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἓνα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν  
ἔχοντες

175

ἀμφαδὸν ἠνῆναντο δικασπολίην ἀλεγεινήν·  
τῶν δ' ἄρ' ἀναινομένων Τρώων ἐρικυδέες νῆες  
ἔξοντ' ἐν μέσσοισι δορύκρητοί περ ἔοντες,  
ὄφρα θέμιν καὶ νεῖκος ἀρήιον ἰθύνωσιν.

Αἴας δ' ἐν μέσσοισι μέγ' ἀσχαλόων φάτο μῦθον· 180  
“ὦ Ὀδυσσεῦ φρένας αἰνέ, τί τοι νόον ἤπαφε  
δαίμων

ἴσον ἐμοὶ φρονέειν περὶ κάρτεος ἀκαμάτοιο;  
ἦ φῆς αἰνὸν ὄμιλον ἐρυκακέειν Ἀχιλλῆος  
βλημένου ἐν κονίῃσιν, ὅτ' ἀμφὶ ἐ Τρώες ἔβησαν,  
ὀππότε ἔγὼ κείνοισι φόνον στονόεντ' ἐφέηκα 185  
σεῖο καταπτώσσοντος; ἐπεὶ νῦ σε γείνατο μήτηρ  
δείλαιον καὶ ἀναλκιν, ἀφαιρότερόν περ ἐμείο,  
ὅσσον τίς τε κύων μεγαλοβρύχιοιο λέοντος·  
οὐ γάρ τοι στέρνοισι πέλει μενεδήιον ἦτορ,  
ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἀμφιμέμηλε δόλος<sup>1</sup> καὶ ἀτάσθαλα ἔργα. 190  
ἢ τόδ' ἐξελάθου, ὅτ' ἐς Ἰλίου ἱερὸν ἄστν  
ἐλθέμεναι ἀλέεινες ἄμ' ἀγρομένοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς,  
καὶ σε καταπτώσσοντα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντ' ἐφέ-  
πεσθαι

ἤγαγον Ἀτρεΐδαι; ὥς μὴ ὥφειλες ἰκέσθαι·  
σῆς γὰρ ὑπ' ἐννεσίῃσι κλυτὸν Ποιάντιον νῆα 195  
Δήμῳ ἐν ἡγαθέῃ λίπομεν μεγάλη στενάχοντα·  
οὐκ οἶω δ' ἄρα τῷ γε λυγρὴν ἐπεμήσαο λῶβην,  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀντιθέῳ Παλαμῆδεϊ θῆκας ὀλεθρον,  
ὃς σέο φέρτερος ἔσκε βίῃ καὶ εὐφρονι βουλῇ.  
νῦν δ' ἤδη καὶ ἐμείο καταντίον ἐλθέμεν ἔτλης, 200

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, ex P.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

Shall against Troy devise his deadly work  
Of vengeance, and shall not be wroth with us."

He spake, and these three, being of one mind,  
In hearing of all men refused to judge  
Judgment so thankless: they would none of it.  
Therefore they set the high-born sons of Troy  
There in the midst, spear-thralls although they were,  
To give just judgment in the warriors' strife.  
Then in hot anger Aias rose, and spake:  
"Odysseus, frantic soul, why hath a God  
Deluded thee, to make thee hold thyself  
My peer in might invincible? Dar'st thou say  
That thou, when slain Achilles lay in dust,  
When round him swarmed the Trojans, didst bear  
back

That furious throng, when I amidst them hurled  
Death, and thou coweredst away? Thy dam  
Bare thee a craven and a weakling wretch  
Frail in comparison of me, as is  
A cur beside a lion thunder-voiced!  
No battle-biding heart is in thy breast,  
But wiles and treachery be all thy care.  
Hast thou forgotten how thou didst shrink back  
From faring with Achaea's gathered host  
To Ilium's holy burg, till Atreus' sons  
Forced thee, the cowering craven, how loth soe'er,  
To follow them—would God thou hadst never come!  
For by thy counsel left we in Lemnos' isle  
Groaning in agony Peas' son renowned.  
And not for him alone was ruin devised  
Of thee; for godlike Palamedes too  
Didst thou contrive destruction—ha, he was  
Alike in battle and council better than thou!  
And now thou dar'st to rise up against me,  
Neither remembering my kindness, nor

οὐτ' εὐεργεσίης μεμνημένος, οὔτε τι θυμῷ  
 ἰζόμενος σέο πολλὸν ὑπέρτερον, ὅς σ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ  
 ἐξεσάωσα πάροιθεν ὑποτρομέοντα κυδοιμὸν  
 δυσμενέων, ὅτε σ' ἄλλοι ἀνὰ μόθον οἰωθέντα  
 κάλλιπον ἐν δηίων ὁμάδῃ φεύγοντα καὶ αὐτόν· 205  
 ὥς ὄφελον καὶ ἐμείο θρασὺ σθένος ἐν δαΐ κείνῃ  
 αὐτὸς Ζεὺς ἐφόβησεν ὑπ' αἰθέρος, ὄφρα σε Τρῶες  
 ἀμφιτόμοις ξιφέεσσι διαμελεῖστί κέδασσαν  
 δαῖτα κυσὶ σφετέροισι, καὶ οὐκ ἂν ἐμείο μενοίνας  
 ἐλθέμεναι κατέναντα δολοφροσύνησι πεποιθώς. 210  
 σχέτλιε, τίπτε βίῃ πολὺ φέρτατος ἔμμεναι ἄλλων  
 εὐχόμενος μέσσοισιν ἔχεις νέας, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ  
 ἔτλης ὥσπερ ἔγωγε θοὰς ἔκτοσθεν ἐρύσσαι  
 νῆας; ἐπεὶ νῦν σε τάρβος ἐπήιεν. οὐδὲ μὲν αἰνὸν  
 πῦρ νηῶν ἀπάλαλκες· ἐγὼ δ' ὑπ' ἀταρβείῃ θυμῷ 215  
 ἔστην καὶ πυρὸς ἅντα καὶ Ἔκτορος, ὅς μοι ὕπεικε  
 πάντῃ ἐν ὕσμίνῃ· σὺ δέ μιν περιδεΐδιες αἰεῖ.  
 ὥς ὄφελον τόδε νῶϊν ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ τις ἄεθλον  
 θῆκεν, ὅτ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῇ δεδοπότι δῆρις ὀρώρει,  
 ὄφρ' ἐκ δυσμενέων με καὶ ὑργαλέοιο κυδοιμοῦ 220  
 ἔδρακες ἔντεα καλὰ ποτὶ κλισίας φορέοντα  
 αὐτῷ ὁμῶς Ἀχιλῇ δαΐφρονι· νῦν δ' ἄρα μύθων  
 ἰδρεῖῃ πίσυνος μεγάλων ἐπιμαίεαι ἔργων·  
 οὐ γάρ τοι σθένος ἐστὶν ἐν ἔντεσιν ἀκαμάτοισι  
 δύμεναι Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος, οὐδέ μέγ' ἔγχος 225  
 νωμῆσαι παλάμῃσιν· ἐμοὶ δ' ἄρα πάντα τέτυκται  
 ἄρμενα, καὶ μοι ἔοικε φορήμεναι ἀγλαὰ τεύχη  
 οὔτι καταισχύνοντι θεοῦ περικαλλέα δῶρα.  
 ἀλλὰ τί ἦ μύθοισιν ἐριδμαίνοντε κακοῖσιν



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

Having respect unto the mightier man  
Who rescued thee erewhile, when thou didst quail  
In fight before the onset of thy foes,  
When thou, forsaken of all Greeks beside,  
'Midst tumult of the fray, wast fleeing too!  
Oh that in that great fight Zeus' self had stayed  
My dauntless might with thunder from his heaven!  
Then with their two-edged swords the Trojan men  
Had hewn thee limb from limb, and to their dogs  
Had cast thy carrion! Then thou hadst not presumed  
To meet me, trusting in thy trickeries!  
Wretch, wherefore, if thou vauntest thee in might  
Beyond all others, hast thou set thy ships  
In the line's centre, screened from foes, nor dared  
As I, on the far wing to draw them up?  
Because thou wast afraid! Not thou it was  
Who savedst from devouring fire the ships;  
But I with heart unquailing there stood fast  
Facing the fire and Hector—ay, even he  
Gave back before me everywhere in fight.  
Thou—thou didst fear him aye with deadly fear!  
Oh, had this our contention been but set  
Amidst that very battle, when the roar  
Of conflict rose around Achilles slain!  
Then had thine own eyes seen me bearing forth  
Out from the battle's heart and fury of foes  
That goodly armour and its hero lord  
Unto the tents. But here—thou canst but trust  
In cunning speech, and covetest a place  
Amongst the mighty! Thou—thou hast not strength  
To wear Achilles' arms invincible,  
Nor sway his massy spear in thy weak hands!  
But I—they are verily moulded to my frame:  
Yea, seemly it is I wear those glorious arms,  
Who shall not shame a God's gifts passing fair.  
But wherefore for Achilles' glorious arms

ἔσταμεν ἄμφ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος ἀγλαὰ τεύχη; 230

[ἄλλ' ἄγε χαλκείης πειρήσομεν ἐγχείησιν]

ὅστις φέρτερός ἐστιν ἐνὶ φθισήνορι χάρμη.

ἀλκῆς γὰρ τόδ' ἄεθλον ἀρήιον, οὐκ ἀλεγεινῶν

θήκεν ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν ἐπέων Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·

μύθων δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ χρεῖῶ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν·

οἶδα γὰρ ὡς σέο πολλὸν ἀγαυότερος καὶ ἀρείων 235

εἰμί· γένος δέ μοι ἐστίν, ὅθεν μεγάλῳ Ἀχιλῆϊ."

Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἀλεγεινὰ παραβλήδην ἐνένιπεν

υἱὸς Λαέρταο πολύτροπα μῆδεα νωμῶν·

"Αἶαν ἀμετροεπές, τί νύ μοι τόσα μὰψ ἀγορεύεις;

οὔτιδαιόν τέ μ' ἔφησθα καὶ ἀργαλέον καὶ ἄναλκιν 240

ἔμμεναι, ὃς σέο πολλὸν ὑπέρτερος εὐχομαι εἶναι

μῆδεσι καὶ μύθοισι, τὰ τ' ἀνδράσι κάρτος ἀέξει·

καὶ γάρ τ' ἡλίβατον πέτρην ἄρρηκτον εἴουσιν

μήτι ὑποτμήγουσιν ἐν οὔρεσι λατόμοι ἄνδρες

ῥηιδίως, μήτι δὲ μέγαν βαρυηχέα πόντον 245

ναῦται ὑπεκπερόωσιν, ὅτ' ἄσπετα κυμαίνηται·

τέχνησιν δ' ἀγρόται κρατεροὺς δαμόωσι λέοντας

πορδάλιάς τε σύας τε καὶ ἄλλων ἔθνεα θηρῶν·

ταῦροι δ' ὀβριμόθυμοι ὑπὸ ζεύγλαις δαμόωνται

ἀνθρώπων ἰότητι· νόῳ δέ τε πάντα τελεῖται. 250

αἰεὶ δ' ἀφραδέος πέλει ἀνέρος ἄμφι πόνοισι

πᾶσι καὶ ἐν βουλῇσιν ἀνὴρ πολυῖδρις ἀμείνων·

τοῦνεκ' εὐφροῖέοντα θρασὺς πάϊς Οἰνεΐδαο

λέξατό μ' ἐκ πάντων ἐπιτάρροθον, ὅφρ' ἀφίκωμαι

εἰς φύλακας· μέγα δ' ἔργον ὁμῶς ἐτελέσσαμεν

ἄμφω·

255

καὶ δ' αὐτὸν Πηλῆος εὐσθενέος κλυτὸν νῖα

ἦγαγον Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἐπίρροθον· ἦν δὲ καὶ ἄλλου

ἥρωος χρεῖῶ τις ἐν Ἀργείοισι πέληται,

οὐδ' ὅγε χερσὶ τεῇσιν ἐλεύσεται, οὐδὲ μὲν ἄλλων

Ἀργείων βουλῇσιν, ἐγὼ δέ εἰ μούνος Ἀχαιῶν 260

ἄξω μελιχίοισι παραυδήσας ἐπέεσσι

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

With words discourteous wrangling stand we here ?  
Come, let us try in strife with brazen spears  
Who of us twain is best in murderous fight !  
For silver-footed Thetis set in the midst  
This prize for prowess, not for pestilent words.  
In folk-mote may men have some use for words :  
In pride of prowess I know me above thee far,  
And great Achilles' lineage is mine own."

He spake : with scornful glance and bitter speech  
Odysseus the resourceful chode with him :  
" Aias, unbridled tongue, why these vain words  
To me ? Thou hast called me pestilent, nidding,  
And weakling : yet I boast me better far  
Than thou in wit and speech, which things increase  
The strength of men. Lo, how the craggy rock,  
Adamantine though it seem, the hewers of stone  
Amid the hills by wisdom undermine  
Full lightly, and by wisdom shipmen cross  
The thunderous-plunging sea, when mountain-high  
It surgeth, and by craft do hunters quell  
Strong lions, panthers, boars, yea, all the brood  
Of wild things. Furious-hearted bulls are tamed  
To bear the yoke-bands by device of men.  
Yea, all things are by wit accomplished. Still  
It is the man who knoweth that excels  
The witless man alike in toils and counsels.  
For my keen wit did Oeneus' valiant son  
Choose me of all men with him to draw nigh  
To Hector's watchmen : yea, and mighty deeds  
We twain accomplished. I it was who brought  
To Atreus' sons Peleides far-renowned,  
Their battle-helper. Whensoe'er the host  
Needeth some other champion, not for the sake  
Of thine hands will he come, nor by the rede  
Of other Argives : of Achaeans I  
Alone will draw him with soft suasive words

δῆριν ἐς αἰζηῶν· μέγα γὰρ κράτος ἀνδράσι μῦθος  
 γίνετ' εὐφροσύνη μεμελημένος· ἡνορέη δὲ  
 ἄπρηκτος τελέθει μέγεθός τ' εἰς οὐδὲν ἀέξει  
 ἀνέρος, εἰ μὴ οἱ πινυτὴ ἐπὶ μῆτις ἔπηται. 265  
 αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ κάρτος ὁμῶς καὶ μῆτιν ὅπασσαν  
 ἀθάνατοι· τεύξαν δὲ μέγ' Ἀργείοισιν ὄνειαρ.  
 οὐδὲ μὲν ὥς σύ μ' ἔφησθα πάρος φεύγοντα σάωσας  
 δηίου ἐξ ἐνοπῆς· οὐ γὰρ φύγον, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντα  
 Τρῶας ἐπεσσυμένους μένον ἔμπεδον· οἱ δ' ἐπέ-  
 χυντο 270  
 ἀλκῇ μαιμώνωντες· ἐγὼ δ' ὑπὸ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν  
 πολλῶν θυμὸν ἔλυσα· σὺ δ' οὐκ ἄρ' ἐτήτυμα  
 βάξεις·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐμοίγ' ἐπάμυνας ἀνὰ μόθον ἀλλὰ σοὶ αὐτῷ  
 ἔσθης ἦρα φέρων, μὴ τίς νύ σε δουρὶ δαμάσση  
 φεύγοντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο· νέας δ' ἐς μέσσον ἔρυσσα 275  
 οὔτι περιτρομέων δηίων μένος, ἀλλ' ἵνα μῆχος  
 αἰὲν ἅμ' Ἀτρείδῃσιν ὑπὲρ πολέμοιο φέρωμαι·  
 καὶ σὺ μὲν ἔκτοσθε στήσας νέας· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε  
 αὐτὸν αἰεκίσσας πληγῆς ὑπὸ λευγαλέῃσιν  
 ἐς Τρώων πτολίεθρον ἐσήλυθον, ὄφρα πύθωμαι, 280  
 ὅπποσα μητιόωνται ὑπὲρ πολέμου ἀλεγεινοῦ.  
 οὐδὲ μὲν Ἐκτορος ἔγχος ἐδείδιον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς  
 ἐν πρώτοις ἀνόρουσα μάχέσσασθαι μενεαίνων  
 κείνῳ, ὅτ' ἡνορέη πίσυνος προκαλέσσατο πάντας.  
 νῦν δέ σευ ἄμφ' Ἀχιλῇ πολὺ πλέονας κτάνου  
 ἄνδρας 285  
 δυσμενέων, ἐσάωσα δ' ὁμῶς τεύχεσσι θανόντα.  
 οὐδὲ μὲν ἐγχείην τρομέω σέθεν, ἀλλὰ με λυγρὸν  
 ἔλκος ἔτ' ἄμφ' ὀδύνῃς περινίσσεται εἵνεκα τευχέων  
 τῶνδ' ὑπερουτηθέντα δαίκταμένου τ' Ἀχιλλῆος·  
 καὶ δ' ἐμοὶ ὥς Ἀχιλῇ πέλει Διὸς ἔσوخον αἶμα." 290  
 Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· τὸν δ' αὖθις ἀμείβετο καρτερός  
 Αἴας·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

To where strong men are warring. Mighty power  
 The tongue hath over men, when courtesy  
 Inspires it. Valour is a deedless thing ;  
 And bulk and big assemblage of a man  
 Cometh to naught, by wisdom unattended.  
 But unto me the Immortals gave both strength  
 And wisdom, and unto the Argive host  
 Made me a blessing. Nor, as thou hast said,  
 Hast thou in time past saved me when in flight  
 From foes. I never fled, but steadfastly  
 Withstood the charge of all the Trojan host.  
 Furious the enemy came on like a flood  
 But I by might of hands cut short the thread  
 Of many lives. Herein thou sayest not true—  
 Me in the fray thou didst not shield nor save,  
 But for thine own life foughtest, lest a spear  
 Should pierce thy back if thou shouldst turn to flee  
 From war. My ships?—I drew them up mid-line,  
 Not dreading the battle-fury of any foe,  
 But to bring healing unto Atreus' sons  
 Of war's calamities : and thou didst set  
 Far from their help thy ships. Nay more, I seamed  
 With cruel stripes my body, and entered so  
 The Trojans' burg, that I might learn of them  
 All their devisings for this troublous war.  
 Nor ever I dreaded Hector's spear ; myself  
 Rose mid the foremost, eager for the fight,  
 When, prowess-confident, he defied us all.  
 Yea, in the fight around Achilles, I  
 Slew foes far more than thou ; 'twas I who saved  
 The dead king with this armour. Not a whit  
 I dread thy spear now, but my grievous hurt  
 With pain still vexeth me, the wound I gat  
 In fighting for these arms and their slain lord.  
 In me as in Achilles is Zeus' blood."

He spake ; strong Aias answered him again.

“ὦ Ὀδυσσεύ δολομῆτα καὶ ἀργαλεώτατε πάντων,  
οὐ νύ σ' ἐκεῖσ' ἐνόησα πονεύμενον, οὐδέ τις ἄλλος  
Ἀργείων, ὅτε Τρῶες Ἀχιλλέα δηωθέντα  
ἐλκόμεναι μενέαινον· ἐγὼ δ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ καὶ ἀλκῇ 295  
τῶν μὲν γούνατ' ἔλυσα κατὰ μόθον, οὓς δ' ἐφό-  
βησα

αἶν ἐπεσσύμενος· τοὶ δ' ἀργαλέως φοβέοντο  
χῆνεσιν ἢ γεράνοισιν ἐοικότες, οἷς ἐπορούση  
αἰετὸς ἠϊόεν πεδίον κίτα βοσκομένοισιν·  
ὥς Τρῶες πτώσσοντες ἐμὸν δόρυ καὶ θοὸν ἄορ 300  
Ἴλιον ἐς κατέδυσαν ἀλευάμενοι μέγα πῆμα.  
σοὶ δὲ καὶ εἰ τότε κάρτος ἐπήλυθεν, οὔτι μιν ἄγχι  
μάρναο δυσμενέεσσιν, ἐκάς δέ που ἦσθα καὶ αὐτὸς  
ἄμφ' ἄλλησι φάλαγξι πονεύμενος, οὐ περὶ νεκρῶ  
ἀντιθέου Ἀχιλλῆος, ὅπου μάλα δῆρις ὀρώρει.” 305  
Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' Ὀδυσῆος ἀμείβετο κερδαλέον  
κῆρ·

“Αἴαν, ἐγὼν οὐ σείο κακώτερος ἔλπομαι εἶναι  
οὐ νόον οὐδὲ βίην, εἰ καὶ μάλα φαίδιμος ἐσσί·  
ἀλλὰ νόῳ μὲν ἔγωγε πολὺ προφερέστερός εἰμι  
σείο μετ' Ἀργείοισι, βίῃ δέ τοι ἀμφήριστος 310  
ἢ καὶ ἀγανότερος· τὸ δέ που καὶ Τρῶες ἴσασιν,  
οἷ με μέγα τρομέουσι καὶ ἦν ἀπάτερθεν ἴδωνται.  
καὶ δ' αὐτὸς σάφα οἶδας ἐμὸν μένος ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλοι  
ἄμφι παλαισμοσύνῃ πολυτερεῖ πολλὰ μογῆσας,  
ὅππότε δὴ περὶ σῆμα δαϊκταμένου Πατρόκλοιο 315  
Πηλεΐδης ἐρίθυμος ἀγακλυτὰ θῆκεν ἄεθλα.”

Ὡς φάτο Λαέρταο κλυτὸς πάϊς ἀντιθέοιο.  
καὶ τότε Τρώιοι νῆες ἔριν δικάσαντ' ἀλεγεινὴν  
αἰζῶν· νίκην δὲ καὶ ἄμβροτα τεύχεα δῶκαν  
πάντες ὁμοφρονέοντες εὐπτολέμῳ Ὀδυσῇ· 320  
τοῦ δ' ἄμοτον γήθησε νόος· στονάχῃσε δὲ λαός.  
παχυνώθη δ' Αἴαντος ἐὺ σθένος· αἰψα δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

“Most cunning and most pestilent of men,  
Nor I, nor any other Argive, saw  
Thee toiling in that fray, when Trojans strove  
Fiercely to hale away Achilles slain.  
My might it was that with the spear unstrung  
The knees of some in fight, and others thrilled  
With panic as they pressed on ceaselessly.  
Then fled they in dire straits, as geese or cranes  
Flee from an eagle swooping as they feed  
Along a grassy meadow ; so, in dread  
The Trojans shrinking backward from my spear  
And lightening sword, fled into Ilium  
To 'scape destruction. If thy might came there  
Ever at all, not anywhere nigh me  
With foes thou foughtest : somewhere far aloot  
Mid other ranks thou toiledst, nowhere nigh  
Achilles, where the one great battle raged.”

He spake ; replied Odysseus the shrewd heart :  
“Aias, I hold myself no worse than thou  
In wit or might, how goodly in outward show  
Thou be soever. Nay, I am keener far  
Of wit than thou in all the Argives' eyes.  
In battle-prowess do I equal thee—  
Haply surpass ; and this the Trojans know,  
Who tremble when they see me from afar.  
Aye, thou too know'st, and others know my strength  
By that hard struggle in the wrestling-match,  
When Pelcus' son set glorious prizes forth  
Beside the barrow of Patroclus slain.”

So spake Laertes' son the world-renowned.  
Then on that strife disastrous of the strong  
The sons of Troy gave judgment. Victory  
And those immortal arms awarded they  
With one consent to Odysseus mighty in war.  
Greatly his soul rejoiced ; but one deep groan  
Brake from the Greeks. Then Aias' noble might

ἄτη ἀνιερὴ περικάππεσε· πᾶν δέ οἱ εἶσω  
 ἔξεσε φοῖνιον αἶμα· χολὴ δ' ὑπερέβλυσεν αἰνὴ·  
 ἥπατι δ' ἔγκατ' ἔμικτο· περὶ κραδίην δ' ἀλεγεινὸν 325  
 ἔξεν ἄχος, καὶ δριμὺ δι' ἐγκεφάλαιοι θεμέθλων  
 ἐσσύμενον μῆνιγγας ἄδην ἀμφήλυθεν ἄλγος,  
 σὺν δ' ἔχεεν νόον ἀνδρός· ἐπὶ χθονὶ δ' ὄμματα  
 πῆξας

ἔστη ἀκινήτῳ ἐναλίγκιος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι  
 ἀχυνόμεοί μιν ἄγεσκον εὐπρώρους ἐπὶ νῆας 330  
 πολλὰ παρηγορέοντες· ὁ δ' ὕστατίην ποσὶν οἶμον  
 ἦεν οὐκ ἐθέλων· σχεδόθεν δέ οἱ ἔσπετο Μοῖρα.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ κατὰ νῆας ἔβαν καὶ ἀπείρονα  
 πόντον,

Ἀργεῖοι δόρποιο μεμαότες ἠδὲ καὶ ὕπνου,  
 καὶ τότε ἔσω μεγάλοιο Θέτις κατεδύσατο πόντον· 335  
 σὺν δέ οἱ ἄλλαι ἴσαν Νηρηίδες· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι  
 νήχετο κήτεα πολλά, τὰ τε τρέφει ἀλμυρὸν οἶδμα.

Αἱ δὲ μέγα σκύζοντο Προμηθεΐ μητιόεντι  
 μνώμεναι, ὥς κείνοιο θεοπροπείησι Κρονίων  
 δῶκε Θέτιν Πηλῆι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλουσαν ἄγεσθαι. 340  
 Κυμοθόῃ δ' ἐν τῇσι μέγ' ἀσχαλόωσ' ἀγόρευεν·  
 “ὦ πόποι, ὥς ὃ γε λυγρὸς ἐπάξια πῆμαθ' ὑπέτλη  
 δεσμῷ ἐν ἀρρήκτῳ, ὅτε οἱ μέγας αἰετὸς ἦπαρ  
 κεῖρεν ἀεξόμενον κατὰ νηδύος ἔνδοθι δύνων.”

Ὡς φάτο Κυμοθόῃ κυανοπλοκάμοις ἀλίησιν. 345  
 ἥελιος δ' ἀπόρουσεν, ἐπεσκιόωντο δ' ἀλωαὶ  
 νυκτὸς ἐπεσσυμένης, ἐπεκίδνατο δ' οὐρανὸν ἄστρα.  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ τανυπρώροισιν ἵαον  
 ὕπνῳ ὑπ' ἀμβροσίῳ δεδμημένοι ἠδὲ καὶ οἶνω  
 ἠδέϊ, τὸν Κρήτηθε παρ' Ἰδομενῆος ἀγανού 350  
 ναῦται ὑπὲρ πόντοιο πολυκλύστοιο φέρεσκον.

Αἴας δ' Ἀργείοισι χολούμενος οὐτ' ἄρα δόρπου  
 μνήσατ' ἐνὶ κλισίῃ μελιηδέος, οὔτε μιν ὕπνος

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

Stood frozen stiff; and suddenly fell on him  
Dark wilderment; all blood within his frame  
Boiled, and his gall swelled, bursting forth in flood.  
Against his liver heaved his bowels; his heart  
With anguished pangs was thrilled; fierce stabbing  
throes

Shot through the filmy veil 'twixt bone and brain;  
And darkness and confusion wrapped his mind.  
With fixed eyes staring on the ground he stood  
Still as a statue. Then his sorrowing friends  
Closed round him, led him to the shapely ships,  
Aye murmuring consolations. But his feet  
Trod for the last time, with reluctant steps,  
That path; and hard behind him followed Doom.

When to the ships beside the boundless sea  
The Argives, faint for supper and for sleep,  
Had passed, into the great deep Thetis plunged,  
And all the Nereids with her. Round them swam  
Sea-monsters many, children of the brine.

Against the wise Prometheus bitter-wroth  
The Sea-maids were, remembering how that Zeus,  
Moved by his prophecies, unto Peleus gave  
Thetis to wife, a most unwilling bride.  
Then cried in wrath to these Cymothoe:  
"O that the pestilent prophet had endured  
All pangs he merited, when, deep-burrowing,  
The eagle tare his liver aye renewed!"

So to the dark-haired Sea maids cried the Nymph.  
Then sank the sun: the onrush of the night  
Shadowed the fields, the heavens were star-bestrewn;  
And by the long-prowed ships the Argives slept  
By ambrosial sleep o'er-mastered, and by wine  
The which from proud Idomeneus' realm of Crete:  
The shipmen bare o'er foaming leagues of sea.

But Aias, wroth against the Argive men,  
Would none of meat or drink, nor clasped him round

ἄμφεχεν, ἀλλ' ὃ γ' ἐοῖσιν ἐν ἔντεσι δύσατο θύων  
 εἶλετο δὲ ξίφος ὀξύ, καὶ ἄσπετα πορφύρεσεν, 355  
 ἢ ὃ γ' ἐνιπρήσῃ νῆας καὶ πάντας ὀλέσσει  
 Ἀργείους, ἢ μῶνον ὑπὸ ξίφεϊ στοινόεντι  
 δηώσῃ μελεῖστί θοῶς δολόεντ' Ὀδυσῆα.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ὥρμαινε, τὰ δὲ τάχα πάντ' ἐτέλεσ-  
 σεν,

εἰ μὴ οἱ Τριτωνὶς ἀάσχετον ἔμβαλε λύσσαν· 360  
 κήδετο γὰρ φρεσὶν ἧσι πολυτλήτου Ὀδυσῆος  
 ἱρῶν μνωομένη, τὰ οἱ ἔμπεδα κείνος ἔρεξε·  
 τοῦνεκα δὴ μέγαλοιο μένος Τελαμωνιάδαο  
 τρέψεν ἀπ' Ἀργείων. ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἦε λαίλαπι ἴσος  
 σμερδαλέῃ στυγερῇσι καταιγίσιν βεβριθυίῃ, 365  
 ἣ τε φέρει ναύτησι τέρας κρυεροῖο φόβοιο,  
 Πληιάς εὐτ' ἀκάμαντος ἐς ὠκεανοῖο ῥέεθρα  
 δύνεθ' ὑποπτώσσουσα περικλυτὸν Ὠρίωνα,  
 ἡέρα συγκλονέουσα, μέμνηε δὲ χεῖματι πόντος·  
 τῇ εἰκῶς οἶμησεν, ὅπῃ μιν γυῖα φέρεσκον. 370  
 πάντῃ δ' ἀμφιθέεσκειν ἀναιδέϊ θηρὶ ἐοικώς,  
 ὅς τε βαθυσκοπέλοιο διέσσυται ἄγχεα βήσσης  
 ἀφριῶν γενύεσσι καὶ ἄλγεα πολλὰ μενοινῶν  
 ἢ κυσὶν ἢ ἀγρόταις, οἳ οἱ τέκνα δηώσονται  
 ἀντρων ἐξερύσαντες, ὃ δ' ἀμφὶ γένυσσι βεβρυχώς, 375  
 εἴ που ἔτ' ἐν ξυλόχοισιν ἴδοι θυμήρεα τέκνα·  
 τῷ δ' εἴ τις κύρσειε μεμνηότα θυμὸν ἔχοντι,  
 αὐτοῦ οἱ βιότοιο λυγρὸν περιτέλλεται ἡμαρ·  
 ὥς ὃ γ' ἀμείλιχα θῦνε, μέλαν δὲ οἱ ἔξεεν ἦτορ,  
 εὐτε λέβης ἀλίαςτον ἐπ' ἐσχάρῃ Ἠφαίστοιο 380  
 ῥοιβδηδὸν μαίνεται ὑπαὶ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο,  
 γάστρην ἀμφὶς ἅπασαν ὅτε ξύλα πολλὰ θέρηται,  
 ἐννεσίης δρηστῆρος ἐπειγομένου ἐνὶ θυμῷ,  
 εὐτραφέος σιάλοιο περὶ τρίχας ὥς κεν ἀμέρσῃ·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

The arms of sleep. In fury he donned his mail,  
He clutched his sword, thinking unspeakable  
thoughts ;

For now he thought to set the ships aflame,  
And slaughter all the Argives, now, to hew  
With sudden onslaught of his terrible sword  
Guileful Odysseus limb from limb. Such things  
He purposed—nay, had soon accomplished all,  
Had Pallas not with madness smitten him ;  
For over Odysseus, strong to endure, her heart  
Yearned, as she called to mind the sacrifices  
Offered to her of him continually.

Therefore she turned aside from Argive men  
The might of Aias. As a terrible storm,  
Whose wings are laden with dread hurricane-blasts,  
Cometh with portents of heart-numbing fear  
To shipmen, when the Pleiads, fleeing adread  
From glorious Orion, plunge beneath  
The stream of tireless Ocean, when the air  
Is turmoil, and the sea is mad with storm ;  
So rushed he, whitherso'e'er his feet might bear.  
This way and that he ran, like some fierce beast  
Which darteth down a rock-walled glen's ravines  
With foaming jaws, and murderous intent  
Against the hounds and huntsmen, who have torn  
Out of the cave her cubs, and slain : she runs  
This way and that, and roars, if mid the brakes  
Haply she yet may see the dear ones lost ;  
Whom if a man meet in that maddened mood,  
Straightway his darkest of all days hath dawned ;  
So ruthless-raving rushed he ; blackly boiled  
His heart, as caldron on the Fire-god's hearth  
Maddens with ceaseless hissing o'er the flames  
From blazing billets coiling round its sides,  
At bidding of the toiler eager-souled  
To singe the bristles of a huge-fed boar ;

ὥς τοῦ ὑπὸ στέρνοισι πελώριος ἔξεε θυμός.  
μαίνεται δ' ἥϋτε πόντος ἀπείριτος ἢ θύελλα  
ἢ πυρὸς ἀκαμάτοιο θοὸν μένος, εὖτ' ἀλίαςτον  
μαίνεται κατ' ὄρεσφι βίη μεγάλου ἀνέμοιο,  
πίπτῃ δ' αἰθομένη πυρὶ πάντοθεν ἄσπετος ὕλη·  
ὥς Αἴας ὀδύνησι πεπαρμένος ὄβριμον ἦτορ  
μαίνεται λευγαλέως· ἄπλετος δέ οἱ ἔρρεεν ἀφρὸς  
ἐκ στόματος, βρυχή δὲ περὶ γναθμοῖσιν ὀρώρει·  
τεύχεα δ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἐπέβραχε. τοὶ δ' ὀρόωντες  
πάντες ὁμῶς ἐνὸς ἀνδρὸς ὑποτρομέεσκον ὁμοκλήν.

Καὶ τότε ἀπ' Ὀκεανοῖο κίε χρυσήνιος Ἡώς·  
Τυπος δ' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἀνήιεν εἵκελος αὖρη,  
Ἥρη δὲ ξύμβλητο νέον πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἰούσῃ  
Τηθύος ἐξ ἱερῆς, ὅθι που προτέρῃ μόλεν ἡοῖ·  
ἢ δὲ ἐκύσσειν ἐλουῖσ' ὅτι οἱ πέλε γαμβρὸς ἀμύμων,  
ἐξ οὗ οἱ Κρονίωνα κατεύνασεν ἐν λεχέεσσιν  
Ἰδης ἀμφὶ κάρηνα χολούμενον Ἀργείοισιν·  
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἢ μὲν ἔβη Ζηνὸς δόμον, ὅς δ' ἐπὶ  
λέκτρα

Πασιθέης οἴμησεν· ἀνέγρετο δ' ἔθνεα φωτῶν.  
Αἴας δ' ἀκαμάτῳ ἐναλίκιος Ὀρίωνι  
φοῖτα ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν ἔχων ὀλοόφρονα λύσσαν·  
ἐν δ' ἔθορεν μήλοισι, λέων ὥς ὀβριμόθυμος  
λιμῶ ὑπ' ἀργαλέῳ δεδμημένος ἄγριον ἦτορ·  
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν κούρησιν ἐπασσύτερ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα  
κάββαλεν, ἥϋτε φύλλα μένος κρατεροῦ Βορέαο  
χεύῃ, ὅτ' ἀνομένου θέρεος μετὰ χειῖμα τράπηται·  
ὥς Αἴας μήλοισι μέγ' ἀσχαλὼν ἐνόρουσεν  
ἐλπόμενος Δαναοῖσι κακὰς ἐπὶ κῆρας ἰάλλειν.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Μενέλαος ἀδελφεῷ ἄγχι παραστὰς  
κρύβδ' ἄλλων Δαναῶν τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπε·



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

So was his great heart boiling in his breast.  
Like a wild sea he raved, like tempest-blast,  
Like the winged might of tireless flame amidst  
The mountains maddened by a mighty wind,  
When the wide-blazing forest crumbles down  
In fervent heat. So Aias, his fierce heart  
With agony stabbed, in maddened misery raved.  
Foam frothed about his lips ; a beast-like roar  
Howled from his throat. About his shoulders  
clashed

His armour. They which saw him trembled, all  
Cowed by the fearful shout of that one man.

From Ocean then uprose Dawn golden-reined :  
Like a soft wind upfloated Sleep to heaven,  
And there met Hera, even then returned  
To Olympus back from Tethys, unto whom  
But yester-morn she went. She clasped him round,  
And kissed him, who had been her marriage-kin  
Since at her prayer on Ida's crest he had lulled  
To sleep Cronion, when his anger burned  
Against the Argives. Straightway Hera passed  
To Zeus's mansion, and Sleep swiftly flew  
To Pasithea's couch. From slumber woke  
All nations of the earth. But Aias, like  
Orion the invincible, prowled on,  
Still bearing murderous madness in his heart.  
He rushed upon the sheep, like lion fierce  
Whose savage heart is stung with hunger-pangs.  
Here, there, he smote them, laid them dead in dust  
Thick as the leaves which the strong North-wind's  
might

Strews, when the waning year to winter turns ;  
So on the sheep in fury Aias fell,  
Deeming he dealt to Danaans evil doom.

Then to his brother Menelaus came,  
And spake, but not in hearing of the rest :

“ σήμερον ἢ τάχα πᾶσιν ὀλέθριον ἔσσεται ἡμαρ 415  
 Αἴαντος μεγάλοιο περὶ φρεσὶ μαινομένοιο,  
 ὃς τάχα νῆας ἐνιπρήσει, κτανέει δὲ καὶ ἡμέας  
 πάντας ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι κοτεσσάμενος περὶ τευχέων.  
 ὥς ὄφελον μὴ τῶνδε Θέτις πέρι δῆριν ἔθηκε,  
 μηδ’ ἄρα Λαέρταο πάϊς μέγ’ ἀμείνονι φωτὶ 420  
 ἔτλη δηριάσθαι ἐναντίον ἄφρονι θυμῷ.  
 νῦν δὲ μέγ’ ἀασάμεσθα, κακὸς δέ τις ἥπαφε δαίμων·  
 ἔρκος γὰρ πολέμοιο δεδουπότος Αἰακίδαιο  
 μοῦνον ἔτ’ ἦν Αἴαντος εὖ σθένος· ἀλλ’ ἄρα καὶ τὸν  
 ἡμῖν ἐξολέσουσι θεοὶ κακὰ νῶιν ἄγοντες, 425  
 ὥς κεν πάντες αἴστον ἀναπλήσωμεν ὄλεθρον.”

“Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν εὐμμελῆς Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 “ μὴ νῦν, ὦ Μενέλαε, μέγ’ ἀχνύμενος περὶ θυμῷ  
 σκύζεο μητιόεντι Κεφαλλήνων βασιλῇ·  
 οὐ γὰρ ὃ γ’ αἵτιός ἐστιν, ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλάκις ἡμῖν 430  
 γίνεται ἐσθλὸν ὄνειαρ, ἄχος δ’ ἄρα δυσμενέεσσιν.”

“Ὡς οἱ μὲν Δαναῶν ἀκαχήμενοι ἡγορόωντο.  
 μηλονόμοι δ’ ἀπάνευθε παρὰ Ξάνθοιο ῥέεθροις  
 πτώσσουν ὑπὸ μυρίκησιν ἀλευάμενοι βαρὺ πῆμα·  
 ὥς δ’ ὅταν αἰετὸν ὠκὺν ὑποπτώσσωσι λαγωοὶ 435  
 θάμνοισ ἐν λασίοισιν, ὁ δ’ ἐγγύθεν ὀξὺ κεκληγὼς  
 πωτᾶτ’ ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα τανυσσάμενος πτερύγεσσιν·  
 ὥς οἱ γ’ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ὑπέτρεσαν ὄβριμον ἄνδρα.  
 ὀψὲ δ’ ὃ γ’ ἀρνειοῖο κατακταμένου σχεδὸν ἔστη,  
 καὶ ῥ’ ὀλοὸν γελάσας τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπε· 440  
 “ κεῖσό νυν ἐν κονίῃσι, κυνῶν βόσις ἡδ’ οἰωνῶν·  
 οὐ γάρ σ’ οὐδ’ Ἀχιλῆος ἐρύσσατο κύδιμα τεύχη,  
 ὧν ἔνεκ’ ἀφραδέων μέγ’ ἀμείνονι δηριάσσκες·  
 κεῖσο, κύον· σὲ γὰρ οὔτι γοήσεται ἀμφιπεσοῦσα

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

“ This day shall surely be a ruinous day  
For all, since Aias thus is sense-distraught.  
It may be he will set the ships aflame,  
And slay us all amidst our tents, in wrath  
For those lost arms. Would God that Thetis ne'er  
Had set them for the prize of rivalry !  
Would God Laertes' son had not presumed  
In folly of soul to strive with a better man !  
Fools were we all ; and some malignant God  
Beguiled us ; for the one great war-defence  
Left us, since Aeacus' son in battle fell,  
Was Aias' mighty strength. And now the Gods  
Will to our loss destroy him, bringing bane  
On thee and me, that all we may fill up  
The cup of doom, and pass to nothingness.”

He spake ; replied Agamemnon, lord of spears :  
“ Now nay, Menelaus, though thine heart he wrung,  
Be thou not wroth with the resourceful king  
Of Cephallenian folk, but with the Gods  
Who plot our ruin. Blame not him, who oft  
Hath been our blessing and our enemies' curse.”

So heavy-hearted spake the Danaan kings.  
But by the streams of Xanthus far away  
'Neath tamarisks shepherds cowered to hide from  
death,

As when from a swift eagle cower hares  
'Neath tangled copses, when with sharp fierce scream  
This way and that with wings wide-shadowing  
He wheeleth very nigh ; so they here, there,  
Quailed from the presence of that furious man.

At last above a slaughtered ram he stood,  
And with a deadly laugh he cried to it :  
“ Lie there in dust ; be meat for dogs and kites !  
Achilles' glorious arms have saved not thee,  
For which thy folly strove with a better man !  
Lie there, thou cur ! No wife shall fall on thee,

κουριδίη μετὰ παιδὸς ἀάσχετον ἀσχαλόωσα, 445  
οὐ τοκέες· τοῖς οὔτι μετέσσεαι ἐλδομένοισι  
γῆραος ἐσθλὸν ὄνειρα, ἐπεὶ νῦ σε τήλ' ἀπὸ πάτρης  
οἰωνοὶ τε κύνες τε δεδουπότα δαρδάψουσιν."

ᾠς ἄρ' ἔφη δολόεντα μετὰ καταμένοις Ὀδυσῆα  
κεῖσθαι οἰόμενος μεμορυγμένον αἵματι πολλῷ· 450  
καὶ τότε οἱ Τριτωνὶς ἀπὸ φρενὸς ἠδὲ καὶ ὄσσω  
ἐσκέδασεν Μανίην βλοσυρὴν πνέουσαν ὄλεθρον·  
ἡ δὲ θοῶς ἵκανε ποτὶ Στυγὸς αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα,  
ἦχι θοαὶ ναίουσιν Ἑριννῦες, αἳ τε βροτοῖσιν  
αἰὲν ὑπερφιάλοισι κακὰς ἐφίᾳσιν ἀνίας. 455

Αἴας δ', ὡς ἶδε μῆλα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀσπαίροντα,  
θάμβεεν ἐν φρεσὶ πάμπαν· οἶσατο γὰρ δόλον εἶναι  
ἐκ μακάρων· πάντεσσι δ' ὑπεκλάσθη μελέεσσι  
βλήμενος ἄλγεσι θυμὸν ἀρήιον· οὐδ' ἄρα πρόσσω 460  
ἐσθενεν ἀσχαλὼν ἐπιβήμεναι οὔτ' ἄρ' ὀπίσσω,  
ἀλλ' ἔστη σκοπιῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἥ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
πασάων μάλα πολλὸν ὑπερτάτῃ ἐρρίζωται.  
ἀλλ' ὅτε οἱ πάλι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ἀγέρθη,  
λυγρὸν ἀνεστονάχησεν, ἔπος δ' ὀλοφύρετο τοῖον·  
"ὦ μοι ἐγὼ, τί νυ τόσσον ἀπέχθομαι ἀθανά-  
τοισιν; 465

οἳ με φρένας βλάβαντο, κακὴν δ' ἐπὶ λύσσαν  
ἔθεντο,  
μῆλα κατακτεῖναι, τά μοι οὐκ ἔσαν αἷτια θυμοῦ.  
ὥς ὄφελον τίσασθαι Ὀδυσσέος ἀργαλέον κῆρ  
χερσὶν ἐμῆς, ἐπεὶ ἦ με κακῇ περικάββαλεν ἄτη  
λυγρὸς ἐὼν μάλα πάγχυ· πάθοι γε μὲν ἄλγεα  
θυμῷ, 470

ὅππόσα μητιόωνται Ἑριννῦες ἀνθρώποισιν  
ἀργαλέοις· δοῖεν δὲ καὶ ἄλλοις Ἀργείοισιν  
ὕσμινας ὀλοὰς καὶ πένθεα δακρύνοντα,  
αὐτῷ τ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι· μηδ' ὃ γ' ἀπήμων  
ἔλθοι ἐὼν ποτὶ δῶμα λιλαιόμενός περ ἰκέσθαι. 475

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

And clasp, and wail thee and her fatherless child,  
Nor shalt thou greet thy parents' longing eyes,  
The staff of their old age ! Far from thy land  
Thy carrion dogs and vultures shall devour ! ”

So cried he, thinking that amidst the slain  
Odysseus lay blood-boltered at his feet.  
But in that moment from his mind and eyes  
Athena tore away the nightmare-fiend  
Of Madness havoc-breathing, and it passed  
Thence swiftly to the rock-walled river Styx  
Where dwell the winged Erinnyes, they which still  
Visit with torments overweening men.

Then Aias saw those sheep upon the earth  
Gasping in death ; and sore amazed he stood,  
For he divined that by the Blessèd Ones  
His senses had been cheated. All his limbs  
Failed under him ; his soul was anguished-thrilled :  
He could not in his horror take one step  
Forward nor backward. Like some towering rock  
Fast-rooted mid the mountains, there he stood.  
But when the wild rout of his thoughts had rallied,  
He groaned in misery, and in anguish wailed :  
“ Ah me ! why do the Gods abhor me so ?  
They have wrecked my mind, have with fell madness  
filled,

Making me slaughter all these innocent sheep !  
Would God that on Odysseus' pestilent heart  
Mine hands had so avenged me ! Miscreant, he  
Brought on me a fell curse ! O may his soul  
Suffer all torments that the Avenging Fiends  
Devise for villains ! On all other Greeks  
May they bring murderous battle, woeful griefs,  
And chiefly on Agamemnon, Atreus' son !  
Not scatheless to the home may he return  
So long desired ! But why should I consort,

ἀλλὰ τί μοι στυγεροῖσι μετέμμεναι ἐσθλὸν ἔοντα;  
 ἔρρέτω Ἀργείων ὅλοος στρατός· ἔρρέτω αἰὼν  
 ἄσχετος· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἐσθλὸς ἔχει γέρας, ἀλλὰ  
 χερείων

τιμῆεις τε πέλει καὶ φίλτερος· ἦ γὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς  
 τίετ' ἐν Ἀργείοισιν, ἐμεῦ δ' ἐπὶ πάγχυ λάθοντο 480  
 ἔργων θ', ὅππός' ἔρεξα καὶ ἔτλην εἵνεκα λαῶν."

Ὡς εἰπὼν πάϊς ἐσθλὸς εὖσθενέος Τελαμῶνος  
 Ἐκτόρεον ξίφος ὥσε δι' αὐχένος· ἐκ δέ οἱ αἶμα  
 ἐσσύμενον κελάρυσεν. ὁ δ' ἐν κονίησι τανύσθη 485  
 Τυφῶν ὥς, τὸν Ζηνὸς ἐνεπρήσαντο κεραυνοί·  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖα μέλαινα μέγα στονάχησε πεσόντος.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Δαναοὶ κίον ἀθρόοι, ὥς ἐσίδοντο  
 κείμενον ἐν κονίησι· πάρος δέ οἱ οὔτις ἵκανεν  
 ἐγγύς, ἐπεὶ μάλα πάντας ἔχεν δέος εἰσορόωντας.  
 αἴψα δ' ἄρα κταμένῳ περικάππεσον· ἀμφὶ δὲ 490  
 κρᾶτα

πρηνέες ἐκχύμενοι κόνιν ἄσπετον ἀμφεχέοντο,  
 καὶ σφιν ὀδυρομένων γόος αἰθέρα δῖον ἵκανεν·  
 ὥς δ' ὅταν εἰροπόκων οἴων ἄπο νήπια τέκνα  
 ἀνέρες ἐξελάσωσιν, ἵνα σφίσι δαῖτα κάμωνται, 495  
 αἱ δὲ μέγα σκαίρουσι διηνεκέως μεμακυῖαι  
 μητέρες ἐκ τεκέων σηκοὺς πέρι χηρωθέντας·  
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα μέγα στένον ἥματι κείνῳ  
 πανσυνδίῃ· μέγα δέ σφιν ἐπέβραχε δάσκιος Ἴδη  
 καὶ πεδίον καὶ νῆες ἀπειρεσίῃ τε θάλασσα.

Τεῦκρος δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ μάλα μήδετο κῆρας  
 ἐπισπεῖν 500

ἀργαλέας· τὸν δ' ἄλλοι ἀπὸ ξίφεος μέγαλοιο  
 εἵργον. ὁ δ' ἀσχαλόων περικάππεσε τεθνεῶτι  
 δάκρυα πολλὰ χέων ἀδινώτερα νηπιάχοιο,  
 ὅς τε παρ' ἐσχαρεῶνι τέφρην περιειμένος ὥμοις  
 κακὸν κεφαλῆς μάλα πάμπαν ὀδύρεται ὀρφανὸν  
 ἦμαρ 505



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

I, a brave man, with the abominable?  
Perish the Argive host, perish my life,  
Now unendurable! The brave no more  
Hath his due guerdon, but the baser sort  
Are honoured most and loved, as this Odysseus  
Hath worship mid the Greeks: but utterly  
Have they forgotten me and all my deeds,  
All that I wrought and suffered in their cause."

So spake the brave son of strong Telamon,  
Then thrust the sword of Hector through his throat.  
Forth rushed the blood in torrent: in the dust  
Outstretched he lay, like Typhon, when the bolts  
Of Zeus had blasted him. Around him groaned  
The dark earth as he fell upon her breast.

Then thronging came the Danaans, when they saw  
Low laid in dust the hero; but ere then  
None dared draw nigh him, but in deadly fear  
They watched him from afar. Now hasted they  
And flung themselves upon the dead, outstretched  
Upon their faces: on their heads they cast  
Dust, and their wailing went up to the sky.  
As when men drive away the tender lambs  
Out of the fleecy flock, to feast thereon,  
And round the desolate pens the mothers leap  
Ceaselessly bleating, so o'er Aias rang  
That day a very great and bitter cry.  
Wild echoes pealed from Ida forest-palled,  
And from the plain, the ships, the boundless sea.

Then Teucer clasping him was minded too  
To rush on bitter doom: howbeit the rest  
Held from the sword his hand. Anguished he fell  
Upon the dead, outpouring many a tear  
More comfortlessly than the orphan babe  
That wails beside the hearth, with ashes strewn  
On head and shoulders, wails bereavement's day  
That brings death to the mother who hath nursed

μητρὸς ἀποφθιμένης, ἥ μιν τρέφε νήιδα πατρός·  
 ὥς ὃ γε κωκύεσκε κασιγνήτοιο δαμέντος  
 ἐρπύζων περὶ νεκρόν, ἔπος δ' ὀλοφύρετο τοῖον·  
 “ Αἴαν καρτερόθυμε, τί ἡ νύ τοι ἐβλάβετ’<sup>1</sup> ἦτορ  
 οἱ αὐτῷ στονόεντα φόνον καὶ πῆμα βαλέσθαι; 510  
 ἦ ἵνα Τρώιοι νῆες διζύους ἀμπνεύσωσιν,  
 Ἄργείους δ' ὀλέσωσι σέθεν κταμένοιο κιόντες;  
 οὐ γὰρ τοῖσδ' ἔτι θάρσος ὅσον πάρος ὀλλυμένοισιν  
 ἔσσεται ἐν πολέμῳ· σὺ γὰρ ἔπλεο πῆματος ἄλκαρ·  
 οὐδ' ἔτ' ἐμοὶ νόστοιο τέλος σέο δεῦρο θανόντος 515  
 ἀνδάνει, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐέλδομαι ἐνθάδ' ὀλέσθαι,  
 ὄφρα με σὺν σοὶ γαῖα φερέσβιος ἀμφικαλύπτῃ·  
 οὐ γὰρ μοι τοκέων τόσσον μέλει, εἴ που ἔτ' εἰσίν,  
 εἴ που ἔτ' ἀμφινέμονται ἔτι ζωοὶ Σαλαμῖνα,  
 ὅσσον σεῖο θανόντος, ἐπεὶ σύ μοι ἔπλεο κῦδος.” 520

Ἡ ῥα μέγα στενάχων· ἐπὶ δ' ἔστενε διὰ Τέκ-  
 μησσα

Αἴαντος παράκοιτις ἀμύμονος, ἥνπερ ἐοῦσαν  
 ληιδίην σφετέρην ἄλοχον θέτο, καὶ μιν ἄνασσαν  
 πάντων ἔμμεν ἔτευξεν, ὅσων ἀνὰ δῶμα γυναῖκες  
 ἐδνωταὶ μεδέουσι παρ' ἀνδράσι κουριδίοισιν· 525  
 ἡ δέ οἱ ἀκαμάτησιν ὑπ' ἀγκοίνῃσι δαμεῖσα  
 Εὐρυσάκην τέκεθ' υἱὸν ἐοικότα πάντα τοκῇ·  
 ἀλλ' ὃ μὲν οὖν ἔτι τυτθὸς ἐνὶ λεχέεσσι λέλειπτο·  
 ἡ δὲ μέγα στενάχουσα φίλῳ περικάππεσε νεκρῷ  
 ἐντυπὰς ἐν κονίῃσι καλὸν δέμας αἰσχύνουσα· 530  
 καὶ ῥ' ὀλοφυδνὸν αὔσε μέγ' ἀχνυμένη κέαρ ἔνδον·  
 “ ὦ μοι ἐγὼ δύστηνος, ἐπεὶ θάνες, οὔτι δαίχθεις  
 δυσμενέων παλάμῃσιν ἀνὰ μόθον, ἀλλὰ σοὶ αὐτῷ·  
 τῷ μοι πένθος ἄλαστον ἐποίχεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐώλπειν  
 σεῖο καταφθιμένοιο πολύστονον ἡμαρ ιδέσθαι 535

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἐβλαβεν of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

The fatherless child ; so wailed he, ever wailed  
His great death-stricken brother, creeping slow  
Around the corpse, and uttering his lament :  
“ O Aias, mighty-souled, why was thine heart  
Distraught, that thou shouldst deal unto thyself  
Murder and bale ? Ah, was it that the sons  
Of Troy might win a breathing-space from woes,  
Might come and slay the Greeks, now thou art not ?  
From these shall all the olden courage fail  
When fast they fall in fight. Their shield from harm  
Is broken now ! For me, I have no will  
To see mine home again, now thou art dead.  
Nay, but I long here also now to die,  
That so the earth may shroud me—me and thee !  
Not for my parents so much do I care,  
If haply yet they live, if haply yet  
Spared from the grave, in Salamis they dwell,  
As for thee, O my glory and my crown ! ”

So cried he groaning sore ; with answering moan  
Queenly Tecmessa wailed, the princess-bride  
Of noble Aias, captive of his spear,  
Yet ta'en by him to wife, and household-queen  
O'er all his substance, even all that wives  
Won with a bride-price rule for wedded lords.  
Clasped in his mighty arms, she bare to him  
A son Eurysaces, in all things like  
Unto his father, far as babe might be  
Yet cradled in his tent. With bitter moan  
Fell she on that dear corpse, all her fair form  
Close-shrouded in her veil, and dust-defiled,  
And from her anguished heart cried piteously :  
“ Alas for me, for me—now thou art dead,  
Not by the hands of foes in fight struck down,  
But by thine own ! On me is come a grief  
Ever-abiding ! Never had I looked

ἐν Τροίῃ· τὰ δὲ πάντα κακαὶ διὰ Κῆρες ἔχευαν·  
 ὥς μ' ὄφελον τὸ πάροιθε περὶ τραφερῇ χάνε γαῖα,  
 πρὶν σέο πότμον ιδέσθαι ἀμείλιχον· οὐ γὰρ ἔμοιγε  
 ἄλλο χερεϊότερόν ποτ' ἐσήλυθεν ἐς φρένα πῆμα, 540  
 οὐδ' ὅτε με πρώτιστον ἐμῆς ἀποτηλόθι πάτρης  
 καὶ τοκέων εἴρυσσας ἄμ' ἄλλης ληιάδεσσι  
 πόλλ' ὀλοφυρομένην, ἐπεὶ ἦ νύ με τὸ πρὶν ἄνασσαν  
 αἰδοίην περ εἴουσιν ἐπήϊε δούλιον ἡμαρ·  
 ἀλλὰ μοι οὔτε πάτρης θυμηδέος οὔτε τοκῆων  
 μέμβλεται οἰχομένων, ὅπόσον σέο δηωθέντος, 545  
 οὔνεκά μοι δειλῇ θυμῆρεα πάντα μενοίνας,  
 καὶ ῥά μ' ἔθηκας ἄκοιτιν ὁμόφρονα, καὶ ῥά μ'  
 ἔφησθα  
 τεύξειν αὐτίκ' ἄνασσαν εὐκτιμένης Σαλαμῖνος  
 νοστήσας Τροίῃθε· τὰ δ' οὐ θεὸς ἄμμι τέλεσσεν·  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μοι αἷστος ἀποίχεται, οὐδέ νύ σοί  
 περ 550  
 μέμβλετ' ἐμεῦ καὶ παιδός, ὃς οὐ πατρὶ τέρψεται  
 ἦτορ,  
 οὐ σέο κοιρανίης ἐπιβήσεται, ἀλλὰ μιν ἄλλοι  
 δμῶα λυγρὸν τεύξουσιν, ἐπεὶ πατρὸς οὐκέτ' ἐόντος  
 νηπίαχοι κομέονται ὑπ' ἀνδρεσσιν μάλα πολλὸν 555  
 χειροτέροις· ὀλοῇ γὰρ ὑπ' ὀρφανίῃ βαρὺς αἰὼν  
 παισὶ πέλει, καὶ πῆματ' ἐπ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα χέονται.  
 καὶ δέ με δειλαίην τάχα δούλιον ἵξεται ἡμαρ  
 οἰχομένου σέο πρόσθεν, ὃ μοι θεὸς ὥς ἐτέτυξο."  
 Ὡς φαμένην προσέειπε φίλα φρονέων Ἀγα-  
 μέωνων·  
 "ὦ γύναι, οὐ νύ σέ τις δμῶήν ποτε θήσεται ἄλλος 560  
 Τεύκρου ἔτι ζώοντος ἀμύμονος ἠδ' ἐμεῦ αὐτοῦ·  
 ἀλλὰ σε τίσομεν αἰὲν ἀπειρεσίοις γεράεσσι,  
 τίσομεν ὥστε θεήν, καὶ σὸν τέκος, ὥς ἔτ' ἐόντος  
 ἀντιθέου Αἴαντος, ὃς ἔπλετο κάρτος Ἀχαιῶν.  
 αἰθ' ὄφελον μηδ' ἄλγος Ἀχαιίδα θήκατο πάσῃ 565  
 246

To see thy woeful death-day here by Troy.  
 Ah, visions shattered by rude hands of Fate !  
 Oh that the earth had yawned wide for my grave  
 Ere I beheld thy bitter doom ! On me  
 No sharper, more heart-piercing pang hath come—  
 No, not when first from fatherland afar  
 And parents thou didst bear me, wailing sore  
 Mid other captives, when the day of bondage  
 Had come on me, a princess theretofore.  
 Not for that dear lost home so much I grieve,  
 Nor for my parents dead, as now for thee :  
 For all thine heart was kindness unto me  
 The hapless, and thou madest me thy wife,  
 One soul with thee ; yea, and thou promisedst  
 To throne me queen of fair-towered Salamis,  
 When home we won from Troy. The Gods denied  
 Accomplishment thereof. And thou hast passed  
 Unto the Unseen Land : thou hast forgot  
 Me and thy child, who never shall make glad  
 His father's heart, shall never mount thy throne.  
 But him shall strangers make a wretched thrall :  
 For when the father is no more, the babe  
 Is ward of meaner men. A weary life  
 The orphan knows, and suffering cometh in  
 From every side upon him like a flood.  
 To me too thralldom's day shall doubtless come,  
 Now thou hast died, who wast my god on earth."

Then in all kindness Agamemnon spake :  
 " Princess, no man on earth shall make thee thrall,  
 While Teucer liveth yet, while yet I live.  
 Thou shalt have worship of us evermore  
 And honour as a Goddess, with thy son,  
 As though yet living were that godlike man,  
 Aias, who was the Achaeans' chiefest strength.  
 Ah that he had not laid this load of grief  
 On all, in dying by his own right hand !

αὐτὸς ἐῆ ὑπὸ χειρὶ δαμείς· οὐ γάρ μιν ἀπείρων  
δυσμενέων σθένε λαὸς ὑπ' Ἀρεΐ δηώσασθαι."

Ὡς ἔφατ' ἀχνύμενος κέαρ ἔνδοθεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
οἰκτρὸν ἀνεστονάχησαν, ἐπίαχε δ' Ἑλλήσποντος  
μυρομένων, ὅλοή δὲ περὶ σφίσι πέπτατ' ἀνίη. 570

καὶ δ' αὐτὸν λάβε πένθος Ὀδυσσεά μητιόεντα  
κείνου ἀποκταμένοιο, καὶ ἀχνύμενος κατὰ θυμὸν  
τοῖον ἔπος μετέειπεν ἀκηχεμένοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς·  
"ὦ φίλοι, ὥς οὐπω τι κακώτερον ἄλλο χόλοιο  
γίνεται, ὅς τε βροτοῖσι κακὴν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀέξει· 575

ὃς καὶ νῦν Αἴαντα πελώριον ἐξορόθουνεν  
ἀμφ' ἔμοι ἐν φρεσὶν ἦσι χολούμενον· ὥς ὄφελόν  
μοι

μή ποτε Τρώιοι νῆες Ἀχιλλέος εἵνεκα τευχέων  
νίκην ἀμφεβάλοντ' ἐρικυδέα, τῆς πέρι θυμὸν  
ἀχνύμενος παῖς ἐσθλὸς εὖσθενέος Τελαμώνος 580

ᾧλετο χερσὶν ἐῆσι· χόλου δέ οἱ οὔτι ἔγωγε  
αἴτιος, ἀλλὰ τις Αἴσα πολύστονος, ἣ μιν ἐδάμνα·  
εἰ γάρ μοι κέαρ ἔνδον ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν ἐώλπει  
κείνον ἀλαστήσειν καθ' ἐὸν νόον, οὔτ' ἂν ἔγωγε  
ἦλθον ἐριδμαίνων νίκης ὕπερ, οὔτε τιν' ἄλλον 585

ἐν Δαναοῖσιν ἔασα μεμαότα δηριάσθαι,  
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἔγωγε θεουδέα τεύχε' αἰείρας  
προφρονέως ἂν ὄπασσα, καὶ εἴ τί περ ἄλλο μενοίνα.

νῦν δέ μιν οὔτι ἔγωγε μέγ' ἀχνύμενον χαλεπῆναι  
ᾧσάμην μετόπισθεν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ οὔτε γυναικὸς 590

οὔτε περὶ πτόλιος μαχόμεν οὔτ' εὐρέος ὄλβου,  
ἀλλὰ μοι ἀμφ' ἀρετῆς νεῖκος πέλεν, ἥς πέρι δῆρις  
τερπνὴ γίνεται αἰὲν ἐϋφροσιν ἀνθρώποισι·

κείνος δ' ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν στυγερῇ ὑπὸ δαίμονος Αἴσῃ  
ἦλιτεν· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε μέγ' ἀσχαλάαν ἐνὶ θυμῷ· 595



## THE FALL OF TROY. BOOK V

For all the countless armies of his foes  
Never availed to slay him in fair fight."

So spake he, grieved to the inmost heart. The folk  
Woefully wailed all round. O'er Hellespont  
Echoes of mourning rolled : the sighing air  
Darkened around, a wide-spread sorrow-pall.  
Yea, grief laid hold on wise Odysseus' self  
For the great dead, and with remorseful soul  
To anguish-stricken Argives thus he spake :  
" O friends, there is no greater curse to men  
Than wrath, which groweth till its bitter fruit  
Is strife. Now wrath hath goaded Aias on  
To this dire issue of the rage that filled  
His soul against me. Would to God that ne'er  
Yon Trojans in the strife for Achilles' arms  
Had crowned me with that victory, for which  
Strong Telamon's brave son, in agony  
Of soul, thus perished by his own right hand !  
Yet blame not me, I pray you, for his wrath :  
Blame the dark dolorous Fate that struck him down.  
For, had mine heart foreboded aught of this,  
This desperation of a soul distraught,  
Never for victory had I striven with him,  
Nor had I suffered any Danaan else,  
Though ne'er so eager, to contend with him.  
Nay, I had taken up those arms divine  
With mine own hands, and gladly given them  
To him, ay, though himself desired it not.  
But for such mighty grief and wrath in him  
I had not looked, since not for a woman's sake  
Nor for a city, nor possessions wide,  
I then contended, but for Honour's meed,  
Which alway is for all right-hearted men  
The happy goal of all their rivalry.  
But that great-hearted man was led astray  
By Fate, the hateful fiend : for surely it is  
Unworthy a man to be made passion's fool.

ἀνδρὸς γὰρ πινυτοῖο καὶ ἄλγεα πόλλ' ἐπιόντα  
τλήναι ὑπὸ κραδίῃ στερεῇ φρενί, μηδ' ἀκάχησθαι."

Ὡς φάτο Λαέρταο κλυτὸς πάϊς ἀντιθέοιο.  
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κορέσαντο γόου καὶ πένθεος αἰνοῦ·  
δὴ τότε Νηλέος υἱὸς ἔτ' ἀχνυμένοισιν ἔειπεν 600  
“ὦ φίλοι, ὡς ἄρα Κῆρες ἀνηλέα θυμὸν ἔχουσαι  
ἡμῖν αἰψ' ἐβάλοντο λυγρῷ ἐπὶ πένθεϊ πένθος  
Αἴαντος φθιμένοιο πολυσθενέος τ' Ἀχιλλῆος  
ἄλλων τ' Ἀργείων ἡδ' υἱέος ἡμετέροιο  
Ἀντιλόχου. ἀλλ' οὔτι θέμις κταμένους ἐνὶ χάρμῃ 605  
κλαίειν ἤματα πάντα καὶ ἀσχαλάαν ἐνὶ θυμῷ,  
ἀλλὰ γόου λήσασθαι ἀεικέος, οὔνεκ' ἄμεινον  
ἔρδειν, ὅσσα βροτοῖσιν ἐπὶ φθιμένοισιν ἔοικε,  
πυρκαϊὴν καὶ σῆμα, καὶ ὅστέα ταρχύσασθαι·  
νεκρὸς δ' οὔτι γόοισιν ἀνέγρεται, οὔδέ τι οἶδε 610  
φράσσασθ', εὐτέ ἐ Κῆρες ἀμείλιχοι ἀμφιχάνωσιν.”

Ἡ ῥα παρηγορέων· περὶ δ' ἀντίθεοι βασιλῆες  
ἄθροοι αἰψ' ἀγέροντο μέγ' ἀχνύμενοι κέαρ ἔνδον,  
καὶ ἐ μέγαν περ' εὐντα θοῶς ποτὶ νῆας ἔνεικαν  
πολλοὶ αἰείραντες· κατὰ δὲ σπείροισι κάλυψαν 615  
αἶμ' ἀποφαιδρύναντες, ὃ οἱ βριαροῖς μελέεσσι  
τερσόμενον περίκειτο καὶ ἔντεσι σὺν κονίῃσι  
καὶ τότε ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων φέρον ἄσπετον ὕλην  
αἰζηοί, πάντῃ δὲ νέκυν πέρι νηήσαντο·  
πολλὰ δ' ἄρ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θῆκαν ξύλα, πολλὰ δὲ  
μῆλα 620

φάρεά τ' εὐποίητα βοῶν τ' ἐρικυδέα φῦλα  
ἡδὲ καὶ ὠκυτάτοισιν ἀγαλλομένους ποσὶν ἵππους  
χρυσόν τ' αἰγλήεντα καὶ ἄσπετα τεύχεα φωτῶν,  
ὅσσα πάρος κταμένων ἀποαίνυτο φαίδιμος ἀνὴρ,  
ἤλεκτρόν τ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι διειδέα, τὸν ῥά τέ φασιν 625  
ἔμμεναι Ἡελίοιο πανομφαίοιο θυγατρῶν  
δάκρυ, τὸ δὴ Φαέθοντος ὑπὲρ κταμένοιο χέαντο  
μυρόμεναι μεγάλιοι παρὰ ῥόον Ἡριδανοῖο,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

The wise man's part is, steadfast-souled to endure  
All ills, and not to rage against his lot."

So spake Laertes' son, the far-renowned.  
But when they all were weary of grief and groan,  
Then to those sorrowing ones spake Neleus' son :  
" O friends, the pitiless-hearted Fates have laid  
Stroke after stroke of sorrow upon us,  
Sorrow for Aias dead, for mighty Achilles,  
For many an Argive, and for mine own son  
Antilochus. Yet all unmeet it is  
Day after day with passion of grief to wail  
Men slain in battle : nay, we must forget  
Laments, and turn us to the better task  
Of rendering dues beseeeming to the dead,  
The dues of pyre, of tomb, of bones inurned.  
No lamentations will awake the dead ;  
No note thereof he taketh, when the Fates,  
The ruthless ones, have swallowed him in night."

So spake he words of cheer : the godlike kings  
Gathered with heavy hearts around the dead,  
And many hands upheaved the giant corpse,  
And swiftly bare him to the ships, and there  
Washed they away the blood that clotted lay  
Dust-flecked on mighty limbs and armour : then  
In linen swathed him round. From Ida's heights  
Wood without measure did the young men bring,  
And piled it round the corpse. Billets and logs  
Yet more in a wide circle heaped they round ;  
And sheep they laid thereon, fair-woven vests,  
And goodly kine, and speed-triumphant steeds,  
And gleaming gold, and armour without stint,  
From slain foes by that glorious hero stripped.  
And lucent amber-drops they laid thereon,  
Tears, say they, which the Daughters of the Sun,  
The Lord of Omens, shed for Phaethon slain,  
When by Eridanus' flood they mourned for him.

καὶ τὸ μὲν Ἥελιος γέρας ἄφθιτον νιέει τεύχων  
 ἤλεκτρον ποίησε μέγα κτέαρ ἀνθρώποισι, 630  
 τὸν ῥα τότε εὐρυπέδοιο πυρῆς καθύπερθε βάλλοντο  
 Ἀργεῖοι κλυτὸν ἄνδρα δεδουπότα κυδαίνοντες  
 Αἴαντ'· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μέγала στενάχοντες ἔθεντο  
 τιμήεντ' ἐλέφαντα καὶ ἄργυρον ἱμερόεντα  
 ἥδὲ καὶ ἀμφιφορῆας ἀλείφατος ἄλλα τε πάντα, 635  
 ὅπποσα κυδήεντα καὶ ἀγλαὸν ὄλβον ὀφέλλει.  
 ἐν δ' ἔβαλον κρατεροῖο πυρὸς μένος· ἦλθε δὲ πνοιὴ  
 ἐξ ἁλός, ἣν προέηκε θεὰ Θέτις, ὅφρα θέρηται  
 Αἴαντος μέγалоιο βίη· ὁ δὲ νύκτα καὶ ἡῶ  
 καίετο παρ νήεσσιν ἐπειγομένου ἀνέμοιο· 640  
 οἶός που τὸ πάροιθε Διὸς στονόεντι κεραυνῷ  
 Ἐγκέλαδος δέδμητο κατ' ἀκαμάτοιο θαλάσσης  
 Θρινακίης ὑπένερθεν, ὅλη δ' ὑπετύφετο νῆσος·  
 ἣ οἶος ζῶοντα μέλη πυρὶ δῶκε θέρεσθαι  
 Ἑρακλῆς Νέσσοιο δολοφροσύνησι χαλεφθείς, 645  
 ὅπποτ' ἔτλη μέγα ἔργοι, ὅλη δ' ἀμφέστενεν Οἴτη  
 ζωῷ καιομένοι, μίγῃ δέ οἱ ἥερι θυμὸς  
 ἄνδρα λιπὼν ἀρίδηλον, ἐνεκρίνθη δὲ θεοῖσιν  
 αὐτός, ἐπεὶ οἱ σῶμα πολύκμητον χάδε γαῖα·  
 τοῖος ἄρ' ἐν πυρὶ κείμενος ἰωχμοῖο 650  
 Αἴας σὺν τεύχεσσι· πολὺς δ' ἐστείνετο λαὸς  
 αἰγιαλοῖς· Τρῶες δ' ἐγάνυντ', ἀκάχοντο δ' Ἀχαιοί.  
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ δέμας ἡὺ κατήνυσσε πῦρ ὑπὸ δῆλον,  
 δὴ τότε πυρκαϊὴν οἴνω σβέσαν· ὅστέα δ' αὐτοῦ  
 χηλῷ ἐνὶ χρυσέῃ θῆκαν· περὶ δέ σφισι γαῖαν 655  
 χεῦαν ἀπειρεσίην Ῥοιτηίδος οὐχ ἐκὰς ἀκτῆς.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

These, for undying honour to his son,  
The God made amber, precious in men's eyes.  
Even this the Argives on that broad-based pyre  
Cast freely, honouring the mighty dead.  
And round him, groaning heavily, they laid  
Silver most fair and precious ivory,  
And jars of oil, and whatsoe'er beside  
They have who heap up goodly and glorious wealth.  
Then thrust they in the strength of ravening flame,  
And from the sea there breathed a wind, sent forth  
By Thetis, to consume the giant frame  
Of Aias. All the night and all the morn  
Burned 'neath the urgent stress of that great wind  
Beside the ships that giant form, as when  
Enceladus by Zeus' levin was consumed  
Beneath Thrinacia, when from all the isle  
Smoke of his burning rose—or like as when  
Hercules, trapped by Nessus' deadly guile,  
Gave to devouring fire his living limbs,  
What time he dared that awful deed, when groaned  
All Oeta as he burned alive, and passed  
His soul into the air, leaving the man  
Far-famous, to be numbered with the Gods,  
When earth closed o'er his toil-tried mortal part.  
So huge amid the flames, all-armour clad,  
Lay Aias, all the joy of fight forgot,  
While a great multitude watching thronged the  
sands.

Glad were the Trojans, but the Achaeans grieved.

But when that goodly frame by ravening fire  
Was all consumed, they quenched the pyre with  
wine ;

They gathered up the bones, and reverently  
Laid in a golden casket. Hard beside  
Rhoeteium's headland heaped they up a mound  
Measureless-high. Then scattered they amidst

αὐτίκα δ' ἐσκίδναντο πολυσκάρθμους ἐπὶ νῆας  
 θυμὸν ἀκηχέμενοι· τὸν γὰρ τίον ἴσον Ἀχιλλεῖ.  
 νύξ δ' ἐπόρουσε μέλαινα μετ' ἀνέρας ὕπνον ἄγουσα·  
 οἱ δ' ἄρα δαῖτ' ἐπάσαντο καὶ Ἑριγένειαν ἔμιμνον, 660  
 βαιὸν ἀποβρίξαντες ἀραιοῖσι βλεφάροισιν·  
 αἰνῶς γὰρ φοβέοντο κατὰ φρένα, μή σφισι Τρῶες  
 νυκτὸς ἐπέλθωσιν Τελαμωνιάδαο θανόντος.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

The long ships, heavy-hearted for the man  
Whom they had honoured even as Achilles.  
Then black night, bearing unto all men sleep,  
Upfloated : so they brake bread, and lay down  
Waiting the Child of the Mist. Short was their  
sleep,  
Broken by fitful staring through the dark,  
Haunted by dread lest in the night the foe  
Should fall on them, now Telamon's son was dead.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΚΤΟΣ

Ἦὼς δ' Ὀκεανοῖο ῥόον καὶ λέκτρα λιπούσα  
 Τιθωνοῦ προσέβη μέγαν οὐρανόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη  
 κίδνατο παμφανόωσα· γέλασσε δὲ γαῖα καὶ  
 αἰθήρ·

τοὶ δ' εἰς ἔργα τράποντο βροτοὶ ῥεῖα φθινύθοντες·  
 ἄλλος δ' ἀλλοίοισιν ἐπώχετο· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 εἰς ἀγορὴν ἐχέοντο καλεσσομένου Μενελάου·  
 καὶ ῥ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πάντες ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἡγερέ-  
 θοντο,

δὴ τότε ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν ἀγειρομένοισι μετηύδα·  
 “κέκλυτε μῦθον ἐμεῖο, θεηγενέες βασιλῆες,  
 ὥς ἐρέω· μέγα γάρ μοι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ τείρεται ἦτορ  
 λαῶν ὀλλυμένων, οἳ ῥ' ἤλυθον εἴνεκ' ἐμεῖο  
 δῆριν ἐς ἀργαλέην, τοὺς οὐχ ὑποδέξεται οἶκος,  
 οὐ τοκέες· πολέας γὰρ ὑπέκλασε δαίμονος Αἴσα.

ὥς ὄφελον Θανάτοιο βαρὺ σθένος ἀτλήτοιο  
 αὐτῷ ἐμοὶ ἐπόρουσε πρὶν ἐνθάδε λαὸν ἀγείραι·  
 νῦν δέ μοι ἀλλήκτους ὀδύνας ἐνεθήκατο δαίμων,  
 ὅφρ' ὀρώω κακὰ πολλά· τίς ἂν φρεσὶ γηθήσειεν  
 εἰσορόων ἐπὶ δηρὸν ἀμήχανα ἔργα μόθιοι;

ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' ὅσσοι ἔτ' εἰμέν ἐπ' ὠκυπόροισι νέεσσι  
 καρπαλίμως φεύγωμεν ἐὼν ἐπὶ γαίαν ἕκαστος,  
 Αἴαντος φθιμένοιο πολυσθενέος τ' Ἀχιλλῆος,  
 τῶν ἐγὼ οὐκ ὁῖω κταμένων ὑπαλύξαι ὄλεθρον  
 ἡμέας, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ Τρωσὶ δαμήμεναι ἀργαλέοισιν

## BOOK VI

*How came for the helping of Troy Eurypylus,  
Hercules' grandson.*

ROSE Dawn from Ocean and Tithonus' bed,  
And climbed the steeps of heaven, scattering round  
Flushed flakes of splendour; laughed all earth and  
air.

Then turned unto their labours, each to each,  
Mortals, frail creatures daily dying. Then  
Streamed to a folk-mote all the Achaean men  
At Menelaus' summons. When the host  
Were gathered all, then in their midst he spake :  
“ Harken my words, ye god-descended kings :  
Mine heart within my breast is burdened sore  
For men which perish, men that for my sake  
Came to the bitter war, whose home-return  
Parents and home shall welcome nevermore ;  
For Fate hath cut off thousands in their prime.  
Oh that the heavy hand of death had fallen  
On me, ere hitherward I gathered these !  
But now hath God laid on me cureless pain  
In seeing all these ills. Who could rejoice  
Beholding strivings, struggles of despair ?  
Come, let us, which be yet alive, in haste  
Flee in the ships, each to his several land,  
Since Aias and Achilles both are dead.  
I look not, now they are slain, that we the rest  
Shall 'scape destruction ; nay, but we shall fall  
Before yon terrible Trojans—for my sake

εἵνεκ' ἐμεῦ Ἑλένης τε κυνώπιδος, ἧς νύ μοι οὔτι  
 μέμβλεται ὡς ὑμέων, ὅποτε καταμένους ἐσίδωμαι 25  
 ἐν πολέμῳ· κείνη δ' ἀλαπαδνοτάτῳ σὺν ἀκοίτῃ  
 ἐρρέτω· ἐκ γάρ οἱ πινυτὰς φρένας εἴλετο δαίμων  
 ἐκ κραδίης, ὅτ' ἐμείο λίπεν δόμον ἡδὲ καὶ εὐνὴν.  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν κείνης Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ μελήσει·  
 ἡμεῖς δ' αἶψα νεώμεθ', ἐπεὶ πολὺ λώϊόν ἐστιν 30  
 ἐκφυγέειν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος ἢ ἀπολέσθαι."

Ὡς ἔφατ' Ἀργείων πειρώμενος· ἄλλα δέ οἱ κῆρ  
 ἐν κραδίῃ πόρφυρε περὶ ζηλήμονι θυμῷ,  
 Τρῶας ὅπως ὀλέση καὶ τείχεα μακρὰ πόλῃος  
 ῥήξῃ ἐκ θεμέθλων, μάλα δ' αἵματος ἄσῃ Ἄρηα 35  
 δίου Ἀλεξάνδροιο μετὰ φθιμένοισι πεσόντος·  
 οὐ γάρ τι ζήλοιο πέλει στυγερώτερον ἄλλο.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ὥρμαινεν, ἐῆ δ' ἐπιίζανεν ἔδρη.  
 καὶ τότε Τυδεΐδης ἐγχεσπαλος ὦρτ' ἐνὶ μέσσοις,  
 καὶ ῥα θοῶς νείκεσεν ἀρηίφιλον Μενέλαον· 40  
 "ἂ δεῖλ' Ἀτρεὺς υἱέ, τί ἦ νύ σε δεῖμα κιχάνει  
 ἀργαλέον, καὶ τοῖα μετ' Ἀργείοις ἀγορεύεις,  
 ὡς πάϊς ἡδὲ γυνή, τῶνπερ σθένος ἔστ' ἀλαπαδνόν;  
 ἀλλὰ σοὶ οὐ πείσονται Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι υἱες  
 πρὶν Τροίης κρήδεμνα ποτὶ χθόνα πάντα βα-  
 λέσθαι· 45

θάρσος γὰρ μερόπεσσι κλέος μέγα, φύζα δ'  
 ὄνειδος.  
 εἰ δ' ἄρα τις καὶ τῶνδ' ἐπιπείσεται, ὡς ἐπιτέλλεις,  
 αὐτίκα οἱ κεφαλὴν τεμέω ἰούεντι σιδήρῳ,  
 ῥίψω δ' οἰωνοῖσιν ἀερσιπέτησιν ἐδωδήν.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', οἷσι μέμηλεν ὀρινέμεναι μένέ' ἀνδρῶν, 50  
 λαοὺς αὐτίκα πάντας ὀτρυνάντων κατὰ νῆας  
 δούρατα θηγέμεναι, παρά τ' ἀσπίδας ἄλλα τε  
 πάντα

εὖ θέσθαι, καὶ δεῖπνον ἄφαρ πάσσασθαι<sup>1</sup> ἅπαντας

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἐφοπλίσσασθαι (with lacuna) of Koechly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

And shameless Helen's ! Think not that I care  
For her : for you I care, when I behold  
Good men in battle slain. Away with her—  
Her and her paltry paramour ! The Gods  
Stole all discretion out of her false heart  
When she forsook mine home and marriage-bed  
Let Priam and the Trojans cherish her !  
But let us straight return : 'twere better far  
To flee from dolorous war than perish all."

So spake he but to try the Argive men.  
Far other thoughts than these made his heart burn  
With passionate desire to slay his foes,  
To break the long walls of their city down  
From their foundations, and to glut with blood  
Ares, when Paris mid the slain should fall.  
Fiercer is naught than passionate desire !  
Thus as he pondered, sitting in his place,  
Uprose Tydeides, shaker of the shield,  
And chode in fiery speech with Menelaus :  
"O coward Atreus' son, what craven fear  
Hath gripped thee, that thou speakest so to us  
As might a weakling child or woman speak ?  
Not unto thee Achaea's noblest sons  
Will hearken, ere Troy's coronal of towers  
Be wholly dashed to the dust : for unto men  
Valour is high renown, and flight is shame !  
If any man shall hearken to the words  
Of this thy counsel, I will smite from him  
His head with sharp blue steel, and hurl it down  
For soaring kites to feast on. Up ! all ye  
Who care to enkindle men to battle : rouse  
Our warriors all throughout the fleet to whet  
The spear, to burnish corslet, helm and shield ;  
And cause both man and horse, all which be keen

ἀνέρας ἦδ' ἵππους, οἳ τ' ἐς πόλεμον μεμάασιν·  
ἐν πεδίῳ δ' ὤκιστα διακρινέει μένος Ἄρης." 55

Ὡς φάτο Τυδείδης· κατὰ δ' ἔζετο, ἦχι πάρος  
περ·

τοῖσι δὲ Θέστορος υἱὸς ἔπος ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπεν  
ἀνστὰς ἐν μέσσοισιν, ὅπῃ θέμις ἔστ' ἀγορεύειν·  
"κέκλυτέ μευ, φίλα τέκνα μενεπτολέμων Ἀργείων·  
ἴστε γάρ, ὡς σάφα οἶδα θεοπροπίας ἀγορεύειν. 60

ἤδη μὲν καὶ πρόσθ' ἐφάμην δεκάτῳ λυκάβαντι  
πέρσειν Ἴλιον αἰπύ· τὸ δὴ νῦν ἐκτελέουσιν  
ἀθάνατοι· νίκη δὲ πέλει παρὰ ποσσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.  
ἀλλ' ἄγε, Τυδέος υἱὰ μενεπτόλεμόν τ' Ὀδυσῆα  
πέμψωμεν Σκύρου δὲ θοῶς ἐν νηὶ μελαίνῃ, 65  
οἳ ῥα παραιπεπίθοντες Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμον υἱὰ  
ἄξουσιν· μέγα δ' ἄμμι φάος πάντεσσι πελάσσει."

Ὡς φάτο Θέστορος υἱὸς εὐφρονος· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
γηθόσυνοι κελάδησαν, ἐπεὶ σφισιν ἦτορ ἐώλπει  
Κάλχαντος φάτιν ἔμμεν' ἐτήτυμον, ὡς ἀγόρευε· 70  
καὶ τότε Λαέρταο πάϊς μετέειπεν Ἀχαιοῖς·

"ὦ φίλοι, οὐκέτ' ἔοικε μεθ' ὑμῖν πόλλ' ἀγορεύειν  
σήμερον· ἐν γὰρ δὴ κάματος πέλει ἀχνυμένοισιν·  
οἶδα γὰρ ὡς λαοῖσι κεκμηκόσιν οὔτ' ἀγορητῆς  
ἀνδάνει οὔτ' ἄρ' αἰοιδός, ὃν ἀθάνατοι φιλέουσι 75  
Πιερίδες· παύρων δ' ἐπέων ἔρος ἔνθ' αἰθρώποις.<sup>1</sup>  
νῦν δ', ὅπερ εὐάδε πᾶσι κατὰ στρατὸν Ἀργείοισι,  
Τυδείδαο μάλιστα συνεσπομένου τελέσαιμι·  
ἄμφω γάρ κεν ἰόντε φιλοπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος  
ἄξομεν ὄβριμον υἱὰ παρακλίναντ' ἐπέεσσιν, 80  
εἰ καὶ μιν μάλα πολλὰ κινυρομένη κατερύκει  
μήτηρ ἐν μεγάροισιν, ἐπεὶ κρατεροῖο τοκῆος  
ἔλπομ' ἐμὸν κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρήιον ἔμμεναι υἱά.

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἔπος ἀνθρώποισι of MSS.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

In fight, to break their fast. Then in yon plain  
Who is the stronger Ares shall decide."

So speaking, in his place he sat him down ;  
Then rose up Thestius' son, and in the midst,  
Where meet it is to speak, stood forth and cried :  
" Hear me, ye sons of battle-biding Greeks :  
Ye know I have the spirit of prophecy.  
Erewhile I said that ye in the tenth year  
Should lay waste towered Ilium : this the Gods  
Are even now fulfilling ; victory lies  
At the Argives' very feet. Come, let us send  
Tydeides and Odysseus battle-staunch  
With speed to Scyros overseas, by prayers  
Hither to bring Achilles' hero son :  
A light of victory shall he be to us."

So spake wise Thestius' son, and all the folk  
Shouted for joy ; for all their hearts and hopes  
Yearned to see Calchas' prophecy fulfilled.  
Then to the Argives spake Laertes' son :  
" Friends, it befits not to say many words  
This day to you, in sorrow's weariness.  
I know that wearied men can find no joy  
In speech or song, though the Pierides,  
The immortal Muses, love it. At such time  
Few words do men desire. But now, this thing  
That pleaseth all the Achaean host, will I  
Accomplish, so Tydeides fare with me ;  
For, if we twain go, we shall surely bring,  
Won by our words, war-fain Achilles' son,  
Yea, though his mother, weeping sore, should strive  
Within her halls to keep him ; for mine heart  
Trusts that he is a hero's valorous son."

Ὦς φάμενον προσέειπε πύκα φρονέων Μενέ-  
λαος·

“ὦ Ὀδυσσεῦ, μέγ’ ὄνειαρ εὖσθενέων Ἀργείων, 85  
ἦνπερ Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαλόφρονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς  
σῆσι παραιφασίῃσι λιλαιομένοισιν ἄρωγός <sup>1</sup> 86α  
ἔλθοι ἀπὸ Σκύροιο, πόροι δέ τις οὐρανίωνων  
νίκην εὐχομένοισι καὶ Ἑλλάδα γαίαν ἰκῶμαι,  
δώσω οἱ παράκοιτιν ἐμὴν ἐρικυδέα κούρην  
Ἑρμιόνην, καὶ πολλὰ καὶ ὄλβια δῶρα σὺν αὐτῇ 90  
προφρονέως· οὐ γάρ μιν ὀτομαι οὔτε γυναῖκα  
οὔτ’ ἄρα πενθερὸν ἐσθλὸν ὑπερφιάλως ὀνόσασθαι.”

Ὦς ἄρ’ ἔφη· Δαναοὶ δὲ συνευφήμησαν ἔπεσσι.  
καὶ τότε λῦτ’ ἀγορή· τοὶ δ’ ἐσκίδνυντ’ ἐπὶ νῆας  
ἰέμενοι δειπνοιο, τὸ δὴ πέλει ἀνδράσιν ἀλκή· 95  
καὶ ῥ’ ὅτε δὴ παύσαντο κορεσσάμενοι μέγ’ ἔδωδῆς,  
δὴ τόθ’ ὁμῶς Ὀδυσῆι περίφρονι Τυδέος υἱὸς  
νῆα θοὴν εἵρυσσεν ἀπειρεσίης ἀλὸς εἴσω·  
καρπαλίμως δ’ ἦια καὶ ἄρμενα πάντα βάλοντο·  
ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἔβαν· μετὰ δέ σφισιν εἵκοσι φῶτες 100  
ἴδμονες εἰρεσίης, ὁπότε ἀντίαι ὦσιν ἄελλαι,  
ἦδ’ ὁπότε εὐρέα πόντον ὑποστορέῃσι γαλήνῃ.  
καὶ ῥ’ ὅτε δὴ κληῖσιν ἐπ’ εὐτύκτοισι κάθισσαν,  
τύπτον ἀλὸς μέγα κύμα· πολὺς δ’ ἀμφέζεεν  
ἀφρός·

ὑγραὶ δ’ ἀμφ’ ἐλάτῃσι διεπρήσσοντο κέλευθοι 105  
νῆος ἐπεσσυμένης· τοὶ δ’ ἰδρώοντες ἔρεσσον·  
ὥς δ’ ὅθ’ ὑπὸ ζεύγλῃσι βόες μέγα κεκμηῶτες  
δουρατέην ἐρύσωσι πρόσω μεμαῶτες ἀπήνῃ  
ἄχθει τετριγυῖαν ὑπ’ ἄξονι δινήεντι  
τειρόμενοι, πουλὺς δὲ κατ’ αὐχένος ἡδὲ καὶ ὄμων 110  
ἰδρὼς ἀμφοτέροισι κατέσσυται ἄχρῃς ἐπ’ οὐδας·  
ὅς τῆμος μογέεσκον ὑπὸ στιβαρῆς ἐλάτῃσιν  
αἰζηοί· μῖλα δ’ ὄκα διήνουν εὐρέα πόντον.

<sup>1</sup> Verse inserted by Zimmermann ex P.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Then out spake Menelaus earnestly :  
"Odysseus, the strong Argives' help at need,  
If mighty-souled Achilles' valiant son  
From Scyros by thy suasion come to aid  
Us who yearn for him, and some Heavenly One  
Grant victory to our prayers, and I win home  
To Hellas, I will give to him to wife  
My noble child Hermione, with gifts  
Many and goodly for her marriage-dower  
With a glad heart. I trow he shall not scorn  
Either his bride or high-born sire-in-law."

With a great shout the Danaans hailed his words.  
Then was the throng dispersed, and to the ships  
They scattered hungering for the morning meat  
Which strengtheneth man's heart. So when they  
ceased

From eating, and desire was satisfied,  
Then with the wise Odysseus Tydeus' son  
Drew down a swift ship to the boundless sea,  
And victual and all tackling cast therein.  
Then stepped they aboard, and with them twenty  
men,

Men skilled to row when winds were contrary,  
Or when the unrippled sea slept 'neath a calm.  
They smote the brine, and flashed the boiling foam :  
On leapt the ship ; a watery way was cleft  
About the oars that sweating rowers tugged.  
As when hard-toiling oxen, 'neath the yoke  
Straining, drag on a massy-timbered wain,  
While creaks the circling axle 'neath its load,  
And from their weary necks and shoulders streams  
Down to the ground the sweat abundantly ;  
So at the stiff oars toiled those stalwart men,  
And fast they laid behind them leagues of sea.  
Gazed after them the Achaeans as they went,

τοὺς δ' ἄλλοι μὲν Ἀχαιοὶ ἀποσκοπίαζον ἰόντας·  
 θῆγον δ' αἰνὰ βέλεμνα καὶ ἔγχεα, τοῖσι μίχοντο. 115  
 Τρῶες δ' ἄστεος ἐντὸς ἀταρβέες ἐντύνοντο  
 ἐς πόλεμον μεμαῶτες ἰδ' εὐχόμενοι μακάρεσσι  
 λωφῆσαί τε φόνοιο καὶ ἀμπνεῦσαι καμάτοιο.

Τοῖσι δ' ἐέλδομένοισι θεοὶ μέγα πήματος  
 ἄλκαρ

ἦγαγον Εὐρύπυλον κρατεροῦ γένος Ἡρακλῆος· 120  
 καὶ οἱ λαοὶ ἔποντο δαήμονες ἰωχμοῖο

πολλοί, ὅσοι δολιχοῖο παρὰ προχοῇσι Καΐκου  
 ναῖεσκον κρατερῇσι πεποιθότες ἐγχείησιν.  
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κεχάροντο μέγα φρεσὶ Τρῳῆοι υἷες·  
 ὥς δ' ὀπόθ' ἔρκεος ἐντὸς ἐεργμένοι ἀθρήσωσιν 125

ἡμεροὶ ἀνέρα χῆνες, ὅτις σφίσιν εἶδατα βάλλῃ,  
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στομάτεσσι περισταδὸν ἰύζοντες<sup>1</sup> 126a

σαίνουσιν, τοῦ δ' ἦτορ ἰαίνεται εἰσορόωντος·  
 ὥς ἄρα Τρῳῆοι υἷες ἐγήθεον, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο  
 ὄβριμον Εὐρύπυλον, τοῦ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ θαρσαλέου

κῆρ

τέρπετ' ἀγειρομένοισιν· ἀπὸ προθύρων δὲ γυναῖκες 130  
 θάμβεον ἀνέρα δῖον· ὁ δ' ἔξοχος ἔσσυτο λαῶν  
 ἥύτε τις θώεσσι λέων ἐν ὄρεσσι μετελθών.

τὸν δὲ Πάρις δείδεκτο, τίεν δέ μιν Ἑκτορι ἴσον·  
 τοῦ γὰρ ἀνεψιὸς ἔσκεν, ἱῆς τ' ἐτέτυκτο γενέθλης·  
 τὸν γὰρ δὴ τέκε δῖα κασιγνήτη Πριάμοιο 135

Ἀστυόχη κρατερῇσιν ὑπ' ἀγκοίνῃσι μιγεῖσα  
 Τηλέφου, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀταρβείῃ Ἡρακλῆι  
 λάθρῃ ἐοῖο τοκῆος εὐπλόκαμος τέκεν Αὔγῃ·  
 καὶ μιν τυτθὸν ἔοντα καὶ ἰσχανόωντα γάλακτος  
 θρέψε θεοῇ ποτε κεμμάς, ἐφ' δ' ἴσα φίλατο νεβρῶ 140  
 μαζὸν ὑποσχομένη βουλῇ Διός· οὐ γὰρ ἐφῄκει  
 ἔκγονον Ἡρακλῆος οἰζυρῶς ἀπολέσθαι.

τοῦ δ' ἄρα κύδιμον υἷα Πάρις μάλα πρόφρονι θυμῷ

<sup>1</sup> Verse inserted by Zimmermann ex P.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Then turned to whet their deadly darts and spears,  
The weapons of their warfare. In their town  
The aweless Trojans armed themselves the while  
War-eager, praying to the Gods to grant  
Respite from slaughter, breathing-space from toil.

To these, while sorely thus they yearned, the Gods  
Brought present help in trouble, even the seed  
Of mighty Hercules, Eurypylus.

A great host followed him, in battle skilled,  
All that by long Caicus' outflow dwelt,  
Full of triumphant trust in their strong spears.  
Round them rejoicing thronged the sons of Troy :

As when tame geese within a pen gaze up  
On him who casts them corn, and round his feet  
Throng hissing uncouth love, and his heart warms  
As he looks down on them ; so thronged the sons  
Of Troy, as on fierce-heart Eurypylus  
They gazed ; and gladdened was his aweless soul  
To see those throngs : from porchways women looked  
Wide-eyed with wonder on the godlike man.

Above all men he towered as on he strode,  
As looks a lion when amid the hills  
He comes on jackals. Paris welcomed him,  
As Hector honouring him, his cousin he,  
Being of one blood with him, who was born  
Of Astyoche, King Priam's sister fair  
Whom Telephus embraced in his strong arms,  
Telephus, whom to aweless Hercules

Auge the bright-haired bare in secret love.  
That babe, a suckling craving for the breast,  
A swift hind fostered, giving him the teat  
As to her own fawn in all love ; for Zeus  
So willed it, in whose eyes it was not meet  
That Hercules' child should perish wretchedly.  
His glorious son with glad heart Paris led

ἦγεν ἐὼν ποτὶ δῶμα δι' εὐρυχόροιο πόλῃος  
σῆμα πάρ' Ἀσσαράκοιο καὶ Ἑκτορος αἰπὰ  
μέλαθρα 145

νηὸν τε ζάθεον Τριτωνίδος, ἔνθα οἱ ἄγχι  
δώματ' ἔσαν καὶ βωμὸς ἀκήρατος Ἑρκείοιο.  
καὶ μιν ἀδελφειῶν πηῶν θ' ὕπερ ἡδὲ τοκῆων  
εἵρετο προφρονέως· ὁ δὲ οἱ μάλα πάντ' ἀγόρευεν·  
ἄμφω δ' ὥς ὀάριζον ἄμ' ἀλλήλοισι κιόντες. 150  
ἦλθον δ' ἐς μέγα δῶμα καὶ ὄλβιον· ἔνθα δ' ἄρ'  
ἦστο

ἀντιθέῃ Ἑλένῃ Χαρίτων ἐπιειμένη εἶδος·  
καὶ ῥά μιν ἀμφίπολοι πίσυρες περιποιπνύεσκον,  
ἄλλαι δ' αὐτ' ἀπάνευθεν ἔσαν κλειτοῦ θαλάμοιο  
ἔργα τιτυσκόμεναι, ὅποσα δμῳῇσιν ἔοικεν. 155  
Εὐρύπυλον δ' Ἑλένη μέγ' ἐθάμβεεν εἰσορώωσα,  
κεῖνος δ' αὐθ' Ἑλένην· μετὰ δ' ἀλλήλους ἐπέεσσιν  
ἄμφω δεικανόωντο δόμῳ ἐνὶ κηῳέντι·  
δμῳές δ' αὐτε θρόνους δοιῶ θέσαν ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης·  
αἶψα δ' Ἀλέξανδρος κατ' ἄρ' ἔζητο, παρ δ' ἄρα  
τῷ γε 160

Εὐρύπυλος. λαοὶ δὲ πρὸ ἄστεος αὖλιν ἔθεντο,  
ἦχι φυλακτῆρες Τρώων ἔσαν ὀβριμόθυμοι·  
αἶψα δὲ τεύχεα θῆκαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, παρ δὲ καὶ  
ἵππους

στῆσαν ἔτι πιεῖοντας ὀϊζυροῖο μόγοιο·  
ἐν δὲ φάτῃησι βάλοντο, τά τ' ὠκέες ἵπποι ἔδουσι. 165

Καὶ τότε νύξ ἐπόρουσε, μελαίνετο δ' αἶα καὶ  
αἰθῆρ·  
οἱ δ' ἄρα δαῖτ' ἐπάσαντο πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοῖο  
Κήτειοι Τρώες τε· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ μῦθος ὀρώρει  
δαινυμένων· πάντῃ δὲ πυρὸς μένος αἰθαλόεντος  
δαίετο παρ κλισίῃσιν· ἐπίαχε δ' ἡπύτα σύριγξ 170  
αὐλοὶ τε λιγυροῖσιν ἀρηράμενοι καλάμοισιν,  
ἀμφὶ δὲ φορμίγγων ἰαχὴ πέλεν ἡμερόεσσα.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Unto his palace through the wide-wayed burg  
Beside Assaracus' tomb and stately halls  
Of Hector, and Tritonis' holy fane.  
Hard by his mansion stood, and therebeside  
The stainless altar of Home-warrior Zeus  
Rose. As they went, he lovingly questioned him  
Of brethren, parents, and of marriage-kin ;  
And all he craved to know Eurypylus told.  
So communed they, on-pacing side by side.  
Then came they to a palace great and rich :  
There goddess-like sat Helen, clothed upon  
With beauty of the Graces. Maidens four  
About her plied their tasks : others apart  
Within that goodly bower wrought the works  
Beseeming handmaids. Helen marvelling gazed  
Upon Eurypylus, on Helen he.  
Then these in converse each with other spake  
In that all-odorous bower. The handmaids brought  
And set beside their lady high-seats twain ;  
And Paris sat him down, and at his side  
Eurypylus. That hero's host encamped  
Without the city, where the Trojan guards  
Kept watch. Their armour laid they on the earth ;  
Their steeds, yet breathing battle, stood thereby,  
And cribs were heaped with horses' provender.  
Upfloated night, and darkened earth and air ;  
Then feasted they before that cliff-like wall,  
Ceteian men and Trojans : babel of talk  
Rose from the feasters : all around the glow  
Of blazing campfires lighted up the tents :  
Pealed out the pipe's sweet voice, and hautboys rang  
With their clear-shrilling reeds ; the witching strain  
(Of lyres was rippling round. From far away

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐθάμβεον εἰσορόωντες  
 [ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ πολλὰ καὶ ἄσπετον] εἰσαΐοντες  
 αὐλῶν φορμίγγων τ' ἰαχὴν ἀνδρῶν τε καὶ ἵππων  
 σύριγγός θ', ἣ δαιτὶ μεταπρέπει ἡδὲ νομεῦσι· 175  
 τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' οἷσιν ἕκαστος ἐπὶ κλισίῃσι κέλευσε  
 νῆας ἀμοιβαίῃσι φυλασσέμεν ἄχρις ἐς ἡῶ,  
 μή σφεας Τρῶες ἀγαυοὶ ἐνιπρήσωσι κιόντες  
 οἳ ῥα τότε αἰπεινοῖο πρὸ τείχεος εἰλαπίναζον.

Ὡς δ' αὐτως κατὰ δῶματ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο δαΐφρων 180  
 δαίνυτο Τηλεφίδης μετ' ἀγακλειτῶν βασιλῆων·  
 πολλὰ δ' ἄρα Πρίαμός τε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρώιοι υἱες  
 ἐξείης ἠῦχοντο μιγήμεναι Ἀργείοισιν  
 αἶσῃ ἐν ἀργαλέῃ· ὁ δ' ὑπέσχετο πάντα τελέσσειν.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δόρπησαν, ἔβαν ποτὶ δῶμαθ' ἕκαστος· 185  
 Εὐρύπυλος δ' αὐτοῦ κατελέξατο βαιὸν ἄπωθεν  
 ἐς τέγος εὐποίητον, ὅπῃ πάρος αὐτὸς ἴανεν  
 ἡὺς Ἀλέξανδρος μετ' ἀγακλειτῆς ἀλόχοιο·  
 κεῖνο γὰρ ἔκπαγλόν τε καὶ ἔξοχον ἔπλετο πάντων·  
 ἔνθ' ὃ γε λέξατ' ἰών· τοὶ δ' ἄλλοσε κοῖτον ἔλοντο 190  
 μέχρις ἐπ' Ἡριγένειαν εὐθρονον. αὐτὰρ ἄμ' ἡοὶ  
 Τηλεφίδης ἀνόρουσε καὶ ἐς στρατὸν εὐρὺν ἵκανε  
 σύν τ' ἄλλοις βασιλεῦσιν, ὅσοι κατὰ Ἴλιον ἦσαν·  
 λαοὶ δ' αὐτίκ' ἔδυσαν ἐν ἔντεσι μαιμώωντες,  
 πάντες ἐνὶ πρώτοισι λιλαιόμενοι πονέεσθαι· 195  
 ὥς δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος μεγάλοις περικάτθετο γυίοις  
 τεύχεα μαρμαρέῃσιν ἐειδόμενα στεροπῇσι·  
 καὶ οἱ δαίδαλα πολλὰ κατ' ἀσπίδα δῖαν ἔκειτο,  
 ὀππόσα πρόσθεν ἔρεξε θρασὺ σθένος Ἡρακλῆος.

Ἐν μὲν ἔσαν βλοσυρῇσι γενειάσι λιχμώωντες 200  
 δοιῶ κινυμένοισιν εἰκότες οἶμα δράκοντες  
 σμερδαλέον μεμαῶτες· ὁ δὲ σφεας ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον  
 νηπίαχός περ ἐὼν ὑπεδάμνατο· καὶ οἱ ἀταρβῆς  
 ἔσκε ἰόος καὶ θυμός, ἐπεὶ Διὶ κίρτος ἐώκει  
 268

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

The Argives gazed and marvelled, seeing the plain  
Aglare with many fires, and hearing notes  
Of flutes and lyres, neighing of chariot-steeds  
And pipes, the shepherd's and the banquet's joy.  
Therefore they bade their fellows each in turn  
Keep watch and ward about the tents till dawn,  
Lest those proud Trojans feasting by their walls  
Should fall on them, and set the ships aflame.

Within the halls of Paris all this while  
With kings and princes Telephus' hero son  
Feasted; and Priam and the sons of Troy  
Each after each prayed him to play the man  
Against the Argives, and in bitter doom  
To lay them low; and blithe he promised all.  
So when they had supped, each hied him to his home;  
But there Eurypylus laid him down to rest  
Full nigh the feast-hall, in the stately bower  
Where Paris theretofore himself had slept  
With Helen world-renowned. A bower it was  
Most wondrous fair, the goodliest of them all.  
There lay he down; but otherwhere their rest  
Took they, till rose the bright-throned Queen of Morn.  
Up sprang with dawn the son of Telephus,  
And passed to the host with all those other kings  
In Troy abiding. Straightway did the folk  
All battle-eager don their warrior-gear,  
Burning to strike in forefront of the fight.  
And now Eurypylus clad his mighty limbs  
In armour that like levin-flashes gleamed;  
Upon his shield by cunning hands were wrought  
All the great labours of strong Hercules.

Thereon were seen two serpents flickering  
Black tongues from grimly jaws: they seemed in act  
To dart; but Hercules' hands to right and left—  
Albeit a babe's hands—now were throttling them;  
For aweless was his spirit. As Zeus' strength

ἐξ ἀρχῆς· οὐ γάρ τι θεῶν γένος οὐρανίωνων 205  
ἄπρηκτον τελέθει καὶ ἀμήχανον, ἀλλὰ οἱ ἀλκὴ  
ἔσπετ' ἀπειρεσίη καὶ νηδύος ἔνδον ἔοντι.

Ἐν δὲ Νεμειαίῳ βίη ἐτέτυκτο λέοντος  
ὀβρίμου Ἡρακλῆος ὑπὸ στιβαρῇσι χέρεσσι  
τειρόμενος κρατερῶς· βλοσυρῆς δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ γένυσ-  
σιν 210

αἱματόεις ἀφρὸς ἔσκεν· ἀποπνεύοντι δ' ἐώκει.  
Ἄγχι δέ οἱ πεπόνητο μένος πολυδειράδος ὕδρης  
αἶνὸν λιχμῶσα· καρήατα δ' ἀλγινόεντα  
ἄλλα μὲν ἄρ δέδμητο κατὰ χθονός, ἄλλα δ' ἄεξεν  
ἐξ ὀλίγων μάλα πολλά· πόνος δ' ἔχεν Ἡρακλῆα 215  
θαρσαλέον τ' Ἰόλαον, ἐπεὶ κρατερὰ φρονέοντε  
ἄμφω, ὁ μὲν τέμνεσκε καρήατα μαιμῶντα  
ἄρπη ὑπ' ἀγκυλόδοντι θοῶς, ὁ δὲ καίε σιδήρῳ  
αἰθομένῳ· κρατερὴ δὲ κατήνυτο θηρὸς ὁμοκλή.

Ἐξείης δ' ἐτέτυκτο βίη συὸς ἀκαμάτοιο 220  
ἀφριόων γενύεσσι· φέρεν δέ μιν, ὥς ἐτεόν περ,  
ζῶν ἐς Εὐρυσθῆα μέγα σθένος Ἀλκείδαο.

Κεμμάς δ' εὖ ἥσκητο θοῇ πόδας, ἣ τ' ἀλεγεινῶν  
ἀμφὶ περικτιόνων μέγ' ἐσίνετο πᾶσαν ἀλωήν·  
καὶ τὴν μὲν χρυσέοιο κεράατος ὄβριμος ἦρως 225  
ἄμφεχεν οὐλομένοιο πυρὸς πνείουσιν αὐτμήν.

Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα στυγεραὶ Στυμφηλίδες· αἱ μὲν  
οὔστοις  
βλήμεναι ἐν κούρησιν ἀπέπνεον, αἱ δ' ἔτι φύξης  
μνωόμεναι πολιοῖο δι' ἡέρος ἐσσεύοντο·  
τῇσι δ' ἔφ' Ἡρακλῆος κεχολωμένος ἄλλον ἐπ'  
ἄλλῳ 230

Ἴὸν αἰεὶ προΐαλλε μάλα σπεύδοντι εἰοικώς.  
Ἐν δὲ καὶ Λυγείῳ μέγας σταθμὸς ἀντιθέοιο  
τεχνήεις ἥσκητο κατ' ἀκαμάτοιο βοείης·  
τῷ δ' ἄρα θεσπεσίῳ βαθὺν ῥόον Ἀλφειοῖο  
ὄβριμος Ἡρακλῆς ἐπαγίνεεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Νύμφαι 235  
270

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

From the beginning was his strength. The seed  
Of Heaven-abiders never deedless is  
Nor helpless, but hath boundless prowess, yea,  
Even when in the womb unborn it lies.

Nemea's mighty lion there was seen  
Strangled in the strong arms of Hercules,  
His grim jaws dashed about with bloody foam :  
He seemed in verity gasping out his life.

Thereby was wrought the Hydra many-necked  
Flickering its dread tongues. Of its fearful heads  
Some severed lay on earth, but many more  
Were budding from its necks, while Hercules  
And Iolaus, dauntless-hearted twain,  
Toiled hard ; the one with lightning sickle-sweeps  
Lopped the fierce heads, his fellow seared each neck  
With glowing iron ; the monster so was slain.

Thereby was wrought the mighty tameless Boar  
With foaming jaws ; real seemed the pictured thing,  
As by Alcides' giant strength the brute  
Was to Eurystheus living borne on high.

There fashioned was the fleetfoot stag which laid  
The vineyards waste of hapless husbandmen.  
The Hero's hands held fast its golden horns,  
The while it snorted breath of ravening fire.

Thereon were seen the fierce Stympthalian Birds,  
Some arrow-smitten dying in the dust,  
Some through the grey air darting in swift flight.  
At this, at that one—hot in haste he seemed—  
Hercules sped the arrows of his wrath.

Augeias' monstrous stable there was wrought  
With cunning craft on that invincible targe ;  
And Hercules was turning through the same  
The deep flow of Alpheius' stream divine,  
While wondering Nymphs looked down on every  
hand

θάμβεον ἄσπετον ἔργον. ἀπόπροθι δ' ἔπλετο  
ταῦρος

πύρπυρος, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμαιμάκετόν περ ἔοντα  
γνάμπτε βίη κρατεροῖο κεράατος· οἱ δέ οἱ ἄμφω  
ἀκάματοι μῶνες ἐρειδομένοιο τέταντο·

καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ὡς μυκηθμὸν ἰεὺς πέλεν. ἄγχι δ' ἄρ'  
αὐτοῦ

240

ἀμφὶ σάκος πεπόνητο θεῶν ἐπιειμένη εἶδος  
Ἴππολύτη· καὶ τὴν μὲν ὑπὸ κρατερῇσι χέρεσσι  
δαιδαλέου ζωστήρος ἀμερσέμεναι μενεαίνων  
εἶλκε κόμης ἵπποιο κατ' ὠκέος· αἱ δ' ἀπάτερθεν  
ἄλλαι ὑποτρομέεσκον Ἀμαζόνες. ἀμφὶ δὲ λυγραὶ 245  
Θρηκίην ἀνὰ γαίαν ἔσαν Διομήδεος ἵπποι  
ἀνδροβόροι· καὶ τὰς μὲν ἐπὶ στυγερῇσι φάτῃσιν  
αὐτῷ σὺν βασιλῇ κακὰ φρονέοντι δαΐξεν.

Ἐν δὲ καὶ ἀκαμάτοιο δέμας πέλε Γηρυονῆος  
τεθναότος παρὰ βουσί· καρήατα δ' ἐν κονίῃσιν 250  
αἱματόεντα κέχυντο βίη ῥοπάλοιο δαμέντα·  
πρόσθε δέ οἱ δέδμητο κύων ὀλοώτατος ἄλλων

Ὅρθρος, ἀνιρῷ ἐναλίγκιος ὄβριμον ἀλκὴν  
Κερβέρῳ, ὃς ῥά οἱ ἔσκεν ἀδελφεός· ἀμφὶ δ' ἔκειτο  
βουκόλος Εὐρυτίων μεμορυγμένος αἵματι πολλῷ. 255

Ἀμφὶ δὲ χρύσεα μῆλα τετεύχατο μαρμαίροντα  
Ἑσπερίδων ἀνὰ πρέμνον ἀκήρατον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'  
αὐτῷ

σμερδαλέος δέδμητο δράκων· ταὶ δ' ἄλλοθεν  
ἄλλαι

πτώσσουσαι θρασὺν νῖα Διὸς μεγάλοιο φέβοντο.

Ἐν δ' ἄρ' ἦν μέγα δεῖμα καὶ ἀθανάτοισιν  
ιδέσθαι

260

Κέρβερος, ὃν ῥ' ἀκάμαντι Τυφωεῖ γείνατ' Ἐχιδνα  
ἄντρω ὑπ' ὀκρυόεντι μελαίνης ἀγχόθι νυκτός  
ἀργαλῆς· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἦεν ἀεικέλιόν τι πέλωρον<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Verse inserted by Zimmermann ex P.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Upon that mighty work. Elsewhere portrayed  
Was the Fire-breathing Bull : the Hero's grip  
On his strong horns wrenched round the massive  
neck :

The straining muscles on his arms stood out :  
The huge beast seemed to bellow. Next thereto  
Wrought on the shield was one in beauty arrayed  
As of a Goddess, even Hippolyta.

The hero by the hair was dragging her  
From her swift steed, with fierce resolve to wrest  
With his strong hands the Girdle Marvellous  
From the Amazon Queen, while quailing shrank  
away

The Maids of War. There in the Thracian land  
Were Diomedes' grim man-eating steeds :  
These at their gruesome mangers had he slain,  
And dead they lay with their fiend-hearted lord.

There lay the bulk of giant Geryon  
Dead mid his kine. His gory heads were cast  
In dust, dashed down by that resistless club.  
Before him slain lay that most murderous hound  
Orthros, in furious might like Cerberus  
His brother-hound : a herdman lay thereby,  
Eurytion, all bedabbled with his blood.

There were the Golden Apples wrought, that  
gleamed

In the Hesperides' garden undefiled :  
All round the fearful Serpent's dead coils lay,  
And shrank the Maids aghast from Zeus' bold son.

And there, a dread sight even for Gods to see,  
Was Cerberus, whom the Loathly Worm had borne  
To Typho in a craggy cavern's gloom  
Close on the borders of Eternal Night,  
A hideous monster, warder of the Gate  
Of Hades, Home of Wailing, jailer-hound

ἄμφ' ὀλοῇσι πύλῃσι πολυκλαύτου Ἀΐδαο  
 εἵργων νεκρὸν ὄμιλον ὑπ' ἡερόεντι βερέθρῳ·  
 ῥεῖα δέ μιν Διὸς υἱὸς ὑπὸ πλῆγῃσι δαμάσσας 265  
 ἦγε καρηβαρέοντα παρὰ Στυγὸς αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα,  
 ἔλκων οὐκ ἐθέλοντα βίῃ πρὸς ἀήθεα χῶρον  
 θαρσαλέως. ἐτέυκτο δ' ἀπόπροθεν ἄγκεα μακρὰ  
 Καυκάσου· ἄμφι δὲ δεσμὰ Προμηθέος ἄλλυδις  
 ἄλλα

αὐτῆς σὺν πέτρῃσιν ἀναρρήξας ἀραρυΐαις 270  
 λῦε μέγαν Τιτῆνα· λυγρὸς δέ οἱ ἀγχόθι κεῖτο  
 αἰετὸς ἀλγινόεντι δέμας βεβλημένος ἰῶ.

Κενταύρων δ' ἐτέυκτο πολυσθενέων μέγα  
 κάρτος

ἄμφι Φόλοιο μέλαθρον· ἔρις δ' ὀρόθυνε καὶ οἶνος  
 ἀντίον Ἑρακλῆι τεράατα κεῖνα μάχεσθαι· 275  
 καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν πύκῃσι περὶ δμηθέντες ἔκειντο,  
 τὰς ἔχον ἐν χείρεσσι μάχης ἄκος· οἱ δ' ἔτι μακρῆς  
 δηριόωντ' ἐλάτῃσι μεμαότες, οὐδ' ἀπέληγον  
 ὑσμίνης· πάντων δὲ καρῆατα δεύετο λύθρῳ  
 θεινομένων ἀνὰ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον, ὥς ἐτεόν περ· 280  
 οἴνῳ δ' αἶμα μέμικτο, συνηλοῖητο δὲ πάντα  
 εἶδατα καὶ κρητῆρες εὐΐξεστοί τε τράπεζαι.

Νέοσον δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθι παρὰ ῥόον Εὐηνοῖο  
 κείνης ἐκπροφυγόντα μάχης ὑπεδάμνατ' οἷστῳ  
 ἄμφ' ἐρατῆς αἰόχοιο χολούμενος. ἐν δ' ἐτέυκτο 285  
 ὀβρίμου Ἀνταίοιο μέγα σθένος, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν  
 ἄμφι παλαισμοσύνης ἄμοτον περιδηριόωντα  
 ὑψοῦ ἀειράμενος κρατερῆς συνέαξε χεῖρεσσι.

Κεῖτο δ' ἐπὶ προχοῇσιν εὐρρόου Ἑλλησπόντου  
 ἀργαλέον μέγα κῆτος ἀμειλίκτοισιν οἷστοῖς 290  
 βλήμενον· Ἡσιόνης δὲ κακοὺς ἀπελύετο δεσμούς.

Ἄλλα δ' ἄρ' Ἀλκείδαο θρασύφρονος ἄσπετα  
 ἔργα

ἄμφεχεν Εὐρυπύλοιο διοτρεφέος σάκος εὐρύ.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Of dead folk in the shadowy Gulf of Doom.  
But lightly Zeus' son with his crashing blows  
Tamed him, and haled him from the cataract flood  
Of Styx, with heavy-drooping head, and dragged  
The Dog sore loth to the strange upper air  
All dauntlessly. And there, at the world's end,  
Were Caucasus' long glens, where Hercules,  
Rending Prometheus' chains, and hurling them  
This way and that with fragments of the rock  
Whereinto they were riveted, set free  
The mighty Titan. Arrow-smitten lay  
The Eagle of the Torment therebeside.

There stormed the wild rout of the Centaurs  
round  
The hall of Pholus : goaded on by Strife  
And wine, with Hercules the monsters fought.  
Amidst the pine-trunks stricken to death they lay  
Still grasping those strange weapons in dead hands,  
While some with stems long-shafted still fought on  
In fury, and refrained not from the strife ;  
And all their heads, gashed in the pitiless fight,  
Were drenched with gore—the whole scene seemed  
to live —

With blood the wine was mingled : meats and bowls  
And tables in one ruin shattered lay.

There by Evenus' torrent, in fierce wrath  
For his sweet bride, he laid with the arrow low  
Nessus in mid-flight. There withal was wrought  
Antaeus' brawny strength, who challenged him  
To wrestling-strife ; he in those sinewy arms  
Raised high above the earth, was crushed to death.

There where swift Hellespont meets the outer sea,  
Lay the sea-monster slain by his ruthless shafts,  
While from Hesione he rent her chains.

Of bold Alcides many a deed beside  
Shone on the broad shield of Eurypylus.

φαίνεταιο δ' ἴσος Ἄρηι μετὰ στίχας ἰῖσσουντι·  
 Τρῶες δ' ἀμφιέποντες ἐγήθεον, εὐτ' ἐσίδοντο 395  
 τεύχεά τ' ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρα θεῶν ἐπιειμένον εἶδος·  
 τὸν δὲ Πάρις ποτὶ δῆριν ἐποτρύνων προσέειπε·  
 “χαίρω σέῃο κίοντος, ἐπεὶ νύ μοι ἦτορ ἔολπεν  
 Ἄργείους μάλα πάντα δῖζυρῶς ἀπολέσθαι·  
 αὐτῆς σὺν νήεσσιν, ἐπεὶ βροτὸν οὐποτε τοῖον 300  
 ἔδρακον ἐν Τρώεσσιν εὔπτολέμοισί τ' Ἀχαιοῖς.  
 ἀλλὰ σύ, πρὸς μέγαλοιο καὶ ὀβρίμου Ἡρακλῆος,  
 τῷ μέγεθός τε βίην τε καὶ ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ἔοικας,  
 κείνου μνωόμενος φρονέων τ' ἀντάξια ἔργα  
 θαρσαλέως Τρώεσσι δαῖζομένοις ἐπάμυνον, 305  
 ἣν πῶς ἀμπνεύσωμεν· ἐπεὶ σέγε μῦνον ὁτῷ  
 ἄστεος ὀλλυμένοιο κακὰς ἀπὸ κῆρας ἀλέξαι.”

Ἡ μέγ' ἐποτρύνων· ὁ δέ μιν προσεφώνεε μύθῳ·  
 “Πριαμίδη μεγάθυμε, δέμας μακάρεσσιν ἑοικώς,  
 ταῦτα μὲν ἀθανάτων ἐνὶ γούνασιν ἐστήρικται, 310  
 ὅς τε θάνῃ κατὰ δῆριν ὑπέρβιον ἢ σαωθῇ·  
 ἡμεῖς δ', ὥσπερ ἔοικε καὶ ὡς σθένος ἐστὶ  
 μάχεσθαι,

στησόμεθα πρὸ πόλης· ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τόδ'  
 ὁμοῦμαι,  
 μὴ πρὶν ὑποστρέψειν, πρὶν ἢ κτάμεν ἢ ἀπολέσθαι.”

Ὡς φάτο θαρσαλέως· Τρῶες δ' ἐπὶ μακρὰ 315  
 χάροντο.

καὶ τότε Ἀλέξανδρόν τε καὶ Αἰνεΐαν ἐρίθυμον  
 Πουλυδάμαντά τ' εὐμμελίην καὶ Πάμμονα δῖον  
 Δηΐφοβόν τ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι καὶ Αἰθικόν, ὅς περὶ  
 πάντων

Παφλαγόνων ἐκέκαστο μάχῃ ἐνὶ τλήναι ὄμιλον,  
 τοὺς ἅμα λέξατο πάντας ἐπισταμένους πονέεσθαι, 320  
 ὅππῳς δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπὶ πρώτοισι μάχωνται  
 ἐν πολέμῳ· μάλα δ' ὦκα κίον προπάροιθεν ὀμίλου·  
 προφρονέως δ' οἵμησαν ἀπ' ἄστεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
 276

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

He seemed the War-god, as from rank to rank  
He sped ; rejoiced the Trojans following him,  
Seeing his arms, and him clothed with the might  
Of Gods ; and Paris hailed him to the fray :  
“ Glad am I for thy coming, for mine heart  
Trusts that the Argives all shall wretchedly  
Be with their ships destroyed ; for such a man  
Mid Greeks or Trojans never have I seen.  
Now, by the strength and fury of Hercules—  
To whom in stature, might, and goodlihead  
Most like thou art—I pray thee, have in mind  
Him, and resolve to match his deeds with thine.  
Be the strong shield of Trojans hard-bested :  
Win us a breathing-space. Thou only, I trow,  
From perishing Troy canst thrust the dark doom  
back.”

With kindling words he spake. That hero cried :  
“ Great-hearted Paris, like the Blessèd Ones  
In goodlihead, this lieth foreordained  
On the Gods’ knees, who in the fight shall fall,  
And who outlive it. I, as honour bids,  
And as my strength sufficeth, will not flinch  
From Troy’s defence. I swear to turn from fight  
Never, except in victory or death.”

Gallantly spake he : with exceeding joy  
Rejoiced the Trojans. Champions then he chose,  
Alexander and Aeneas fiery-souled,  
Polydamas, Panmon, and Deiphobus,  
And Aethicus, of Paphlagonian men  
The staunchest man to stem the tide of war ;  
These chose he, cunning all in battle-toil,  
To meet the foe in forefront of the fight.  
Swiftly they strode before that warrior-throng,  
Then from the city cheering charged. The host

πολλοὶ ἔπονθ', ὥς εἴ τε μελισσάων κλυτὰ φύλα  
 ἡγεμόνεσιν ἐοῖσι κατηρεφέος σίμβλοιο 325  
 ἐκχύμεναι καναχηδόν, ὅτ' εἶαρος ἡμαρ ἵκηται·  
 ὥς ἄρα τοῖσιν ἔποντο βροτοὶ ποτὶ δῆριν ἰοῦσι·  
 τῶν δ' ἄρα νισσομένων πολὺς αἰθέρα δούπος  
 ἵκανε

αὐτῶν ἡδ' ἵππων· περὶ δ' ἔβρεμεν ἄσπετα τεύχη.  
 ὥς δ' ὁπότεν μέγαλοιο βίη ἀνέμοιο θοροῦσα 330  
 κινήσῃ προθέλυστον ἄλως βυθὸν ἀτρυγέτοιο,  
 κύματα δ' ὦκα κελαινὰ πρὸς ἡιόνας βοόωντα  
 φύκος ἀποπτύωσιν ἐρευγομένοιο κλύδωνος,  
 ἡχὴ δ' ἀτρυγέτοισι παρ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ὄρωρεν·  
 ὥς τῶν ἐσσυμένων μέγ' ὑπέβραχε γαῖα πελώρη. 335

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθε πρὸ τείχεος ἐξεχέοντο  
 ἀμφ' Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον· αὕτῃ δ' ἔπλετο λαῶν  
 ἀλλήλοισ ἐπικεκλομένων, ὀλοοῦ πολέμοιο  
 ἀντιάαν καὶ μή τι καταπτώσσοντας ἐνιπὴν  
 μῖμνειν παρ νήεσσιν· ἐπειγομένων μαχέσασθαι.<sup>1</sup> 340  
 Τρωσὶ δ' ἄρ' ἐσσυμένοισι συνήντεον, εὖτε βόεσσι  
 πόρτιες ἐκ ξυλόχοιο ποτὶ σταθμὸν ἐρχομένησιν  
 ἐκ νομοῦ εἰαρινοῖο κατ' οὖρεος, ὅππότε ἄρουργαι  
 πυκνὸν τηλεθάουσιν, βρύει δ' ἄλις ἄνθεσι γαῖα,  
 πλήθει δ' αὐτε κύπελλα βοῶν γλάγος ἡδὲ καὶ  
 οἰῶν, 345

μυκηθμὸς δ' ἄρα πουλὺς ὀρίνεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα  
 μισγομένων, γάννυται δὲ μετὰ σφίσι βουκόλος  
 ἀνὴρ·

ὥς τῶν ἀλλήλοισι μετεσσυμένων ὀρυμαγδὸς  
 ὠρώρει· δεινὸν γὰρ αὐτεον ἀμφοτέρωθεν.  
 σὶν δὲ μάχην ἐτάνυσσαν ἀπείριτον· ἐν δὲ  
 Κυδοιμός 350

στρωφᾶτ' ἐν μέσσοισι μετ' ἀργαλέοιο Φόνοιο·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἐπειγομένων δὲ μάχεσθαι, with lacuna, of Koechly.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Followed them in their thousands, as when bees  
Follow by bands their leaders from the hives,  
With loud hum on a spring day pouring forth.  
So to the fight the warriors followed these ;  
And, as they charged, the thunder-tramp of men  
And steeds, and clang of armour, rang to heaven.  
As when a rushing mighty wind stirs up  
The barren sea-plain from its nethermost floor,  
And darkling to the strand roll roaring waves  
Belching sea-tangle from the bursting surf,  
And wild sounds rise from beaches harvestless ;  
So, as they charged, the wide earth rang again.

Now from their rampart forth the Argives poured  
Round godlike Agamemnon. Rang their shouts  
Cheering each other on to face the fight,  
And not to cower beside the ships in dread  
Of onset-shouts of battle-eager foes.

They met those charging hosts with hearts as light  
As calves bear, when they leap to meet the kine  
Down faring from hill-pastures in the spring  
Unto the steading, when the fields are green  
With corn-blades, when the earth is glad with  
flowers,

And bowls are brimmed with milk of kine and ewes,  
And multitudinous lowing far and near  
Uprises as the mothers meet their young,  
And in their midst the herdman joys ; so great  
Was the uproar that rose when met the fronts  
Of battle : dread it rang on either hand.

Hard-strained was then the fight : incarnate Strife  
Stalked through the midst, with Slaughter ghastly-  
faced.

Crashed bull-hide shields, and spears, and helmet-  
crests

σὺν δ' ἔπεσον ῥινοὶ τε καὶ ἔγχεα καὶ τρυφάλειαι  
πλησίον· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἴσον πυρὶ μαρμαίρεσκε·  
φρίξε δ' ἄρ' ἐγχείησι μάχη· περὶ δ' αἵματι πάντα  
δεύετο γαῖα μέλαινα δαΐζομένων ἡρώων 355

ἵππων τ' ὠκυπόδων, οἳ θ' ἄρμασιν ἀμφεκέχυντο,  
οἳ μὲν ἔτ' ἀσπαίροντες ὑπ' ἄξοσιν, οἳ δ' ἐφύπερθεν  
πίπτοντες· στυγερὴ δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἔσσυτ' αὐτῇ·  
ἐν γὰρ δὴ χάλκειος ἔρις πέσεν ἀμφοτέροισι·  
καὶ ῥ' οἳ μὲν λάεσσιν ἀταρτηροῖσι μάχοντο,<sup>1</sup> 360  
οἳ δ' αὖτ' αἰγανέησι νεήκεσιν ἡδὲ βέλεσσιν,  
ἄλλοι δ' ἀξίνησι καὶ ἀμφιτόμοις πελέκεσσι  
καὶ κρατεροῖς ξιφέεσσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοις δορά-  
τεσσιν,

ἄλλος δ' ἄλλο χέρεσσι μάχης ἀλκτῆριον εἶχε.

Πρῶτοι δ' Ἀργεῖοι Τρώων ὥσαντο φάλαγγας 365  
βαῖον ἀπὸ σφείων· τοὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν ὁρμήσαντες  
αἵματι δεῦον Ἀρηα μετ' Ἀργείοισι θορόντες·  
Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐν τοῖσι μελαίνῃ λαίλαπι ἴσος  
λαὸν ἐπώχετο πάντα καὶ Ἀργεῖους ἐνάριζε  
θαρσαλέως· μάλα γάρ οἱ ἀάσπετον ὥπασε κάρτος 370  
Ζεὺς ἐπίηρα φέρων ἐρικυδέϊ Ἑρακλῆϊ.  
ἔνθ' ὃ γε καὶ Νιρῆα θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιον ἄνδρα  
μαρνάμενον Τρώεσσι βάλεν περιμήκει δουρὶ  
βαῖον ὑπὲρ πρότμησιν· ὃ δ' ἐς πέδον ἤριπε γαίης·  
ἐκ δὲ οἱ αἶμ' ἐχύθη, δεύοντο δὲ οἱ κλυτὰ τεύχη, 375  
δεύετο δ' ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ἄμ' εὐθαλέεσσι κόμῃσι·  
κεῖτο δ' ἄρ' ἐν κονίησι καὶ αἵματι σὺν κταμένοισιν,  
ἔρνος ὅπως ἐριθηλὲς ἐλαίης εὐκεάτοιο,  
ἦν τε βίη ποταμοῖο κατὰ ῥόον ἡχίεντα  
σύν τ' ὄχθης ἐλάσῃσι βόθρον διὰ πάντα κεδάσσας 380  
ρίζοθεν, ἢ δ' ἄρα κεῖται ὑπ' ἄνθεσι βεβριθυῖα·  
ὥς τῆμος Νιρῆος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἄσπετον οὐδας  
ἔξεχύθη δέμας ἥν καὶ ἀγλαΐῃ ἐρατεινῇ·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἀταρτηρῶς ἐμάχοντο of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Meeting : the brass flashed out like leaping flames.  
Bristled the battle with the lances ; earth  
Ran red with blood, as slaughtered heroes fell  
And horses, mid a tangle of shattered cars,  
Some yet with spear-wounds gasping, while on them  
Others were falling. Through the air upshrieked  
An awful indistinguishable roar ;  
For on both hosts fell iron-hearted Strife.  
Here were men hurling cruel jagged stones,  
There speeding arrows and new-whetted darts,  
There with the axe or twibill hewing hard,  
Slashing with swords, and thrusting out with spears :  
Their mad hands clutched all manner of tools of  
death.

At first the Argives bore the ranks of Troy  
Backward a little ; but they rallied, charged,  
Leapt on the foe, and drenched the field with blood.  
Like a black hurricane rushed Eurypylus  
Cheering his men on, hewing Argives down  
Awelessly : measureless might was lent to him  
By Zeus, for a grace to glorious Hercules.  
Nireus, a man in beauty like the Gods,  
His spear long-shafted stabbed beneath the ribs :  
Down on the plain he fell, forth streamed the blood  
Drenching his splendid arms, drenching the form  
Glorious of mould, and his thick-clustering hair.  
There mid the slain in dust and blood he lay,  
Like a young lusty olive-sapling, which  
A river rushing down in roaring flood,  
Tearing its banks away, and cleaving wide  
A chasm-channel, hath disrooted ; low  
It lieth heavy-blossomed ; so lay then  
The goodly form, the grace of loveliness  
Of Nireus on earth's breast. But o'er the slain

τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἔπ' Εὐρύπυλος μεγάλ' εὔχετο δηωθέντι·  
 “ κείσὸ νυν ἐν κονίῃσιν, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εἶδος ἀγητὸν 385  
 οὔτι λιλαιομένῳ περ ἐπήρκεσεν, ἀλλὰ σ' ἔγωγε  
 νοσφισάμην βιότοιο λιλαιομένον περ ἀλύξαι·  
 σχέτλιος, οὐδ' ἐνόησας ἀμείνονος ἀντίον ἐλθών·  
 οὐ γὰρ κάρτεϊ κάλλος ἀνὰ κλόνον ἰσοφαρίζει.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν κταμένοιο περικλυτὰ τεύχε' ἐλέσθαι 390  
 μῆδετ' ἐπεσσύμενος· τοῦ δ' ἀντίος ἦλθε Μαχάων  
 χωόμενος Νιρῆος, ὃ οἱ σχεδὸν αἶσαν ἀνέτλη·  
 δουρὶ δέ μιν στονόεντι κατ' εὐρέος ἤλασεν ὦμου  
 δεξιτεροῦ, σύτο δ' αἶμα πολυσθενέος περ ἐόντος·  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀπόρουσεν ἀταρτηροῖο κυδοιμοῦ, 395  
 ἀλλ', ὥς τίς τε λέων ἢ ἄγριος οὔρεσι κάπρος  
 μαίνεται' ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν, ὅπως <sup>1</sup> κ' ἐπίοντα δαμάσση,  
 ὅς ῥά μιν οὔτασε πρῶτος ὑποφθάμενος δι' ὀμίλου·  
 τὰ φρονέων ἐπόρουσε Μαχάονι, καὶ ῥά μιν ὦκα  
 οὔτασεν ἐγχείῃ περιμήκει' τε στιβαρῇ τε 400  
 δεξιτερόν κατὰ γλουτόν· ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀνεχάζετ'

ὀπίσσω,  
 οὐδ' ἐπίοντ' ἀλέεινε, καὶ αἵματος ἐσσυμένοιο·  
 ἀλλ' ἄρα καρπαλίμως περιμήκεα λᾶαν αἰείρας  
 κάββαλε κακ κεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Τηλεφίδας·  
 τοῦ δὲ κόρυς στονόεντα φόνου καὶ πῆμ' <sup>2</sup> ἀπά-  
 λαλκεν 405

ἐσσυμένως· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα κραταιῷ χῶσατο φωτὶ  
 Εὐρύπυλος μᾶλλον, μέγα δ' ἀσχαλῶν ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
 ὠκὺ διὰ στέρνοιο Μαχάονος ἤλασεν ἔγχος·  
 αἰχμὴ δ' αἱματόεσσα μετάφρενον ἄχρις ἔκανε·  
 ἥριπε δ' ὥς ὅτε ταῦρος ὑπὸ γναθμοῖσι λέοντος· 410  
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μελέεσσι μέγ' ἔβραχεν αἰόλα τεύχη·  
 Εὐρύπυλος δέ οἱ αἶψα πολύστονον εἰρύσατ' αἰχμὴν  
 ἐκ χροὸς οὔταμένοιο, καὶ εὐχόμενος μέγ' αὐτῇ·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἔως of v.

<sup>2</sup> Zimmermann, ex P; for κῆρ' of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Loud rang the taunting of Eurypylus :

“ Lie there in dust ! Thy beauty marvellous  
Naught hath availed thee ! I have plucked thee  
away

From life, to which thou wast so fain to cling.

Rash fool, who didst defy a mightier man

Unknowing ! Beauty is no match for strength ! ”

He spake, and leapt upon the slain to strip

His goodly arms : but now against him came

Machaon wroth for Nireus, by his side

Doom-overtaken. With his spear he drave

At his right shoulder : strong albeit he was,

He touched him, and blood spurted from the gash.

Yet, ere he might leap back from grapple of death,

Even as a lion or fierce mountain-boar

Maddens mid thronging huntsmen, furious-fain

To rend the man whose hand first wounded him ;

So fierce Eurypylus on Machaon rushed.

The long lance shot out swiftly, and pierced him  
through

On the right haunch ; yet would he not give back,

Nor flinch from the onset, fast though flowed the  
blood.

In haste he snatched a huge stone from the ground,

And dashed it on the head of Telephus' son ;

But his helm warded him from death or harm.

Then waxed Eurypylus more hotly wroth

With that strong warrior, and in fury of soul

Clear through Machaon's breast he drave his spear,

And through the midriff passed the gory point.

He fell, as falls beneath a lion's jaws

A bull, and round him clashed his glancing arms.

Swiftly Eurypylus plucked the lance of death

Out of the wound, and vaunting cried aloud :

“ ἄ δεῖλ', οὐ νύ τοι ἦτορ ἀρηράμενον φρεσὶ  
πάμπαν

ἔπλετ', ὃς οὐτιδανός περ ἐὼν μέγ' ἀμείνουι φωτὶ 415  
ἄντα κίεσ· τῷ καὶ σε κακὴ λάχε δαίμονος Αἴσα.  
ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἔσσετ' ὄνειαρ, ὅτ' οἴωνοὶ δατέονται  
σάρκα τεῖν κταμένοιο κατὰ μόθον· ἢ ἔτ' ἐέλπη  
νοστήσειν καὶ ἐμείο μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀλύξειν;  
ἐσσί μὲν ἰητήρ, μάλα δ' ἥπια φάρμακα οἶδας, 420  
τοῖς πίσυνος τάχ' ἔολπας ὑπεκφυγέειν κακὸν ἡμαρ.  
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀπ' ἠνεμόεντος Ὀλύμπου  
σεῖο πατὴρ τεὸν ἦτορ ἔτ' ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσει,  
οὐδ' εἴ τοι νέκταρ τε καὶ ἀμβροσίην καταχεύῃ.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ὃ γε βαιὸν ἀναπνέειν προσέ-  
ειπεν·

425

“ Εὐρύπυλ', οὐδ' ἄρα σοί γε πολὺν χρόνον αἰσιμόν  
ἔστι

ζῶειν, ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἄγχι παρίσταται οὐλομένη Κῆρ  
Τρώιον ἅμ πεδίον, τῷ καὶ νῦν αἴσυλα βάζεις.”<sup>1</sup>

“Ὡς φάμενον λίπε θυμός· ἔβη δ' ἄφαρ Αἰδὸς  
εἴσω·

τὸν δὲ καὶ οὐκέτ' ἐόντα προσηύδα κύδιμος ἀνὴρ· 430

“ νῦν μὲν δὴ σύ γε κείσο κατὰ χθονός· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε  
ὕστερον οὐκ ἀλέγω, εἰ καὶ παρὰ ποσσὶν ὄλεθρος  
σήμερον ἡμετέροισι πέλει λυγρός· οὔτι γὰρ ἄνδρες  
ζῶομεν ἡματα πάντα· πότμος δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι τέ-  
τυκται.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν οὔταζε νέκυν· μέγα δ' ἴαχε Τεῦκρος, 435  
ὥς ἶδεν ἐν κονίησι Μαχάονα· τοῦ γὰρ ἄπωθεν  
εἰστήκει μάλα πάγχυ πονεύμενος· ἐν γὰρ ἔκειτο  
δῆρις ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ὀρώρει.  
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀμέλησε δεδουπότος ἀνδρὸς ἀγανοῦ  
Νιρῆός θ', ὃς κεῖτο παραυτόθι· τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν 440  
ὕστερον ἀντιθέοιο Μαχάονος ἐν κονίησιν·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmerman, for βέξεις of v.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

“ Wretch, wisdom was not bound up in thine heart,  
That thou, a weakling, didst come forth to fight  
A mightier. Therefore art thou in the toils  
Of Doom. Much profit shall be thine, when kites  
Devour the flesh of thee in battle slain !  
Ha, dost thou hope still to return, to 'scape  
Mine hands ? A leech art thou, and soothing salves  
Thou knowest, and by these didst haply hope  
To flee the evil day ! Not thine own sire,  
On the wind's wings descending from Olympus,  
Should save thy life, not though between thy lips  
He should pour nectar and ambrosia ! ”

Faint-breathing answered him the dying man :  
“ Eurypylus, thine own weird is to live  
Not long : Fate is at point to meet thee here  
On Troy's plain, and to still thine impious tongue.”

So passed his spirit into Hades' halls.  
Then to the dead man spake his conqueror :  
“ Now on the earth lie thou. What shall betide  
Hereafter, care I not — yea, though this day  
Death's doom stand by my feet : no man may live  
For ever : each man's fate is foreordained.”

Stabbing the corpse he spake. Then shouted loud  
Teucer, at seeing Machaon in the dust.  
Far thence he stood hard-toiling in the fight,  
For on the centre sore the battle lay :  
Foe after foe pressed on ; yet not for this  
Was Teucer heedless of the fallen brave,  
Neither of Nireus lying hard thereby  
Behind Machaon in the dust. He saw,

αἶψα δ' ὃ γ' Ἀργείοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὰ βοήσας·  
 “ἔσσυσθ’, Ἀργεῖοι, μηδ’ εἴκετε δυσμενέεσσιν  
 ἔσσυμένοις· νῶϊν γὰρ ἀάσπετον ἔσσετ’ ὄνειδος,

αἶ κε Μαχάονα δῖον ἄμ’ ἀντιθέω Νιρῆι 445

Τρῶες ἐρυσσάμενοι ποτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέονται.  
 ἀλλ’ ἄγε δυσμενέεσσι μαχώμεθα πρόφρονι θυμῷ,  
 ὅφρα δαΐκταμένους εἰρύσσομεν ἢ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 κείνοις ἀμφιθάνωμεν, ἐπεὶ θέμις ἀνδράσιν αὕτη  
 οἷσιν ἀμυνέμεναι, μηδ’ ἄλλοις κύρμα λιπέσθαι.<sup>1</sup>

οὐ γὰρ ἀνιδρωτὶ γε μετ’ ἀνδράσι κῦδος ἀέξει.” 450

Ὡς ἄρ’ ἔφη Δαναοῖσι δ’ ἄχος γένετ’· ἀμφὶ δ’  
 ἄρ’ αὐτοῖς

πολλοὶ γαῖαν ἔρευνθον ὑπ’ Ἀρεῖ δηωθέντες  
 μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθεν· ἴση δ’ ἐπὶ δῆρις ὀρώρει.

ὀψὲ δ’ ἀδελφειοῖο φόνον στονόεντα ἰόησε 455

βλημένου ἐν κονίῃ Ποδαλείριος, οὔνεκα νηυσὶν  
 ἦστο παρ’ ὠκυπόροισι τετυμμένα δούρασι φωτῶν  
 ἔλκε’ ἀκείόμενος· περὶ δ’ ἔντεα δύσατο πάντα  
 θυμὸν ἀδελφειοῖο χολούμενος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἀλκή  
 σμερδαλέον στέρνοισιν ἀέξετο μαιμώνωντι

ἔς πόλεμον στονόεντα· μέλαν δέ οἱ ἔξεν αἶμα 460

λάβρον ὑπὸ κραδίῃ· τάχα δ’ ἔνθορε δυσμενέεσσι  
 χερσὶ θοῇσιν ἄκοντα ταυηγλώχινά τινάσσων·  
 εἶλε δ’ ἄρ’ ἔσσυμένως Ἀγαμήστορος υἱέα δῖον  
 Κλεῖτον, ὃν ἡΰκομος Νύμφη τέκεν ἀμφὶ ρέεθροις

Παρθενίου, ὅς τ’ εἶσι διὰ χθονὸς ἡΰτ’ ἔλαιον 465

πόντον ἐπ’ Εὐξεινον προχέων καλλίρροον ὕδωρ.  
 ἄλλον δ’ ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτῳ κτάνε δῆιον ἄνδρα  
 Λᾶσσον, ὃν ἀντίθεος Προνόη τέκεν ἀμφὶ ρέεθροις  
 Νυμφαίου ποταμοῖο μάλα σχεδὸν εὐρέος ἄντρου,

ἄντρου θηητοῖο, τὸ δὴ φάτις ἔμμεναι αὐτῶν 470

ἰρὸν Νυμφάων, ὁπόσαι περὶ μακρὰ νέμονται

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for δηίοις μὴ κύρμα γενέσθαι, with lacuna, of  
 Koechly.

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## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

And with a great voice raised the rescue-cry :  
" Charge, Argives ! Flinch not from the charging foe !  
For shame unspeakable shall cover us  
If Trojan men hale back to Ilium  
Noble Machaon and Nireus godlike-fair.  
Come, with a good heart let us face the foe  
To rescue these slain friends, or fall ourselves  
Beside them. Duty bids that men defend  
Friends, and to aliens leave them not a prey.  
Not without sweat of toil is glory won ! "

Then were the Danaans anguish-stung : the earth  
All round them dyed they red with blood of slain,  
As foe fought foe in even-balanced fight.  
By this to Podaleirius tidings came  
How that in dust his brother lay, struck down  
By woeful death. Beside the ships he sat  
Ministering to the hurts of men with spears  
Stricken. In wrath for his brother's sake he rose,  
He clad him in his armour ; in his breast  
Dread battle-prowess swelled. For conflict grim  
He panted : boiled the mad blood round his heart.  
He leapt amidst the foemen ; his swift hands  
Swung the snake headed javelin up, and hurled,  
And slew with its winged speed Agamestor's son  
Cleitus : a bright-haired Nymph had given him birth  
Beside Parthenius, whose quiet stream  
Fleets smooth as oil through green lands, till it pours  
Its shining ripples to the Euxine sea.  
Then by his warrior-brother laid he low  
Lassus, whom Pronœ, fair as a goddess, bare  
Beside Nymphaeus' stream, hard by a cave,  
A wide and wondrous cave : sacred it is  
Men say, unto the Nymphs, even all that haunt

οὔρεα Παφλαγόνων καὶ ὅσαι περὶ βοτρυνόεσσαν  
 ναίουσ' Ἡράκλειαν· ἔοικε δὲ κείνο θεοῖσιν  
 ἄντρον, ἐπεὶ ῥα τέτυκται ἀπειρέσιον μὲν ἰδέσθαι 475  
 λαΐνεον, ψυχρὸν δὲ διὰ σπέος ἔρχεται ὕδωρ  
 κρυστάλλῳ ἀτάλαντον, ἐνὶ μυχάτοισι δὲ πάντῃ  
 λαΐνεοι κρητῆρες ἐπὶ στυφελῇσι πέτρῃσιν  
 αἰζήων ὥς χερσὶ τετυγμένοι ἰνδάλλονται·  
 ἄμφ' αὐτοῖσι δὲ Πάνες ὁμῶς Νύμφαι τ' ἐρατειναί, 480  
 ἱστοί τ' ἡλακάται τε, καὶ ἄλλ' ὅσα τεχνήεντα  
 ἔργα πέλει θνητοῖσι, τὰ καὶ περὶ θαῦμα βροτοῖσιν  
 εἶδεται ἐρχομένοισιν ἔσω ἱεροῖο μυχοῖο·  
 τῷ ἔνι δοιαί ἔνεισι καταιβασίαι τ' ἄνοδοί τε,  
 ἡ μὲν πρὸς βορέας τετραμμένη ἡχήμεντος 485  
 πνοιάς, ἡ δὲ νότοιο καταντίου ὑγρὸν ἀέντος,  
 τῇ θνητοὶ νίσσονται ὑπὸ σπέος εὐρὺ θεάων·  
 ἡ δ' ἐτέρῃ μακάρων πέλεται ὁδός, οὐδέ μιν ἄνδρες  
 ῥηιδίως πατέουσιν, ἐπεὶ χάος εὐρὺ τέτυκται  
 μέχρις ἐπ' Ἀΐδονῆος ὑπερθύμοιο βέρεθρον· 490  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μακάρεσσι πέλει θέμις εἰσοράασθαι.  
 τῶνδ' αὐτ' ἄμφι Μαχάον' ἰδ' Ἀγλαΐης κλυτὸν υἱά<sup>1</sup>  
 μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθεν ἀπέφθιτο πουλὺς ὄμιλος·  
 ὁψὲ δὲ δὴ Δαναοὶ σφεας εἴρυσαν ἀθλήσαντες  
 πολλά περ· αἶψα δὲ νῆας ἐπὶ σφετέρας ἐκόμισσαν 495  
 παῦροι, ἐπεὶ πλεόνεσσι κακὴ περιπέπτατ' οἷζυς  
 ἀργαλέου πολέμοιο· πόνῳ δ' ἐνέμιμνον ἀνάγκη.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πολλοὶ ἐνεπλήσαντο κελαινὰς  
 κῆρας ἀν' αἱματόεντα καὶ ἀλγινόεντα κυδοιμόν,  
 δὴ τότε ἄρ' Ἀργείων πολέες φύγον ἐνδοθι νηῶν, 500  
 ὅσους Εὐρύπυλος μέγ' ἐπώχετο πῆμα κυλίνδων.  
 παῦροι δ' ἄμφ' Αἴαντα καὶ Ἀτρεὺς υἱε κραταιῷ  
 μίμνον ἐν ὑσμίνῃ· καὶ δὴ τάχα πάντες ὄλοντο  
 δυσμενέων παλάμησι περιστρωφῶντες ὀμίλῳ,

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἀμφὶ Μαχάονα διόν, with lacuna, of Koechly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

The long-ridged Paphlagonian hills, and all  
That by full-clustered Heracleia dwell.  
That cave is like the work of gods, of stone  
In manner marvellous moulded : through it flows  
Cold water crystal-clear : in niches round  
Stand bowls of stone upon the rugged rock,  
Seeming as they were wrought by carvers' hands.  
Statues of Wood-gods stand around, fair Nymphs,  
Looms, distaffs, all such things as mortal craft  
Fashioneth. Wondrous seem they unto men  
Which pass into that hallowed cave. It hath,  
Up-leading and down-leading, doorways twain,  
Facing, the one, the wild North's shrilling blasts,  
And one the dank rain-burdened South. By this  
Do mortals pass beneath the Nymphs' wide cave ;  
But that is the Immortals' path : no man  
May tread it, for a chasm deep and wide  
Down-reaching unto Hades, yawns between.  
This track the Blest Gods may alone behold.  
So died a host on either side that warred  
Over Machaon and Aglaia's son.  
But at the last through desperate wrestle of fight  
The Danaans rescued them : yet few were they  
Which bare them to the ships : by bitter stress  
Of conflict were the more part compassed round,  
And needs must still abide the battle's brunt.  
But when full many had filled the measure up  
Of fate, mid tumult, blood and agony,  
Then to their ships did many Argives flee  
Pressed by Eurypylus hard, an avalanche  
Of havoc. Yet a few abode the strife  
Round Aias and the Atreidae rallying ;  
And haply these had perished all, beset  
By throngs on throngs of foes on every hand,

εἰ μὴ Ὀϊλέος υἱὸς εὐφρονα Πουλυδάμαντα 505  
 ἔγχεϊ τύψε παρ' ὦμον ἀριστερὸν ἀγχόθι μαζοῦ·  
 ἐκ δέ οἱ αἶμ' ἐχύθη· ὁ δ' ἐχάσσατο τυτθὸν ὀπίσσω.  
 Δηΐφοβον δ' οὔτησε περικλειτὸς Μενέλαος  
 δεξιτερὸν παρὰ μαζόν· ὁ δ' ἔκφυγε ποσσὶ θοοῖσιν.  
 ἔνθ' Ἀγαμέμνων δῖος ἐνήρατο πουλὺν ὄμιλον 510  
 πληθύος ἐξ ὀλοῆς· μετὰ δ' Αἰθικὸν ὥχετο δῖον  
 θύων ἐγχείησιν· ὁ δ' εἰς ἐτάρους ἀλέεινε.

Τοὺς δ' ὁπότ' Εὐρύπυλος λαοσσόος εἰσενόησε  
 χαζομένους ἅμα πάντας ἀπὸ στυγεροῖο κυδοιμοῦ,  
 αὐτίκα κάλλιπε λαόν, ὅσον κατὰ νῆας ἔλασσε, 515  
 καὶ ῥα θοῶς οἶμησεν ἐπ' Ἀτρεὸς υἱε κραταιῷ  
 παῖδά τε καρτερόθυμον Ὀϊλέος, ὃς περὶ μὲν θεῖν  
 ἔσκε θοός, περὶ δ' αὐτε μάχῃ ἐνὶ φέρτατος ἦεν.  
 τοῖς ἐπὶ κραιπνὸν ὄρουσεν ἔχων περιμήκετον ἔγχος·  
 σὺν δέ οἱ ἦλθε Πάρις τε καὶ Αἰνεΐας ἐρίθυμος, 520  
 ὃς ῥα θοῶς Αἴαντα βάλεν περιμήκεϊ πέτρῃ  
 κακὸν κόρυθα κρατερήν· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐν κονίησι τανυσθεὶς

ψυχὴν οὐ τι κάπυσσεν, ἐπεὶ νύ οἱ αἴσιμον ἦμαρ  
 ἐν νόστῳ ἐτέτυκτο Καφηρίσιν ἀμφὶ πέτρῃσι·  
 καὶ ῥα μιν ἀρπάξαντες ἀρηίφιλοι θεράποντες 525  
 βαιὸν ἔτ' ἀμπνεύοντα φέρον ποτὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.  
 καὶ τότε ἄρ' οἰώθησαν ἀγακλειτοὶ βασιλῆες  
 Ἀτρεΐδαι· περὶ δέ σφιν ὀλέθριος ἴσταθ' ὄμιλος  
 βαλλόντων ἐκάτερθεν, ὃ τι σθένε χερσὶν ἐλέσθαι·  
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ στονόεντα βέλη χέον, οἱ δέ νυ λᾶας, 530  
 ἄλλοι δ' αἰγανέας· τοὶ δ' ἐν μέσσοισιν εἶντες  
 στρωφῶντ', εὖτε σύες μέσῳ ἔρκει ἡὲ λέοντες  
 ἡματι τῷ, ὅτ' ἀνακτες ἀολλίσσωσ' ἀνθρώπους  
 ἀργαλέως τ' εἰλέωσι κακὸν τεύχοντες ὄλεθρον  
 θηρσὶν ὑπὸ κρατεροῖς, οἱ δ' ἔρκεος ἐντὸς εἶντες 535



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Had not Oïleus' son stabbed with his spear  
'Twixt shoulder and breast war-wise Polydamas ;  
Forth gushed the blood, and he recoiled a space.  
Then Menelaus pierced Deiphobus  
By the right breast, that with swift feet he fled.  
And many of that slaughter-breathing throng  
Were slain by Agamemnon : furiously  
He rushed on godlike Aethicus with the spear ;  
But he shrank from the forefront back mid friends.

Now when Eurypylus the battle-stay  
Marked how the ranks of Troy gave back from fight,  
He turned him from the host that he had chased  
Even to the ships, and rushed with eagle-swoop  
On Atreus' strong sons and Oïleus' seed  
Stout-hearted, who was passing fleet of foot  
And in fight peerless. Swiftly he charged on these  
Grasping his spear long-shafted : at his side  
Charged Paris, charged Aeneas stout of heart,  
Who hurled a stone exceeding huge, that crashed  
On Aias' helmet : dashed to the dust he was,  
Yet gave not up the ghost, whose day of doom  
Was fate-ordained amidst Caphaerus' rocks  
On the home-voyage. Now his valiant men  
Out of the foes' hands snatched him, bare him  
thence,

Scarce drawing breath, to the Achæan ships.  
And now the Atreid kings, the war-renowned,  
Were left alone, and murder-breathing foes  
Encompassed them, and hurled from every side  
Whate'er their hands might find—the deadly shaft  
Some showered, some the stone, the javelin some.  
They in the midst aye turned this way and that,  
As boars or lions compassed round with pales  
On that day when kings gather to the sport  
The people, and have penned the mighty beasts  
Within the toils of death ; but these, although

δμῶας δαρδιάπτουσιν, ὅ τις σφίσιν ἐγγὺς ἵκηται·  
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐπεσσυμένους ἐδάϊζον.  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς μένος εἶχον ἐελδόμενοί περ ἀλύξαι,  
 εἰ μὴ Τεῦκρος ἵκανε καὶ Ἰδομενεὺς ἐρίθυμος  
 Μηριόνης τε Θόας τε καὶ ἰσόθεος Θρασυμήδης, 540  
 οἳ ῥα πάρος φοβέοντο θρασὺ σθένος Εὐρυπύλοιο,  
 καί κε φύγον κατὰ νῆας ἀλευάμενοι βαρὺ πῆμα,  
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδῃσι περιδδείσαντες ἵκοντο  
 αὐτὴν Εὐρυπύλοιο· μάχη δ' αἰδήλος ἐτύχθη.  
 Ἐνθα τότ' Αἰνεΐας κατ' ἀσπίδος ἔγχος ἔρεισε 545  
 Τεῦκρος εὐμμελῆς· τοῦ δ' οὐ χροῖα καλὸν ἵαφεν·  
 ἤρκεσε γάρ οἱ πῆμα σάκος μέγα τετραβόειον·  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς δείσας ἀνεχάσσατο τυτθὸν ὀπίσσω.  
 Μηριόνης δ' ἐπόρουσεν ἀμύμονι Λαοφύοντι  
 Παιονίδῃ, τὸν ἐγείνατ' εὐπλόκαμος Κλεομήδῃ 550  
 Ἀξιοῦ ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα· κίεν δ' ὅ γε Ἴλιον ἱρὴν  
 Τρωσὶν ἀρηξέμεναι μετ' ἀμύμονος Ἀστεροπαίου·  
 τὸν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης νύξ' ἔγχεϊ ὀκριόεντι  
 αἰδοίων ἐφύπερθε· θοῶς δέ οἱ εἴρυσεν αἶχμῃ  
 ἔγκατα· τοῦ δ' ὥκιστα ποτὶ ζόφον ἔσσυτο θυμός. 555  
 Λῆαντος δ' ἄρ' ἐταῖρος Ὀϊλιάδαο δαΐφρων  
 Ἀλκιμέδης ἐς ὄμιλον εὐσθενέων βάλε Τρώων·  
 ἦκε δ' ἐπευξάμενος δῆϊων ἐς φύλοπιν αἰνὴν  
 σφενδόνη ἀλγινόεντα λίθον· διὰ δ' ἔτρεσαν ἄνδρες  
 ῥοῖζον ὁμῶς καὶ λᾶα περιδδείσαντες ἰόντα. 560  
 τὸν δ' ὀλοὴ φέρε Μοῖρα ποτὶ θρασὺν ἠνιοχὴν  
 Πάμμονος Ἰππασίδην· τὸν δ' ἠνία χερσὶν ἔχοντα  
 πλήξε κατὰ κροτάφοιο· θοῶς δέ μιν ἔκβαλε δίφρου  
 πρόσθεν ἐοῖο τροχοῖο· θοὸν δέ οἱ ἄρμα πεσόντος  
 λυγρὸν ἐπισσώτροισι δέμας διελίσσεται ὀπίσσω 565

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

With walls ringed round, yet tear with tusk and fang  
What luckless thrall soever draweth near.

So these death-compassed heroes slew their foes  
Ever as they pressed on. Yet had their might  
Availed not for defence, for all their will,  
Had Teucer and Idomeneus strong of heart  
Come not to help, with Thoas, Meriones,  
And godlike Thrasymedes, they which shrank  
Erewhile before Eurypylus—yea, had fled  
Unto the ships to 'scape the crushing doom,  
But that, in fear for Atreus' sons, they rallied  
Against Eurypylus : deadly waxed the fight.

Then Teucer with a mighty spear-thrust smote  
Aeneas' shield, yet wounded not his flesh,  
For the great fourfold buckler warded him ;  
Yet feared he, and recoiled a little space.

Leapt Meriones upon Laophoön  
The son of Paeon, born by Axius' flood  
Of bright-haired Cleomede. Unto Troy  
With noble Asteropaeus had he come  
To aid her folk : him Meriones' keen spear  
Stabbed 'neath the navel, and the lance-head tore  
His bowels forth ; swift sped his soul away  
Into the Shadow-land. Alcimedes,  
The warrior-friend of Aias, Oileus' son,  
Shot mid the press of Trojans ; for he sped  
With taunting shout a sharp stone from a sling  
Into their battle's heart. They quailed in fear  
Before the hum and onrush of the bolt.

Fate winged its flight to the bold charioteer  
Of Pammon, Hippasus' son : his brow it smote  
While yet he grasped the reins, and flung him  
stunned

Down from the chariot-seat before the wheels.  
The rushing war-wain whirled his wretched form  
'Twixt tyres and heels of onward-leaping steeds,

ἵππων ἰεμένων· θάνατος δέ μιν αἰνὸς ἐδάμνα  
 ἐσσυμένως μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία νόσφι λιπόντα·  
 Πάμμονι δ' ἔμπεσε πένθος· ἄφαρ δέ ἐ θῆκεν  
 ἀνάγκη

ἄμφω καὶ βασιλῆα καὶ ἡνιοχεῖν θοὸν ἄρμα·  
 καὶ νύ κεν αὐτοῦ κῆρα καὶ ὕστατον ἡμαρ ἀνέτλη, 570  
 εἰ μὴ οἱ Τρώων τις ἀνὰ κλόνον αἱματόεντα  
 ἡνία δέξατο χερσὶ καὶ ἐξεσάωσεν ἄνακτα  
 ἤδη τειρόμενον δηίων ὀλοῇσι χέρεσσιν.

Ἀντίθεον δ' Ἀκάμαντα κατὰντίον αἵσσουντα  
 Νέστορος ὄβριμος υἱὸς ὑπὲρ γόνυ δούρατι τύψεν· 575  
 ἔλκεϊ δ' οὖλομένῳ στυγεράς ὑπεδύσατ' ἀνίας·  
 χάσσατο δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο· λίπεν δ' ἐτάροισι κυ-  
 δοιμόν

δακρυόεντ'· οὐ γάρ οἱ ἔτι πτολέμοιο μεμήλει.  
 καὶ τότε δὴ θεράπων ἐρικυδέος Εὐρυπύλοιο  
 τύψε Θόαντος ἐταῖρον Ἐχέμμονα δηϊοτήτι 580  
 ὦμου τυτθὸν ἔνερθε· περὶ κραδίην δέ οἱ ἔγχος  
 ἶξεν ἀνιηρόν· σὺν δ' αἵματι κήκικεν ἰδρῶς  
 ψυχρὸς ἀπὸ μελέων· καί μιν στρεφθέντα φέρεσθαι  
 εἴσοπίσω κατέμαρψε μέγα σθένος Εὐρυπύλοιο·  
 κόψε δέ οἱ θοὰ νεῦρα· πόδες δ' ἀέκοντες ἔμιμνον 585  
 αὐτοῦ, ὅπῃ μιν τύψε· λίπεν δέ μιν ἄμβροτος αἰὼν.  
 ἐσσυμένως δὲ Θόας νύξεν Πάριν ὀξείῳ δουρὶ  
 δεξιτερὸν κατὰ μηρόν· ὁ δ' ὥχετο τυτθὸν ὀπίσσω  
 οἰσόμενος θοὰ τόξα, τά οἱ μετόπισθε λέλειπτο.  
 Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα λᾶαν, ὅσον σθένε, χερσὶν αἰείρας 590  
 κάββαλεν Εὐρυπύλοιο βραχίονα· τοῦ δὲ χαμάζε  
 κάππεσε λοίγιον ἔγχος· ἄφαρ δ' ἀνεχάσσατ'  
 ὀπίσσω

οἰσόμεν ἐγχείην· τὴν γάρ τ' ἔχεν ἔκβαλε χειρός.  
 Ἀτρεΐδαι δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀνέπνευσαν πολέμοιο.  
 τῷ δὲ θοῶς θεράποντες ἔβαν σχεδόν, οἱ οἱ ἔνεγκαν 595

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

And awful death in that hour swallowed him  
When whip and reins had flown from his nerveless  
hands.

Then grief thrilled Pammon : hard necessity  
Made him both chariot-lord and charioteer.  
Now to his doom and death-day had he bowed,  
Had not a Trojan through that gory strife  
Leapt, grasped the reins, and saved the prince, when  
now

His strength failed 'neath the murderous hands of foes.

As godlike Acamas charged, the stalwart son  
Of Nestor thrust the spear above his knee,  
And with that wound sore anguish came on him :  
Back from the fight he drew ; the deadly strife  
He left unto his comrades : quenched was now  
His battle-lust. Eurypylus' henchman smote  
Echemmon, Thoas' friend, amidst the fray  
Beneath the shoulder : nigh his heart the spear  
Passed bitter-biting : o'er his limbs brake out  
Mingled with blood cold sweat of agony.  
He turned to flee ; Eurypylus' giant might  
Chased, caught him, shearing his heel-tendons  
through :

There, where the blow fell, his reluctant feet  
Stayed, and the spirit left his mortal frame.  
Thoas pricked Paris with quick-thrusting spear  
On the right thigh : backward a space he ran  
For his death-speeding bow, which had been left  
To rearward of the fight. Idomeneus  
Upheaved a stone, huge as his hands could swing,  
And dashed it on Eurypylus' arm : to earth  
Fell his death-dealing spear. Backward he stepped  
To grasp another, since from out his hand  
The first was smitten. So had Atreus' sons  
A moment's breathing-space from stress of war.  
But swiftly drew Eurypylus' henchmen near

ἀαγὲς δόρυ μακρόν, ὃ πολλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσε·  
δεξάμενος δ' ὃ γε λαὸν ἐπώχετο κάρτεϊ θύων,  
κτείνων ὃν κε κίχῃσι, πολὺν δ' ὑπεδάμναθ' ὄμιλον.

Ἔνθ' οὕτ' Ἀτρεΐδαι μένον ἔμπεδον οὔτε τις ἄλλος  
ἀγχεμάχων Δαναῶν· μάλα γὰρ δέος ἔλλαβε  
πάντας

600

ἀργαλέον· πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπέσσυτο πῆμα κορύσσω  
Εὐρύπυλος· μετόπισθε δ' ἐπισπόμενος κεράϊζε.  
κέκλετο δ' αὖ Τρώεσσιν ἰδ' ἵπποδάμοις ἐτάροισιν·  
“ὦ φίλοι, εἰ δ' ἄγε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στέρνοισι λα-  
βόντες

τεύξωμεν Δαναοῖσι φόνον καὶ κῆρ' αἰδήλον,  
οἳ δὴ νῦν μήλοισιν εἰκότες ἀπονέονται  
νῆας ἐπὶ σφετέρας· ἀλλὰ μνησώμεθα πάντες  
ὑσμίνης ὀλοῆς, ἧς παιδόθεν ἰδμονές εἰμεν.”

605

ὣς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἐπόρουσαν ἀολλέες Ἀργείοισιν·  
οἳ δὲ μέγα τρομέοντες ἀπ' ἀργαλέοιο κυδοιμοῦ  
φεῦγον· τοὶ δ' ἐφέποντο κύνες ὥς ἀργιόδοντες  
κεμμάσιν ἀγροτέρησιν ἂν' ἄγχεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην.  
πολλοὺς δ' ἐν κονίῃσι βάλλον μάλα περ μεμαῶτας  
ἐκφυγέειν ὀλοοῖο φόνου στονόεσσαν ὁμοκλήν.  
Εὐρύπυλος μὲν ἔπεφνεν ἀμύμονα Βουκολίωνα  
Νῆσόν τε Χρόμιόν τε καὶ Ἀντιφόν· οἳ δὲ Μυ-  
κῆνην

610

615

ᾧκεον εὐκτέανον, τοὶ δ' ἐν Λακεδαίμονι ναῖον·  
τοὺς ἄρ' ὃ γ' ἐξενάριξεν ἀριγνώτους περ εόντας.  
ἐκ δ' ἄρα πληθύος εἶλεν ἀάσπετα φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων  
ὅσσα μοι οὐ σθένος ἐστὶ λιλαιομένῳ περ αἰεῖσαι,  
οὐδ' εἴ μοι στέρνοισι σιδήρεον ἦτορ ἐνείη.  
Αἰνεΐας δὲ Φέρητα καὶ Ἀντίμαχον κατέπεφνε  
ἀμφοτέρους Κρήτηθεν ἄμ' Ἰδομενῆι κιόντας.  
αὐτὰρ Ἀγῆνωρ δῖος ἀμύμονα Μῶλον ἔπεφνε,  
ὃς περ ἀπ' Ἀργεος ἦλθεν ὑπὸ Σθενέλῳ βασιλῆϊ.

620

625



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Bearing a stubborn-shafted lance, wherewith  
He brake the strength of many. In stormy might  
Then charged he on the foe : whomso he met  
He slew, and spread wide havoc through their ranks.

Now neither Atreus' sons might steadfast stand,  
Nor any valiant Danaan beside,  
For ruinous panic suddenly gripped the hearts  
Of all ; for on them all Eurypylus rushed  
Flashing death in their faces, chased them, slew,  
Cried to the Trojans and to his chariot-lords :  
“ Friends, be of good heart ! To these Danaans  
Let us deal slaughter and doom's darkness now !  
Lo, how like scared sheep back to the ships they  
flee !

Forget not your death-dealing battle-lore,  
O ye that from your youth are men of war ! ”

Then charged they on the Argives as one man ;  
And these in utter panic turned and fled  
The bitter battle, those hard after them  
Followed, as white-fanged hounds hold deer in chase  
Up the long forest-glens. Full many in dust  
They dashed down, howsoe'er they longed to escape.  
The slaughter grim and great of that wild fray.  
Eurypylus hath slain Bucolion,  
Nesus, and Chronion and Antiphus ;  
Twain in Mycenae dwelt, a goodly land ;  
In Lacedaemon twain. Men of renown  
Albeit they were, he slew them. Then he smote  
A host unnumbered of the common throng.  
My strength should not suffice to sing their fate,  
How fain soever, though within my breast  
Were iron lungs. Aeneas slew withal  
Antimachus and Pheres, twain which left  
Crete with Idomeneus. Agenor smote  
Molus the princely,—with king Sthenelus  
He came from Argos,—hurled from far behind

τὸν βάλεν αἰγανέη νεοθηγέϊ πολλὸν ὀπίσσω  
 φεύγοντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο τυχῶν ὑπὸ νεΐατα κνήμης  
 δεξιτερῆς· αἶχμή δὲ διὰ πλατὺ νεῦρον ἔκερσεν  
 ἄντικρυς ἰεμένη· παρὰ δ' ἔθρισεν ὅστέα φωτὸς  
 ἀργαλέως· ὀδύνη δὲ μίγη μόρος, ἔφθιτο δ' ἀνὴρ. 630  
 ἔνθα Πάρις Μόσυνόν τ' ἔβαλεν καὶ ἀγήνορα  
 Φόρκυν

ἄμφω ἀδελφειούς, οἳ τ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἵκοντο  
 Αἴαντος νήεσσι, καὶ οὐκέτι νόστον ἴδοντο.  
 τοῖσι δ' ἔπι Κλεόλαον εὖν θεράποντα Μέγητος  
 εἶλε βαλὼν κατὰ μαζὸν ἀριστερόν· ἄμφι δέ μιν νύξ 635  
 μάρψε κακὴ, καὶ θυμὸς ἀπέπτατο· τοῦ δὲ δαμέντος  
 ἔνδον ὑπὸ στέρνοισιν ἔτι κραδίη ἀλεγεινὴ  
 ταρφέα παλλομένη πτερόεν πελέμιξε βέλεμνον.  
 ἄλλον δ' ἰὼν ἀφῆκεν ἐπὶ θρασὺν Ἡετίωνα  
 ἐσσυμένως· τοῦ δ' αἶψα διὰ γναθμοῖο πέρησε 640  
 χαλκός· ὁ δ' ἐστονάχησε· μίγη δέ οἱ αἵματι δάκρυ.  
 ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνε· πολὺς δ' ἐστείνεται χῶρος  
 Ἀργείων ἰληδὸν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι πεσόντων.

Καί νύ κε δὴ τότε Τρῶες ἐνέπρησαν πυρὶ νῆας,  
 εἰ μὴ νύξ ἐπόρουσε βαθύσκιον ἡέρ' ἄγουσα. 645  
 χάσσατο δ' Εὐρύπυλος, σὺν δ' ἄλλοι Τρώιοι νῆες  
 νηῶν βαιὸν ἄπωθε ποτὶ προχοᾶς Σιμόεντος  
 ἦχι περ αὐλιν ἔθεντο γεγηθοτες. οἳ δ' ἐνὶ νηυσὶν  
 Ἀργεῖοι γοάσκον ἐπὶ ψαμάθοισι πεσόντες  
 πολλὰ μάλ' ἀχνύμενοι κταμένων ὕπερ, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' 650  
 αὐτῶν  
 πολλοὺς ἐν κούρησι μέλας ἐκίχῃσατο πότμος.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

A dart new-whetted, as he fled from fight,  
Piercing his right leg, and the eager shaft  
Cut sheer through the broad sinew, shattering  
The bones with anguished pain : and so his doom  
Met him, to die a death of agony.  
Then Paris' arrows laid proud Phorcys low,  
And Mosynus, brethren both, from Salamis  
Who came in Aias' ships, and nevermore  
Saw the home-land. Cleolaus smote he next,  
Meges' stout henchman ; for the arrow struck  
His left breast : deadly night enwrapped him round,  
And his soul fledted forth : his fainting heart  
Still in his breast fluttering convulsively  
Made the winged arrow shiver. Yet again  
Did Paris shoot at bold Eëtion.  
Through his jaw leapt the sudden-flashing brass :  
He groaned, and with his blood were mingled tears.  
So ever man slew man, till all the space  
Was heaped with Argives each on other cast.

Now had the Trojans burnt with fire the ships,  
Had not night, trailing heavy-folded mist,  
Uprisen. So Eurypylus drew back,  
And Troy's sons with him, from the ships aloof  
A little space, by Simois' outfall ; there  
Camped they exultant. But amidst the ships  
Flung down upon the sands the Argives wailed  
Heart-anguished for the slain, so many of whom  
Dark fate had overtaken and laid in dust.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΣ

Ἦμος δ' οὐρανὸς ἄστρα κατέκρυφεν, ἔγρετο δ' Ἥως  
λαμπρὸν παμφανόωσα, κνέφας δ' ἀνεχάσσατο  
νυκτός,

δὴ τότε ἄρήιοι νῆες ἐϋσθενέων Ἀργείων,  
οἱ μὲν ἔβαν προπάροιθε νεῶν κρατερὴν ἐπὶ δῆριν  
ἀντίου Εὐρυπύλοιο μεμαότες, οἱ δ' ἀπάτερθεν  
αὐτοῦ παρ νήεσσι Μαχάονα ταρχύσαντο  
Νιρέα θ', ὃς μακάρεσσιν αἰεγενέεσσιν ἑώκει  
κάλλει τ' ἀγλαΐῃ τε· βίῃ δ' οὐκ ἄλκιμος ἦεν·  
οὐ γὰρ ἄμ' ἀνθρώποισι θεοὶ τελέουσιν ἅπαντα·  
ἀλλ' ἐσθλῷ κακὸν ἄγχι παρίσταται ἐκ τινος αἵσης· 10  
ὥς Νιρῇ ἄνακτι παρ' ἀγλαΐῃ ἐρατεινῇ  
κεῖτ' ἀλαπαδνοσύνη· Δαναοὶ δέ οἱ οὐκ ἀμέλησαν,  
ἀλλὰ ἐταρχύσαντο καὶ ὠδύραντ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,  
ὅσσα Μαχάονα δῖον, ὃν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν  
ἴσον αἰεὶ τίεσκον, ἐπεὶ πυκνὰ μῆδεα ἤδη 15  
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέροισι αὐτὸν περὶ σῆμα βάλοντο.

Καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἐν πεδίῳ ἔτι μαίνεται λοίγιος Ἄρης·  
ᾧρτο δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρωθε μέγας κόναβος καὶ αὐτὴ  
ῥηγνυμένων λάεσσι καὶ ἐγχείησι βοειῶν·  
καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν πονέοντο πολυκμήτῳ ὑπ' Ἄρηι· 20  
νωλεμέως δ' ἄρ' ἄπαστος ἐδητύος ἐν κονίῃσι  
κεῖτο μέγα στενάχων Ποδαλείριος· οὐδ' ὃ γε σῆμα  
λείπε κασιγνήτιο· νόος δέ οἱ ὀρμαίνεσκε

## BOOK VII

*How the Son of Achilles was brought to the War from  
the Isle of Scyros.*

WHEN heaven hid his stars, and Dawn awoke  
Outspraying splendour, and night's darkness fled,  
Then undismayed the Argives' warrior-sons  
Marched forth without the ships to meet in fight  
Eurypylus, save those that tarried still  
To render to Machaon midst the ships  
Death-dues, with Nireus—Nireus, who in grace  
And goodlihead was like the Deathless Ones,  
Yet was not strong in bodily might: the Gods  
Grant not perfection in all things to men;  
But evil still is blended with the good  
By some strange fate: to Nireus' winsome grace  
Was linked a weakling's prowess. Yet the Greeks  
Slighted him not, but gave him all death-dues,  
And mourned above his grave with no less griet  
Than for Machaon, whom they honoured aye,  
For his deep wisdom, as the immortal Gods.  
One mound they swiftly heaped above these twain.  
Then in the plain once more did murderous war  
Madden: the multitudinous clash and cry  
Rose, as the shields were shattered with huge  
stones,  
Were pierced with lances. So they toiled in fight;  
But all this while lay Podaleirius  
Fasting in dust and groaning, leaving not

χερσὶν ὑπὸ σφετέρησιν ἀνηλεγέως ἀπολέσθαι.  
καὶ ῥ' ὅτε μὲν βάλε χεῖρας ἐπὶ ξίφος, ἄλλοτε δ'  
αὖτε

25

δίξετο φάρμακον αἰνόν· ἐοὶ δέ μιν εἵργον ἑταῖροι  
πολλὰ παρηγορέοντες· ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγεν ἀνίης.  
καὶ νύ κε θυμὸν ἐῆσιν ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσιν ὄλεσεν  
ἐσθλοῦ ἀδελφειοῖο νεοκμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,

30

εἰ μὴ Νηλέος υἱὸς ἐπέκλυεν, οὐδ' ἀμέλησεν  
αἰνῶς τειρομένοιο· κίχεν δέ μιν ἄλλοτε μὲν πον  
ἐκχύμενον περὶ σῆμα πολύστονον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
ἀμφὶ κάρη χεύοντα κόνιν καὶ στήθεα χερσὶ  
θεινόμενον κρατερῇσι καὶ οὔνομα κικλήσκοντα

35

οἷο κασιγνήτοιο· περιστενάχοντο δ' ἄνακτα  
δμῶες ὁμῶς ἐτάροισι· κακὴ δ' ἔχε πάντας οἷζύς.  
καὶ ῥ' ὅγε μειλιχίοισι μέγ' ἀχνύμενον προσέειπεν·

“ἴσχεο λευγαλέοιο γόου καὶ πένθεος αἰνοῦ,  
ᾧ τέκος· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε περίφρονα φῶτα γεγῶτα  
μύρεσθ' οἷα γυναῖκα παρ' οὐκέτ' εὔντι πεσόντα·

40

οὐ γὰρ ἀναστήσεις μιν ἔτ' ἐς φάος, οὔνεκ' αἷστος  
ψυχὴ οἱ πεπότηται ἐς ἡέρα, σῶμα δ' ἀνευθεν  
πῦρ ὀλοὸν κατέδαψε καὶ ὀστέα δέξατο γαῖα·  
αὕτως δ', ὥς ἀνέθηλε, καὶ ἔφθιτο. τέτλαθι δ' ἄλγος

45

ἄσπετον, ὥς περ ἔγωγε Μαχάονος οὔτι χερεῖω  
παῖδ' ὀλέσας δηίοισιν ὑπ' ἀνδράσιν εὖ μὲν ἄκοντι  
εὖ δὲ σαοφροσύνησι κεκασμένον. οὐδέ τις ἄλλος  
αἰζηῶν φιλέεσκεν ἐὼν πατέρ' ὥς ἐμὲ κείνος,  
κάθανε δ' εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο σωσέμεναι μενεαίνων

δν πατέρ'· ἀλλὰ οἱ εἶθαρ ἀποκταμένοιο πᾶσασθαι

50

σῖτον ἔτλην καὶ ζωὸς ἔτ' Ἑριγένειαν ιδέσθαι,  
εὖ εἰδώς, ὅτι πάντες ὁμῆν Ἀῖδαο κέλευθον  
νισσόμεθ' ἄνθρωποι, πᾶσιν τ' ἐπὶ τέρματα κεῖται  
λυγρὰ μόρου στονόεντος· ἔοικε δὲ θνητὸν εἶντα  
πάντα φέρειν, ὅπῃ ἔσθλα διδοῖ θεὸς ἡδ' ἀλεγεινά.”

55



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

His brother's tomb ; and oft his heart was moved  
With his own hands to slay himself. And now  
He clutched his sword, and now amidst his herbs  
Sought for a deadly drug ; and still his friends  
Essayed to stay his hand and comfort him  
With many pleadings. But he would not cease  
From grieving : yea, his hands had spilt his life  
There on his noble brother's new-made tomb,  
But Nestor heard thereof, and sorrowed sore  
In his affliction, and he came on him  
As now he flung him on that woeful grave,  
And now was casting dust upon his head,  
Beating his breast, and on his brother's name  
Crying, while thralls and comrades round their lord  
Groaned, and affliction held them one and all.  
Then gently spake he to that stricken one :  
“ Refrain from bitter moan and deadly grief,  
My son. It is not for a wise man's honour  
To wail, as doth a woman, o'er the fallen.  
Thou shalt not bring him up to light again  
Whose soul hath fled into air,  
Whose body fire hath ravined up, whose bones  
Earth has received. His end was worthy his life.  
Endure thy sore grief, even as I endured,  
Who lost a son, slain by the hands of foes,  
A son not worse than thy Machaon, good  
With spears in battle, good in counsel. None  
Of all the youths so loved his sire as he  
Loved me. He died for me—yea, died to save  
His father. Yet, when he was slain, did I  
Endure to taste food, and to see the light,  
Well knowing that all men must tread one path  
Hades-ward, and before all lies one goal,  
Death's mournful goal. A mortal man must bear  
All joys, all griefs, that God vouchsafes to send.”

Ὡς φάθ'· ὁ δ' ἀχνύμενός μιν ἀμείβετο· τοῦ δ'  
ἀλεγεινόν

ἔρρεεν εἰσέτι δάκρυ καὶ ἀγλαὰ δεῦτε γένεια·

“ὦ πάτερ, ἄσχετον ἄλγος ἐμὸν καταδάμναται  
ἦτορ

ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτοιο περίφρονος, ὅς μ' ἀτίταλλεν  
οἰχομένοιο τοκῆος ἐς οὐρανὸν ὡς ἐὼν υἷα 60  
σφῆσιν ἐν ἀγκοῖνῃσι καὶ ἱητήρια νούσων  
ἐκ θυμοῖο δίδαξε· μὴ δ' ἐνὶ δαιτὶ καὶ εὐνῇ  
τερπόμεθα ξυνοῖσιν ἱαινόμενοι κτεάτεσσι·  
τῷ μοι πένθος ἄλαστον ἐποίχεται· οὐδ' ἔτι κείνου  
τεθναότος φάος ἐσθλὸν ἐέλδομαι εἰσοράασθαι.” 65

Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἀκηχέμενον προσέειπε.  
“πᾶσι μὲν ἀνθρώποισιν ἴσον κακὸν ὥπασε daίμων  
ὀρφανίην, πάντας δὲ καὶ ἡμέας αἶα καλύφει,  
οὐ μὲν ἄρ' ἐκτελέσαντας ὁμῇν βιότοιο κέλευθον,  
οὐδ' οἴην τις ἕκαστος ἐέλδεται, οὐνεχ' ὕπερθεν 70  
ἐσθλά τε καὶ τὰ χέρεια θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται  
μυρία, εἰς ἐν πάντα μεμιγμένα· καὶ τὰ μὲν οὔτις  
δέρκεται ἀθανάτων, ἀλλ' ἀπροτίοπτα τέτυκται  
ἀχλύϊ θεσπεσίῃ κεκαλυμμένα· τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ χεῖρας  
οἷη Μοῖρα τίθησι καὶ οὐχ ὁρώωσ' ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου 75  
ἐς γαῖαν προΐησι· τὰ δ' ἄλλυδις ἄλλα φέρονται  
πνοιῆς ὡς ἀνέμοιο· καὶ ἀνέρι πολλάκις ἐσθλῷ  
ἀμφεχύθη μέγα πῆμα, λυγρῷ δ' ἐπικάπτεσεν  
ὄλβος

οὐκ εἰκώς.<sup>1</sup> ἀλαὸς δὲ πέλει βίος ἀνθρώποιο·<sup>2</sup>  
τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' ἀσφαλέως οὐ νίσσεται, ἀλλὰ πόδεσσι 80  
πυκνὰ ποτιπταίει· τρέπεται δέ οἱ αἰόλος οἶμος<sup>3</sup>  
ἄλλοτε μὲν ποτὶ πῆμα πολύστονον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
εἰς ἀγαθόν· μερόπων δὲ πανόλβιος οὔτις ἐτύχθη  
ἐς τέλος ἐξ ἀρχῆς· ἐτέρῳ δ' ἕτερον ἀντιόωσι.

1. ■ Zimmermann, for οὔτι ἐκὼν and ἀνθρώποισι of v.

3 Zimmermann, for αἰόλον εἶδος of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Made answer that heart-stricken one, while still  
Wet were his cheeks with ever-flowing tears :  
“ Father, mine heart is bowed 'neath crushing grief  
For a brother passing wise, who fostered me  
Even as a son. When to the heavens had passed  
Our father, in his arms he cradled me :  
Gladly he taught me all his healing lore ;  
We shared one table ; in one bed we lay :  
We had all things in common—these, and love.  
My grief cannot forget, nor I desire,  
Now he is dead, to see the light of life.”

Then spake the old man to that stricken one :  
“ To all men Fate assigns one same sad lot,  
Bereavement : earth shall cover all alike,  
Albeit we tread not the same path of life,  
And none the path he chooseth ; for on high  
Good things and bad lie on the knees of Gods  
Unnumbered, indistinguishably blent.  
These no Immortal seeth ; they are veiled  
In mystic cloud-folds. Only Fate puts forth  
Her hands thereto, nor looks at what she takes,  
But casts them from Olympus down to earth.  
This way and that they are wafted, as it were  
By gusts of wind. The good man oft is whelmed  
In suffering : wealth undeserved is heaped  
On the vile person. Blind is each man's life ;  
Therefore he never walketh surely ; oft  
He stumbleth : ever devious is his path,  
Now sloping down to sorrow, mounting now  
To bliss. All-happy is no living man  
From the beginning to the end, but still  
The good and evil clash. Our life is short ;

παῦρον δὲ ζῶοντας ἐν ἄλγεσιν οὔτι ἔοικε  
ζώμεν. ἔλπεο δ' αἰὲν ἀρείονα, μηδ' ἐπὶ λυγρῷ  
θυμὸν ἔχειν· καὶ γάρ ῥα πέλει φάτις ἀνθρώποισιν  
ἐσθλῶν μὲν νίσσεσθαι ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ  
ψυχάς,<sup>1</sup> ἀργαλέων δὲ ποτὶ ζόφον· ἔπλετο δ' ἄμφω  
σεῖο κασιγνήτῳ· καὶ μείλιχος ἔσκε βροτοῖσι,  
καὶ πάϊς ἀθανάτοιο· θεῶν δ' ἐς φύλον οἶω  
κεῖνον ἀνελθέμεναι σφετέρου πατρὸς ἐννεσίησιν.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν μιν ἔγειρεν ἀπὸ χθονὸς οὐκ ἐθέλοντα  
παρφάμενος μύθοισιν, ἄγειν δ' ἀπὸ σήματος αἰνοῦ  
ἐντροπαλιζόμενον καὶ ἔτ' ἀργαλέα στενάχοντα·  
ἐς δ' ἄρα νῆας ἵκοντο· πόνον δ' ἔχον ἄλλοι Ἀχαιοὶ  
ἀργαλέον καὶ Τρῶες ὀρινομένου πολέμοιο.

Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἀτάλαντος ἀτειρέα θυμὸν Ἄρηι  
χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτησι καὶ ἔγχει μαιμώνωντι  
δάμνατο δῆϊα φύλα· νεκρῶν δ' ἐστείνετο γαῖα  
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθεν· ὁ δ' ἐν νεκύεσσι βεβηκὼς  
μάρνατο θαρσαλέως πεπαλαγμένος αἵματι χεῖρας  
καὶ πόδας· οὐδ' ἀπέληγεν ἀταρτηροῖο κυδοιμοῦ·  
ἀλλ' ὃ γε Πηνέλεων κρατερόφρονα δουρὶ δῖμασσε  
ἀντιόωντ' ἀνὰ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλοὺς  
ἔκτανεν· οὐδ' ὃ γε χεῖρας ἀπέτρεπε δηϊοτήτος,  
ἀλλ' ἔπετ' Ἀργείοισι χολούμενος, εὖτε πάροιθεν  
ὄβριμος Ἡρακλῆς Φολόης ἀνὰ μακρὰ κάρηνα  
Κενταύροις ἐπόρουσεν ἑὼ μέγα κάρτεϊ θύων,  
τοὺς ἅμα πάντας ἔπεφνε καὶ ὠκντάτους περ ἑόντας  
καὶ κρατεροὺς ὅλοοῦ τε δαήμονας ἰωχμοῖο·  
ὥς ὃ γ' ἐπασσύτερον Δαναῶν στρατὸν αἰχμητῶν  
δάμνατ' ἐπεσσύμενος· τοὶ δ' ἱλαδὸν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος  
ἀθρόοι ἐν κονίησι δεδουπότες ἐξεχέοντο.

<sup>1</sup> Restored by Zimmermann from P.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Beseems not then in grief to live. Hope on,  
Still hope for better days : chain not to woe  
Thine heart. There is a saying among men  
That to the heavens unperishing mount the souls  
Of good men, and to nether darkness sink  
Souls of the wicked. Both to God and man  
Dear was thy brother, good to brother-men,  
And son of an Immortal. Sure am I  
That to the company of Gods shall he  
Ascend, by intercession of thy sire."

Then raised he that reluctant mourner up  
With comfortable words. From that dark grave  
He drew him, backward gazing oft with groans.  
To the ships they came, where Greeks and Trojan  
men  
Had bitter travail of rekindled war.

Eurypylos there, in dauntless spirit like  
The War-god, with mad-raging spear and hands  
Resistless, smote down hosts of foes : the earth  
Was clogged with dead men slain on either side.  
On strode he midst the corpses, awelessly  
He fought, with blood-bespattered hands and feet ;  
Never a moment from grim strife he ceased.  
Peneleos the mighty-hearted came  
Against him in the pitiless fray : he fell  
Before Eurypyus' spear : yea, many more  
Fell round him. Ceased not those destroying hands,  
But wrathful on the Argives still he pressed,  
As when of old on Pholoe's long-ridged heights  
Upon the Centaurs terrible Hercules rushed  
Storming in might, and slew them, passing-swift  
And strong and battle-cunning though they were ;  
So rushed he on, so smote he down the array,  
One after other, of the Danaan spears.  
Heaps upon heaps, here, there, in throngs they fell

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσαντος ἀπειρεσίου ποταμοῖο 115  
 ὄχθαι ἀποτμήγονται ἐπὶ ψαμαθώδεϊ χώρῳ  
 μυρίαὶ ἀμφροτέρωθεν, ὃ δ' εἰς ἄλὸς ἔσσεται οἶδμα  
 παφλάζων ἀλεγεινὸν ἀνὰ ῥόον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ  
 κρημνοὶ ἐπικτυπέουσι, βρέμει δ' ἄρα μακρὰ ῥέεθρα  
 αἰὲν ἐρειπομένων, εἵκει δέ οἱ ἔρκεα πάντα· 120  
 ὥς ἄρα κύδιμοι νῆες εὐπτολέμων Ἀργείων  
 πολλοὶ ὑπ' Εὐρυπύλοιο κατήριπον ἐν κονίῃσι,  
 τοὺς κίχεν αἱματόεντα κατὰ μόθον· οἳ δ' ὑπάλυξαν,  
 ὅσσους ἐξεσάωσε ποδῶν μένος· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ὥς  
 Πηνέλεων ἐρύσαντο δυσηχέος ἐξ ὁμάδοιο 125  
 νῆας ἐπὶ σφετέρας, καίπερ ποσὶ καρπαλίμοισι  
 κῆρας ἀλευόμενοι ὀστυγεράς καὶ ἀνηλέα πότμον.  
 πανσυδίῃ δ' ἔντοσθε νεῶν φύγον· οὐδέ τι θυμῷ  
 ἔσθενον Εὐρυπύλοιο καταντία δηριάασθαι,  
 οὔνεκ' ἄρα σφίσι φύζαν διζυρὴν ἐφέηκεν 130  
 Ἥρακλῆς υἱὸν ἀτειρέα πάμπαν ἀέζων.  
 οἳ δ' ἄρα τείχεος ἐντὸς ὑποπτώσσοντες ἔμιμνον,  
 αἶγες ὅπως ὑπὸ πρῶνα φοβεύμεναι αἰνὸν ἀήτην,  
 ὅς τε φέρει νιφετόν τε πολὺν κρυερὴν τε χάλαζαν  
 ψυχρὸς ἐπαίσσων, ταὶ δ' ἐς νομὸν ἐσσύμεναί περ 135  
 ῥιπῆς οὔτι κατιθὺς ὑπερκύπτουσι κολώνης,  
 ἀλλ' ἄρα χεῖμα μένουσιν ὑπὸ σκέπας ἡδὲ φάραγγας  
 ἀγρόμεναι, θάμνοισι δ' ὑπὸ σκιεροῖσι νέμονται  
 ἰλαδόν, ὅφρ' ἀνέμοιο κακαὶ λήξωσιν ἄελλαι·  
 ὥς Δαναοὶ πύργοισιν ὑπὸ σφετέροισιν ἔμιμνον 140  
 Τηλέφου ὄβριμον νῆα μετεσσύμενον τρομέοντες.  
 Αὐτὰρ ὁ νῆας ἔμελλε θοὰς καὶ λαὸν ὀλέσσειν,  
 εἰ μὴ Τριτογένεια θράσος βάλεν Ἀργείοισιν  
 ὀψέ περ· οἳ δ' ἄλληκτον ἀφ' ἔρκεος αἰπεινοῖο  
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## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Strewn in the dust. As when a river in flood  
Comes thundering down, banks crumble on either  
side

To drifting sand : on seaward rolls the surge  
Tossing wild crests, while cliffs on every hand  
Ring crashing echoes, as their brows break down  
Beneath long-leaping roaring waterfalls,  
And dikes are swept away ; so fell in dust  
The war-famed Argives by Eurypylus slain,  
Such as he overtook in that red rout.  
Some few escaped, whom strength of fleeing feet  
Delivered. Yet in that sore strait they drew  
Peneleos from the shrieking tumult forth,  
And bare to the ships, though with swift feet them-  
selves

Were fleeing from ghastly death, from pitiless doom.  
Behind the rampart of the ships they fled  
In huddled rout : they had no heart to stand  
Before Eurypylus, for Hercules,  
To crown with glory his son's stalwart son,  
Thrilled them with panic. There behind their wall  
They cowered, as goats to leeward of a hill  
Shrink from the wild cold rushing of the wind  
That bringeth snow and heavy sleet and hail.  
No longing for the pasture tempteth them  
Over the brow to step, and face the blast,  
But huddling screened by rock-wall and ravine  
They abide the storm, and crop the scanty grass  
Under dim copses thronging, till the gusts  
Of that ill wind shall lull : so, by their towers  
Screened, did the trembling Danaans abide  
Telephus' mighty son. Yea, he had burnt  
The ships, and all that host had he destroyed,  
Had not Athena at the last inspired  
The Argive men with courage. Ceaselessly  
From the high rampart hurled they at the foe

δυσμενέας βάλλοντες ἀνιηροῖς βελέεσσι 145  
κτεῖνον ἐπασσυτέρους· δεύοντο δὲ τείχεα λύθρῳ  
λευγαλέῳ· στοναχὴ δὲ δαΐκταμένων πέλε φωτῶν.

Αὕτως δ' αὖ νύκτας τε καὶ ἡματα δηριόωντο  
Κήτειοι Τρῶές τε καὶ Ἀργεῖοι μενεχάρμαι,  
ἄλλοτε μὲν προπάροιθε νεῶν, ὅτε δ' ἀμφὶ μακεδνὸν 150  
τείχος, ἐπεὶ πέλε μῶλος ἀάσχετος· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ὥς  
ἡματα δοιὰ φόνοιο καὶ ἀργαλέης ὑσμίνης  
παύσανθ', οὐνεχ' ἵκανε ἐς Εὐρύπυλον βασιλῆα  
ἀγγελίῃ Δαναῶν, ὥς κεν πολέμοιο μεθέντες  
πυρκαϊῇ δώωσι δαΐκταμένους ἐνὶ χάρμῃ· 155  
αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' αἰψ' ἐπίθησε, καὶ ἀργαλέοιο κυδοιμοῦ  
παυσάμενοι ἐκάτερθε νεκροὺς περιταρχύσαντο  
ἐν κονίῃς ἐριπόντας· Ἀχαιοὶ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων  
Πηνέλεων μύροντο· βάλον δ' ἐπὶ σῆμα θανόντι  
εὐρὺ μάλ' ὑψηλόν τε καὶ ἐσσομένοις ἀρίδην 160  
πληθὺν δ' αὐτ' ἀπάνευθε δαΐκταμένων ἡρώων  
θάψαν ἀκηχέμενοι μεγάλῳ περὶ πένθει θυμὸν  
πυρκαϊὴν ἅμα πᾶσι μίαν περινηήσαντες  
καὶ τάφον. ὥς δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀπόπροθι Τρῳεῖοι νῆες  
τάρχυσαν κταμένους. ὅλοη δ' Ἔρις οὐκ ἀπέληγεν, 165  
ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἐποτρύνεσκε θρασὺ σθένος Εὐρύπυλοιο  
ἀντιάαν δηίοισιν· ὃ δ' οὐπω χάζετο νηῶν,  
ἀλλ' ἔμεινεν Δαναοῖσι κακὴν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀέξων.

Τοὶ δ' ἐς Σκύρον ἵκοντο μελαίνῃ νηὶ θέοντες·  
εὐρον δ' υἱ' Ἀχιλῆος ἐοῦ προπάροιθε δόμοιο, 170  
ἄλλοτε μὲν βελέεσσι καὶ ἐγχείησιν ἰέντα,  
ἄλλοτε δ' αὖθ' ἵπποισι πονεύμενον ὠκυπόδεσσι  
γῆθησαν δ' ἐσιδόντες ἀταρτηροῦ πολέμοιο  
ἔργα μετοιχώμενον, καίπερ μέγα τειρόμενον κῆρ  
ἀμφὶ πατρὸς κταμένοιο· τὸ γὰρ τὸ πάροιθε  
πέπυστο. 175

αἰψα δέ οἱ κίον ἅντα τεθηπότες, οὐνεχ' ὀρώντο  
θαρσαλέῳ Ἀχιλῆι δέμας περικαλλὲς ὁμοῖον·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

With bitter-biting darts, and slew them fast ;  
And all the walls were splashed with reeking gore,  
And aye went up a moan of smitten men.

So fought they: nightlong, daylong fought they on,  
Ceteians, Trojans, battle-biding Greeks,  
Fought, now before the ships, and now again  
Round the steep wall, with fury unutterable.  
Yet even so for two days did they cease  
From murderous fight ; for to Eurypylus came  
A Danaan embassy, saying, " From the war  
Forbear we, while we give unto the flames  
The battle-slain." So hearkened he to them :  
From ruin-wreaking strife forebore the hosts ;  
And so their dead they buried, who in dust  
Had fallen. Chiefly the Achaeans mourned  
Peneleos ; o'er the mighty dead they heaped  
A barrow broad and high, a sign for men  
Of days to be. But in a several place  
The multitude of heroes slain they laid,  
Mourning with stricken hearts. On one great pyre  
They burnt them all, and buried in one grave.  
So likewise far from thence the sons of Troy  
Buried their slain. Yet murderous Strife slept not,  
But roused again Eurypylus' dauntless might  
To meet the foe. He turned not from the ships,  
But there abode, and fanned the fury of war.

Meanwhile the black ship on to Scyros ran ;  
And those twain found before his palace-gate  
Achilles' son, now hurling dart and lance,  
Now in his chariot driving fleetfoot steeds.  
Glad were they to behold him practising  
The deeds of war, albeit his heart was sad  
For his slain sire, of whom had tidings come  
Ere this. With reverent eyes of awe they went  
To meet him, for that goodly form and face  
Seemed even as very Achilles unto them.

τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ὑποφθάμενος τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·  
 “ὦ ξεῖνοι, μέγα χαίρετ' ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα κιόντες·  
 εἵπατε δ' ὀππόθεν ἐστὲ καὶ οἵτινες, ἦδ' ὅ τι

χρειῶ

ἦλθετ' ἔχοντες ἐμεῖο δι' οἷδατος ἀτρυγέτοιο.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ' εἰρόμενος· ὁ δ' ἀμείβετο δῖος Ὀδυσ-  
 σεύς·

“ἡμεῖς τοι φίλοι εἰμὲν εὐπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος,  
 τῷ νύ σέ φασι τεκέσθαι εὐφρονα Δηιδάμειαν·  
 καὶ δ' αὐτοὶ τεδὸν εἶδος ἐῖσκομεν ἀνέρι κείνῳ

πάμπαν· ὁ δ' ἀθανάτοισι πολυσθενέεσσιν ἐφίκει.  
 εἰμὶ δ' ἐγὼν Ἰθάκηθεν, ὁ δ' Ἄργεος ἵπποβότοιο,  
 εἴ ποτε Τυδείδαο δαΐφρονος οὔνομ' ἄκουσας,

ἦ καὶ Ὀδυσσῆος πυκιμήδεος, ὃς νύ τοι ἄγχι  
 αὐτὸς ἐγὼν ἔστηκα θεοπροπίης ἔνεκ' ἐλθῶν·

ἀλλ' ἐλέαιρε τάχιστα καὶ Ἀργείοις ἐπάμυνον  
 ἐλθῶν ἐς Τροίην· ὥς γὰρ τέλος ἔσσειτ' Ἄρηι.

καὶ τοι δῶρ' ὀπάσουσιν ἀάσπετα δῖοι Ἀχαιοί·  
 τεύχεα δ' αὐτὸς ἔγωγε τεοῦ πατρὸς ἀντιθέοιο

δώσω, ἅπερ φορέων μέγα τέρψεται· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε  
 θνητῶν τεύχεσι κεῖνα, θεοῦ δέ που Ἄρεος ὅπλοις

ἴσα πέλει· πουλὺς δὲ περὶ σφίσι πάμπαν ἄρηρε  
 χρυσὸς δαιδαλέοισι κεκασμένος, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὸς

Ἡφαίστος μέγα θυμὸν ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ἰάνθη  
 τευχῶν ἄμβροτα κεῖνα, τά σοι μέγα θαῦμα ἰδόντι

ἔσσεται, οὐνεκα γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς ἠδὲ θάλασσα  
 ἀμφὶ σάκος πεπόνηται ἀπειρεσίῳ τ' ἐνὶ<sup>1</sup> κύκλῳ

ζῶα περίξῃ σκηνηται ἐοικότα κινυμένοισι,  
 θαῦμα καὶ ἀθανάτοισι· βροτῶν δ' οὐπώποτε τοῖα

οὔτε τις ἔδρακε πρόσθεν ἐν ἀνδράσιν οὔτ' ἐφό-  
 ρησεν,

εἰ μὴ σὸς γε πατήρ, τὸν ἴσον Διὶ τίῳν Ἀχαιοὶ  
 πάντες, ἐγὼ δὲ μάλιστα φίλα φρονέων ἀγάπαζον·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for περὶ κύκλῳ of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

But he, or ever they had spoken, cried :

“ All hail, ye strangers, unto this mine home !  
Say whence ye are, and who, and what the need  
That hither brings you over barren seas.”

So spake he, and Odysseus answered him :

“ Friends are we of Achilles lord of war,  
To whom of Deïdameia thou wast born—  
Yea, when we look on thee we seem to see  
That Hero's self ; and like the Immortal Ones  
Was he. Of Ithaca am I : this man  
Of Argos, nurse of horses—if perchance  
Thou hast heard the name of Tydeus' warrior son  
Or of the wise Odysseus. Lo, I stand  
Before thee, sent by voice of prophecy.  
I pray thee, pity us : come thou to Troy  
And help us. Only so unto the war  
An end shall be. Gifts beyond words to thee  
The Achæan kings shall give : yea, I myself  
Will give to thee thy godlike father's arms,  
And great shall be thy joy in bearing them ;  
For these be like no mortal's battle-gear,  
But splendid as the very War-god's arms.  
Over their marvellous blazonry hath gold  
Been lavished ; yea, in heaven Hephaestus' self  
Rejoiced in fashioning that work divine,  
The which thine eyes shall marvel to behold ;  
For earth and heaven and sea upon the shield  
Are wrought, and in its wondrous compass are  
Creatures that seem to live and move—a wonder  
Even to the Immortals. Never man  
Hath seen their like, nor any man hath worn,  
Save thy sire only, whom the Achæans all  
Honoured as Zeus himself. I chiefiest  
From mine heart loved him, and when he was slain,

καὶ οἱ ἀποκταμένοιο νέκυν ποτὶ νῆας ἔνεικα  
πολλοῖς δυσμενέεσσιν ἀνηλέα πότμον ὀπάσσας·  
τοῦνεκά μοι κείνοιο περικλυτὰ τεύχεα δῶκε 210  
δῖα Θέτις· τὰ δ' ἄρ' αὖθις ἐελδόμενός περ ἔγωγε  
δῶσω προφρονέως, ὅπότ' Ἴλιον εἰσαφίκηαι.  
καὶ νύ σε καὶ Μενέλαος, ἐπὴν Πριάμοιο πόλῃα  
πέρσαντες νήεσσιν ἐς Ἑλλάδα νοστήσωμεν,  
αὐτίκα γαμβρὸν ἐὼν<sup>1</sup> ποιήσεται, ἣν ἐθέλῃσθα, 215  
ἀμφ' εὐεργεσίης· δώσει δέ τοι ἄσπετ' ἄγεσθαι  
κτήματά τε χρυσόν τε μετ' ἡῦκόμοιο θυγατρός,  
ὅσς' ἐπέοικεν ἔπεσθαι εὐκτεάνῳ βασιλῇ.”

“Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱός·  
“ εἰ μὲν δὴ καλέουσι θεοπροπίησιν Ἀχαιοί, 220  
αὖριον αἶψα νεώμεθ' ἐπ' εὐρέα βένθεα πόντου,  
ἣν τι φάος Δαναοῖσι λιλαιομένοισι γένωμαι·  
νῦν δ' ἴομεν ποτὶ δώματ' εὐξεινόν τε τράπεζαν,  
οἴην περ ξείνοισι θέμις παρατεκτῆνασθαι·  
ἀμφὶ δ' ἐμοῖο γάμοιο θεοῖς μετόπισθε μελήσει.” 225

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἠγείθ· οἱ δ' ἐσπόμενοι μέγα χαῖρον·  
καὶ ῥ' ὅτε δὴ μέγα δῶμα κίου καὶ κάλλιμον αὐλήν,  
εὖρον Δηιδάμειαν ἀκηχεμένην ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
τηκομένην θ', ὡσεὶ τε χιῶν κατατήκετ' ὄρεσσιν 230  
Εὖρου ὑπὸ λιγέος καὶ ἀτειρέος ἡελίοιο·  
ὥς ἥ γε φθινύθεσκε δεδουπότος ἀνδρὸς ἀγαθοῦ·  
καὶ μιν ἔτ' ἀχνυμένην περ ἀγακλειτοὶ βασιλῆες  
ἡσπάζοντ' ἐπέεσσι· πάϊς δέ οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν  
μυθεῖτ' ἀτρεκέως γενεὴν καὶ οὖνομ' ἐκάστου·  
χρεῖῳ δ', ἦντιν' ἴκανον, ἐπέκρυφε μέχρῃς ἐς ἡῶ, 235  
ὄφρα μὴ ἀχνυμένην μιν ἔλῃ πολύδακρυς ἀνίη,

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, ex P for οἱ γαμβρὸν of Koechly.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

To many a foe I dealt a ruthless doom,  
And through them all bare back to the ships his corse.  
Therefore his glorious arms did Thetis give  
To me. These, though I prize them well, to thee  
Will I give gladly when thou com'st to Troy.  
Yea also, when we have smitten Priam's town,  
And unto Hellas in our ships return,  
Shall Menelaus give thee, an thou wilt,  
His princess-child to wife, of love for thee,  
And with his bright haired daughter shall bestow  
Rich dower of gold and treasure, even all  
That meet is to attend a wealthy king."

So spake he, and replied Achilles' son :  
" If bidden of oracles the Achæan men  
Summon me, let us with to-morrow's dawn  
Fare forth upon the broad depths of the sea,  
If so to longing Danaans I may prove  
A light of help. Now pass we to mine halls,  
And to such guest-fare as befits to set  
Before the stranger. For my marriage-day—  
To this the Gods in time to come shall see."

Then hall-ward led he them, and with glad hearts  
They followed. To the forecourt when they came  
Of that great mansion, found they there the Queen  
Deidameia in her sorrow of soul  
Grief-wasted, as when snow from mountain-sides  
Before the sun and east-wind wastes away ;  
So pined she for that princely hero slain.  
Then came to her amidst her grief the kings,  
And greeted her in courteous wise. Her son  
Drew near and told their lineage and their names ;  
But that for which they came he left untold  
Until the morrow, lest unto her woe  
There should be added grief and floods of tears,  
And lest her prayers should hold him from the path

καί μιν ἀπεσσύμενον μάλα λισσομένη κατερύκη.  
 αἶψα δὲ δαῖτ' ἐπάσαντο καὶ ὕπνῳ θυμὸν ἦναν  
 πάντες, ὅσοι Σκύριοι πέδον περιναιετάσκον  
 εἰναλῆς, τὴν μακρὰ περιβρομέουσι θαλάσσης 240  
 κύματα ῥηγνυμένοιο πρὸς ἡόνας Αἰγαίοιο·  
 ἀλλ' οὐ Δηιδάμειαν ἐπήρατος ὕπνος ἔμαρπτεν  
 οὐνομα κερδαλέον μιμνησκομένην Ὀδυσῆος  
 ἡδὲ καὶ ἀντιθέου Διομήδεος, οἳ ῥά μιν ἄμφω  
 εὖνιν ποιήσαντο φιλοπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος 245  
 παρφάμενοι κείνοιο θρασὺν νόον, ὅφρ' ἀφικηται  
 δῆϊον εἰς ἐνοπήν· τῷ δ' ἄτροπος ἦντετο Μοῖρα,  
 ἣ οἱ ὑπέκλασε νόστον, ἀπειρέσιον δ' ἄρα πένθος  
 πατρὶ πόρεν Πηλῆι καὶ αὐτῇ Δηιδαμείῃ.  
 τοῦνεκά μιν κατὰ θυμὸν ἀάσπετον ἄμφεχε δεῖμα 250  
 παιδὸς ἐπεσσυμένοιο ποτὶ πτολέμοιο κυδοιμόν,  
 μή οἱ λευγαλέῳ ἐπὶ πένθει πένθος ἴκηται.

Ἦως δ' εἰσανέβη μέγαν οὐρανόν· οἳ δ' ἀπὸ  
 λέκτρων  
 καρπαλίμως ὤρνυντο· νόησε δὲ Δηιδάμεια·  
 αἶψα δέ οἱ στέρνοισι περὶ πλατέεσσι χυθεῖσα 255  
 ἀργαλέως γοάσκειν ἐς αἰθέρα μακρὰ βοῶσα·  
 ἡὔτε βοῦς ἐν ὄρεσιν ἀπειρέσιον μεμακυῖα  
 πόρτιν ἐὼν δίζηται ἐν ἄγκεσιν, ἀμφὶ δὲ μακραὶ  
 οὖρεος αἰπεινοῖο περιβρομέουσι κολῶναι·  
 ὥς ἄρα μυρομένης ἀμφίαχεν αἰπὺ μέλαθρον 260  
 πάντοθεν ἐκ μυχάτων, μέγα δ' ἀσχαλῶσ' ἀγόρευε·  
 “ τέκνον, ποῖ δὴ νῦν σοὶ εὖς νόος ἐκπεπότηται  
 Ἴλιον ἐς πολύδακρυ μετὰ ξείνοισιν ἐπεσθαι,  
 ἦχι πολεῖς ὀλέκονται ὑπ' ἀργαλέης ὑσμίνης,  
 καίπερ ἐπιστάμενοι πόλεμον καὶ ἀεικέα χάρμην; 265  
 νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν νέος ἐσσί καὶ οὐπω δῆϊα ἔργα  
 οἶδας, ἃ τ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἀλάλκουσιν κακὸν ἡμαρ·  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μεν ἄκουσον, ἐοῖς δ' ἐνὶ μίμνε  
 δόμοισι,

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Whereon his heart was set. Straight feasted these,  
And comforted their hearts with sleep, even all  
Which dwelt in sea-ringed Scyros, nightlong lulled  
By long low thunder of the girdling deep,  
Of waves Aegean breaking on her shores.  
But not on Deidameia fell the hands  
Of kindly sleep. She bore in mind the names  
Of crafty Odysseus and of Diomed  
The godlike, how these twain had widowed her  
Of battle-fain Achilles, how their words  
Had won his aweless heart to fare with them  
To meet the war-cry—where stern Fate met him,  
Shattered his hope of home-return, and laid  
Measureless grief on Peleus and on her.  
Therefore an awful dread oppressed her soul  
Lest her son too to tumult of the war  
Should speed, and grief be added to her grief.

Dawn climbed the wide-arched heaven, and  
straightway they  
Rose from their beds. Then Deidameia knew ;  
And on her son's broad breast she cast herself,  
And bitterly wailed : her cry thrilled through the  
air,

As when a cow loud-lowing mid the hills  
Seeks through the glens her calf, and all around  
Echo long ridges of the mountain-steep ;  
So on all sides from dim recesses rang  
The hall ; and in her misery she cried :  
“ Child, wherefore is thy soul now on the wing  
To follow strangers unto Ilium  
The fount of tears, where perish many in fight,  
Yea, cunning men in war and battle grim ?  
And thou art but a youth, and hast not learnt  
The ways of war, which save men in the day  
Of peril. Hearken thou to me, abide  
Here in thine home, lest evil tidings come

μὴ δὴ μοι Τροίηθε κακὴ φάτις οὐαθ' ἵκηται  
 σείο καταφθιμένοιο κατὰ μόθον· οὐ γὰρ ὅτῳ 270  
 ἐλθέμεναί σ' ἔτι δεῦρο μετάτροπον ἐξ ὁμάδοιο·  
 οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ πατὴρ τεὸς ἔκφυγε κῆρ' αἰδήλον,  
 ἀλλ' ἐδάμη κατὰ δῆριν, ὃ περ καὶ σείο καὶ ἄλλων  
 ἡρώων προφέρεςκε, θεὰ δέ οἱ ἔπλετο μήτηρ,  
 τῶνδε δολοφροσύνη καὶ μῆδεσιν, οἷ σε καὶ αὐτὸν 275  
 δῆριν ἐπὶ στονόεσσαν ἐποτρύνουσι νέεσθαι·  
 τοῦνεκ' ἐγὼ δείδοικα περὶ κραδίῃ τρομέουσα,  
 μή μοι καὶ σέο, τέκνον, ἀποφθιμένοιο πέληται  
 εὖνιν καλλειφθεῖσαν ἀεικέα πῆματα πάσχειν·  
 οὐ γὰρ πῶ τι γυναικὶ κακώτερον ἄλγος ἔπεισιν, 280  
 ἢ ὅτε παῖδες ὄλωνται ἀποφθιμένοιο καὶ ἀνδρός,  
 χηρωθῇ δὲ μέλαθρον ὑπ' ἀργαλέου θανάτοιο·  
 αὐτίκα γὰρ περὶ φῶτες ἀποτμήγουσιν ἀρούρας,  
 κείρουσιν δέ τε πάντα καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγουσι θέμιστας·  
 τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' οὐ τι τέτυκται οἷζυρώτερον ἄλλο 285  
 χήρης ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀκιδνότερόν τε γυναικός.”  
 Ἡ μέγα κωκύνουσα· πάϊς δέ μιν ἀντίον ἠῦδα·  
 “ θάρσει, μῆτερ ἐμεῖο, κακὴν δ' ἀποπέμπεο φήμην·  
 οὐ γὰρ ὑπὲρ κῆράς τις ὑπ' ἄρει δάμναται ἀνὴρ·  
 εἰ δέ μοι αἰσιμόν ἐστι δαμήμεναι εἵνεκ' Ἀχαιῶν, 290  
 τεθναίην ρέξας τι καὶ ἄξιον Αἰακίδησιν.”

Ὡς φάτο· τῷ δ' ἄγχιστα κίεν γεραρὸς Λυκο-  
 μήδης,  
 καὶ ῥά μιν ἰωχμοῖο λιλαιόμενον προσέειπεν·  
 “ ὦ τέκος ὀβριμόθυμον ἐῷ πατρὶ κάρτος εἰκώς,  
 οἶδ' ὅτι καρτερός ἐσσι καὶ ὀβριμος· ἀλλ' ἄρα  
 καὶ ὧς 295  
 καὶ πόλεμον δείδοικα πικρὸν καὶ κῦμα θαλάσσης  
 λευγαλέον· ναῦται γὰρ αἰεὶ σχεδὸν εἰσιν ὀλέθρου.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ δείδιε, τέκνον, ἐπὴν πλόον εἰσαφίκηαι  
 ὕστερον ἢ Τροίηθεν ἢ ἄλλοθεν, οἷά τε πολλὰ  
 [πλαζόμεθ' ἀνθρωποὶ ἐπ' ἀπείριτα νῶτα θαλάσσης]  
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## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

From Troy unto my ears, that thou in fight  
Hast perished ; for mine heart saith, never thou  
Hitherward shalt from battle-toil return.  
Not even thy sire escaped the doom of death—  
He, mightier than thou, mightier than all  
Heroes on earth, yea, and a Goddess' son—  
But was in battle slain, all through the wiles  
And crafty counsels of these very men  
Who now to woeful war be kindling thee.  
Therefore mine heart is full of shuddering fear  
Lest, son, my lot should be to live bereaved  
Of thee, and to endure dishonour and pain,  
For never heavier blow on woman falls  
Than when her lord hath perished, and her sons  
Die also, and her house is left to her  
Desolate. Straightway evil men remove  
Her landmarks, yea, and rob her of her all,  
Setting the right at naught. There is no lot  
More woeful and more helpless than is hers  
Who is left a widow in a desolate home."

Loud-wailing spake she ; but her son replied :  
" Be of good cheer, my mother ; put from thee  
Evil foreboding. No man is in war  
Beyond his destiny slain. If my weird be  
To die in my country's cause, then let me die  
When I have done deeds worthy of my sire."

Then to his side old Lycomedes came,  
And to his battle-eager grandson spake :  
" O valiant-hearted son, so like thy sire,  
I know thee strong and valorous ; yet, O yet  
For thee I fear the bitter war ; I fear  
The terrible sea-surge. Shipmen evermore  
Hang on destruction's brink. Beware, my child,  
Perils of waters when thou sailest back  
From Troy or other shores, such as beset  
Full oftentimes the voyagers that ride

τῆμος, ὅτ' αἰγοκερῇ συνέρχεται ἡρόεντι 300  
 ἡέλιος μετόπισθε βαλὼν ῥυτῆρα βελέμνων  
 τοξευτὴν, ὅτε χεῖμα λυγρὸν κλονέουσιν ἄλλαι,  
 ἢ ὅπότη' Ὀκεανοῖο κατὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα φέρονται  
 ἄστρο κατερχομένοιο ποτὶ κνέφας Ὀρίωνος·  
 δείδιε δ' ἐν φρεσὶ σῆσιν ἰσημερίην ἀλεγεινὴν, 305  
 ἢ ἔνι συμφορέονται ἀν' εὐρέα βένθεα πόντου  
 ἔκποθεν αἰσσοῦσαι ὑπὲρ μέγα λαῖτμα θύελλαι,  
 ἢ ὅτε Πληιάδων πέλεται δύσις, ἣν ῥα καὶ αὐτὴν  
 δείδιθι μαιμώωσαν ἔσω ἄλως ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλα  
 ἄστρο, τὰ που μογεροῖσι πέλει δέος ἀνθρώποισι 310  
 δυόμεν' ἢ ἀνιόντα κατὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα θαλάσσης."

Ὡς εἰπὼν κύσε παῖδα καὶ οὐκ ἀνέεργε κελεύθου  
 ἰμείροντα μόθοιο δυσηχέος· ὃς δ' ἐρατεινὸν  
 μειδιῶν ἐπὶ νῆα θοῶς ὥρμαινε νέεσθαι.  
 ἀλλὰ μιν εἰσέτι μητρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἔρυκε 315  
 δακρυόεις ὀαρισμὸς ἐπισπεύδοντα πόδεσσιν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις θοὸν ἵππου ἐπὶ δρόμον ἰσχανόωντα  
 εἶργει ἐφεζόμενος, ὁ δ' ἐρυκανόωντα χαλινὸν  
 δάπτει ἐπιχρεμέθων, στέρνον δέ οἱ ἀφριόωντος  
 δεύεται, οὐδ' ἴστανται ἐελδόμενοι πόδες οἴμης, 320  
 πουλὺς δ' ἄμφ' ἓνα χῶρον ἐλαφροτάτοις ὑπὸ  
 ποσσὶ

ταρφέα κινυμένοιο πέλει κτύπος, ἄμφι δὲ χαῖται  
 ῥῶοντ' ἐσσυμένοιο, κάρη δ' εἰς ὕψος αἶρει  
 φυσιῶν μάλα πολλά, νόος δ' ἐπιτέρπετ' ἄνακτος· 325  
 ὥς ἄρα κύδιμον νῖα μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος  
 μήτηρ μὲν κατέρυκε, πόδες δέ οἱ ἐγκονέεσκον·  
 ἢ δὲ καὶ ἀχυνμένη περ ἐῷ ἐπαγάλλετο παιδί.

Ὅς δέ μιν ἀμφικύσας μάλα μυρία κάλλιπε  
 μούνην

μυρομένην ἀλεγεινὰ φίλου κατὰ δώματα πατρός·  
 οἷη δ' ἄμφι μέλαθρα μέγ' ἀσχαλώσα χελιδὼν 330  
 μύρεται αἰόλα τέκνα, τὰ που μάλα τετριγῶτα



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

The long sea-ridges, when the sun hath left  
The Archer-star, and meets the misty Goat,  
When the wild blasts drive on the lowering storm,  
Or when Orion to the darkling west  
Slopes, into Ocean's river sinking slow.  
Beware the time of equal days and nights,  
When blasts that o'er the sea's abysses rush,—  
None knoweth whence—in fury of battle clash.  
Beware the Pleiads' setting, when the sea  
Maddens beneath their power—nor these alone,  
But other stars, terrors of hapless men,  
As o'er the wide sea-gulf they set or rise.”

Then kissed he him, nor sought to stay the feet  
Of him who panted for the clamour of war,  
Who smiled for pleasure and for eagerness  
To haste to the ship. Yet were his hurrying feet  
Stayed by his mother's pleading and her tears  
Still in those halls awhile. As some swift horse  
Is reined in by his rider, when he strains  
Unto the race-course, and he neighs, and champs  
The curbing bit, dashing his chest with foam,  
And his feet eager for the course are still  
Never, his restless hooves are clattering aye;  
His mane is a stormy cloud, he tosses high  
His head with snortings, and his lord is glad;  
So reined his mother back the glorious son  
Of battle-stay Achilles, so his feet  
Were restless, so the mother's loving pride  
Joyed in her son, despite her heart-sick pain.

A thousand times he kissed her, then at last  
Left her alone with her own grief and moan  
There in her father's halls. As o'er her nest  
A swallow in her anguish cries aloud  
For her lost nestlings which, mid piteous shrieks,

αἰνὸς ὄφιν κατέδαψε καὶ ἦκαχε μητέρα κεδνὴν,  
 ἣ δ' ὅτε μὲν χήρην περιπέπταται ἀμφὶ καλὴν,  
 ἄλλοτε δ' εὐτύκτοισι περὶ προθύροισι ποτᾶται  
 αἰνὰ κινυρομένη τεκέων ὑπερ· ὥς ἄρα κείνου 335  
 μύρετο Δηιδάμεια, καὶ υἱὸς ἄλλοτε μὲν που  
 εὐνὴν ἀμφιχυθεῖσα μέγ' ἴαχεν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
 κλαῖεν ἐπὶ φλιῆσι· φίλῳ δ' ἐγκάτθετο κόλπῳ,  
 εἴ τί οἱ ἐν μεγάροισι τετυγμένον ἦεν ἄθυρμα,  
 ᾧ ἔπι τυτθὸς ἐὼν ἀταλὰς φρένας ἰαίνεσκεν· 340  
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ καὶ ἄκοντα λελειμμένον εἴ που ἴδοιτο,  
 ταρφέα μιν φιλέεσκε, καὶ εἴ τί περ ἄλλο γοῶσα  
 ἔδρακε παιδὸς ἐοῖο δαΐφρονος. οὐδ' ὅ γε μητρὸς  
 ἄσπετ' ὀδυρομένης ἔτ' ἐπέκλυεν, ἀλλ' ἀπάτερθε  
 βαῖνε θεὸν ἐπὶ νῆα· φέρον δέ μιν ὠκέα γυῖα 345  
 ἀστέρι παμφανώωντι πανεῖκελον. ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'  
 αὐτῷ

ἔσπετ' ὁμῶς Ὀδυσῇ δαΐφρονι Τυδέος υἱός,  
 ἄλλοι τ' εἴκοσι φῶτες ἀρηράμενοι φρεσὶ θυμόν,  
 τοὺς ἔχε κεδνοτάτους ἐν δώμασι Δηιδάμεια,  
 καὶ σφας ἐφ' ὅρε παιδὶ θοοὺς ἔμεναι θεράποντας. 350  
 οἱ τὸτ' Ἀχιλλέος νῖα θρασὺν περιποιπνύεσκον  
 ἐσσύμενον ποτὶ νῆα δι' ἄστεος· ὃς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσοις  
 ἦε καγχαλὼν· κεχάροντο δὲ Νηρηῖναι  
 ἀμφὶ Θέτιν· καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐγῆθεε Κυανοχαίτης  
 εἰσορόων Ἀχιλλῆος ἀμύμονος ὄβριμον νῖα, 355  
 ὥς ἤδη πολέμοιο λιλαίετο δακρυόεντος  
 καίπερ ἐὼν ἔτι παιδνός, ἔτ' ἄχνοος· ἀλλὰ μιν  
 ἀλκῇ

καὶ μένος ὀτρύνεσκεν· ἐῆς δ' ἐξέσσυτο πάτρης,  
 οἶος Ἄρης, ὅτε μῶλον ἐπέρχεται αἵματόεντα  
 χωόμενος δηίοισι, μέμνηε δέ οἱ μέγα θυμός, 360  
 καὶ οἱ ἐπισκύνιον βλοσυρὸν πέλει, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'  
 αὐτῷ

ὄμματα μαρμαίρουσιν ἴσον πυρί, ταὶ δὲ παρειαὶ  
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## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

A fearful serpent hath devoured, and wrung  
The loving mother's heart ; and now above  
That empty cradle spreads her wings, and now  
Flies round its porchway fashioned cunningly,  
Lamenting piteously her little ones ;  
So for her child Deidameia mourned.  
Now on her son's bed did she cast herself  
Crying aloud, against his door-post now  
She leaned, and wept : now laid she in her lap  
Those childhood's toys yet treasured in her bower,  
Wherein his babe-heart joyed long years ago.  
She saw a dart there left behind of him,  
And kissed it o'er and o'er—yea, whatso else  
Her weeping eyes beheld that was her son's.

Naught heard he of her moans unutterable,  
But was afar, fast striding to the ship.  
He seemed, as his feet swiftly bare him on,  
Like some all-radiant star ; and at his side  
With Tydeus' son war-wise Odysseus went,  
And with them twenty gallant-hearted men,  
Whom Deidameia chose as trustiest  
Of all her household, and unto her son  
Gave them for henchmen swift to do his will.  
And these attended Achilles' valiant son,  
As through the city to the ship he sped.  
On, with glad laughter, in their midst he strode ;  
And Thetis and the Nereids joyed thereat.  
Yea, glad was even the Raven-haired, the Lord  
Of all the sea, beholding that brave son  
Of princely Achilles, marking how he longed  
For battle. Beardless boy albeit he was,  
His prowess and his might were inward spurs  
To him. He hasted forth his fatherland  
Like to the War-god, when to gory strife  
He speedeth, wroth with foes, when maddeneth  
His heart, and grim his frown is, and his eyes

κάλλος ὁμοῦ κρυόεντι φόβῳ καταειμέναι αἰεὶ  
φαίνοντ' ἐσσυμένους, τρομέουσι δὲ καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί·  
τοῖος ἔην Ἀχιλῆος εἰς πάϊς· οἱ δ' ἀνὰ ἄστρῳ 365  
εὖχοντ' ἄθανάτοισι σαωσέμεν ἐσθλὸν ἄνακτα  
ἀργαλέου παλίνροσον ἀπ' Ἄρεος· οἱ δ' ἐσάκουσαν  
εὐχομένων· ὁ δὲ πάντας ὑπείρεχεν, οἳ οἳ ἔποντο.

Ἐλθόντες δ' ἐπὶ θίνα βαρυνγδούποιο θαλάσσης  
εὖρον ἔπειτ' ἐλατῆρας εὐξόου ἔνδοθι νηὸς 370  
ἰστία τ' ἐντύνοντας ἐπειγομένους τ' ἀνὰ νῆα·  
αἶψα δ' ἐν αὐτοῖς ἔβαν·<sup>1</sup> τοὶ δ' ἔκτοθι πείσματ'  
ἔλυσαν

εὐνὰς θ', αἱ νήεσσι μέγα σθένος αἰὲν ἔπονται.  
τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' εὐπλοῖην πόσις ὥπασεν Ἀμφιτρίτης  
προφρονέως· μάλα γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μέμβλετ'  
Ἀχαιῶν 375

τειρομένων ὑπὸ Τρῳσὶ καὶ Εὐρυπύλῳ μεγαθύμῳ.  
οἱ δ' Ἀχιλῆιον νῖα παρεζόμενοι ἐκάτερθε  
τέρπεσκον μύθοισιν ἐοῦ πατρὸς ἔργ' ἐνέποντες,  
ὅσσα τ' ἀνὰ πλόον εὐρὺν ἐμήσατο καὶ ποτὶ γαίῃ  
Τηλέφου ἀγχεμάχοιο, καὶ ὀππόσα Τρῳᾶς ἔρεξεν 380  
ἀμφὶ πόλιν Πριάμοιο φέρων κλέος Ἀτρείδῃσι·  
τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἰαίνεται θυμὸς ἐελδομένοιο καὶ αὐτοῦ  
πατρὸς ἀταρβήτοιο κλέος καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.

Ἡ δέ που ἐν θαλάμοισιν ἀκηχεμένη περὶ παιδὶ  
ἐσθλῇ Δηιδάμεια πολύστονα δάκρυα χεῦε, 385  
καὶ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ὑπ' ἀργαλέῃσιν ἀνίης  
τήκεθ', ὅπως ἀλαπαδνὸς ἐπ' ἀνθρακίῃσι μόλιβδος  
ἦε τρύφος κηροῖο· γόος δέ μιν οὐ ποτ' ἔλειπε  
δερκομένην ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπείριτον· οὐνεκα μήτηρ  
ἄχρυσθ' ἐφ' περὶ παιδί, καὶ ἦν ἐπὶ δαίτ' ἀφίκηται 390  
[τηλόθι κεκλόμενος φίλου ἀνδρὸς ἐς ἀλλότριον  
δῶ.]

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἄρ' αὐτὸς ἔβη, of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Flash levin-flame around him, and his face  
Is clothed with glory of beauty terror-blent,  
As on he rusheth : quail the very Gods.  
So seemed Achilles' goodly son ; and prayers  
Went up through all the city unto Heaven  
To bring their noble prince safe back from war ;  
And the Gods hearkened to them. High he  
towered

Above all stateliest men which followed him.

So came they to the heavy-plunging sea,  
And found the rowers in the smooth-wrought ship  
Handling the tackle, fixing mast and sail.  
Straightway they went aboard : the shipmen cast  
The hawsers loose, and heaved the anchor-stones,  
The strength and stay of ships in time of need.  
Then did the Sea-queen's lord grant voyage fair  
To these with gracious mind ; for his heart yearned  
O'er the Achaeans, by the Trojan men  
And mighty-souled Eurypylus hard-bestead.  
On either side of Neoptolemus sat  
Those heroes, gladdening his soul with tales  
Of his sire's mighty deeds—of all he wrought  
In sea-raids, and in valiant Telephus' land,  
And how he smote round Priam's burg the men  
Of Troy, for glory unto Atreus' sons.  
His heart glowed, fain to grasp his heritage,  
His aweless father's honour and renown.

In her bower, sorrowing for her son the while,  
Deïdameia poured forth sighs and tears.  
With agony of soul her very heart  
Melted in her, as over coals doth lead  
Or wax, and never did her moaning cease,  
As o'er the wide sea her gaze followed him.  
Ay, for her son a mother fretteth still,  
Though it be to a feast that he hath gone,  
By a friend bidden forth. But soon the sail

καί ῥά οἱ ἰστία νηὸς ἀπόπροθι πολλὸν ἰούσης  
ἤδη ἀπεκρύπτοντο καὶ ἥερι φαίνεθ' ὁμοῖα·  
ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν στονάχιζε πανημερίη γοόωσα.

Νηὺς δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ πόντον ἐπισπομένου ἀνέμοιο  
τυτθὸν ἐπιψάουσα πολυρροθίοιο θαλάσσης· 395

πορφύρεον δ' ἐκάτερθε περὶ τρόπιν ἔβραχε κύμα·  
αἶψα δὲ νηὺς μέγα λαῖτμα διήνυσε ποντοποροῦσα.  
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ πέσε νυκτὸς ἔπι κνέφας· ἡ δ' ὑπ' ἀήτη  
πλῶε κυβερνήτῃ τε διαπρήσσουσα θαλάσσης  
βένθεα· θεσπεσίῃ δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἤλυθεν Ἡώς. 400

τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων φαίνοντο κολῶναι  
Χρῦσά τε καὶ Σμίνθειον ἔδος καὶ Σιγιάς ἄκρη  
τύμβος τ' Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι  
υἱὸς Λαέρταο πύκα φρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
δείξε Νεοπτολέμῳ, ἵνα οἱ μὴ πένθος ἀέξῃ 405

θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι· παρημείβοντο δὲ νήσους  
αἶψα Καλυδναίας· Τένεδος δ' ἀπελείπετ' ὀπίσσω·  
φαίνετο δ' αὐτ' Ἑλεοῦντος ἔδος, τόθι Πρωτεσιλάου  
σῆμα πέλει πτελέησι κατάσκιον αἰπεινῇσιν,  
αἶ ῥ' ὁπότ' ἀθρήσωσιν ἀνερχόμεναι δαπέδοιο 410

Ἴλιον, αὐτίκα τῇσι θοῶς ἀναίνεται ἄκρα.  
νῆα δ' ἐρεσσομένην ἄνεμος φέρεν ἀγχόθι Τροίης·  
ἴκετο δ' ἦχι καὶ ἄλλαι ἔσαν παρὰ θίνεσι νῆες  
Ἀργείων, οἱ τῆμος οἷζυρῶς πονέοντο

μαρνάμενοι περὶ τεῖχος, ὅπερ πάρος αὐτοῖς ἔδειμαν 415  
νηῶν ἔμμεναι ἔρκος εὖσθενέων θ' ἅμα λαῶν  
ἐν πολέμῳ· τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἤδη ὑπ' Εὐρυπύλοιο χέρεσσι  
μέλλεν ἀμαλδύνεσθαι ἐρειπόμενον ποτὶ γαίῃ,  
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αἶψ' ἐνόησε κραταιοῦ Τυδέος υἱὸς  
βαλλόμεν' ἔρκεα μακρά· θοῆς δ' ἄφαρ ἔκθορε νηὸς, 420  
θαρσαλέως δ' ἐβόησεν, ὅσον χάδε οἱ κέαρ ἔνδον·



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Of that good ship far-fleeting o'er the blue  
Grew faint and fainter—melted in sea-haze.  
But still she sighed, still daylong made her moan.

On ran the ship before a following wind,  
Seeming to skim the myriad-surgings sea,  
And crashed the dark wave either side the prow :  
Swiftly across the abyss unplumbed she sped.  
Night's darkness fell about her, but the breeze  
Held, and the steersman's hand was sure. O'er gulfs  
Of brine she flew, till Dawn divine rose up  
To climb the sky. Then sighted they the peaks  
Of Ida, Chrysa next, and Smintheus' fane,  
Then the Sigeon strand, and then the tomb  
Of Aeacus' son. Yet would Laertes' seed,  
The man discreet of soul, not point it out  
To Neoptolemus, lest the tide of grief  
Too high should swell within his breast. They  
passed

Calydnae's isles, left Tenedos behind ;  
And now was seen the fane of Eleus,  
Where stands Protesilaus' tomb, beneath  
The shade of towery elms ; when, soaring high  
Above the plain, their topmost boughs discern  
Troy, straightway wither all their highest sprays.  
Nigh Ilium now the ship by wind and oar  
Was brought : they saw the long strand fringed with  
keels

Of Argives, who endured sore travail of war  
Even then about the wall, the which themselves  
Had reared to screen the ships and men in stress  
Of battle. Even now Eurypylus' hands  
To earth were like to dash it and destroy ;  
But the quick eyes of Tydeus' strong son marked  
How rained the darts and stones on that long wall.  
Forth of the ship he sprang, and shouted loud  
With all the strength of his undaunted breast :

“ὦ φίλοι, ἡ μέγα πῆμα κυλίνδεται Ἀργείοισι  
 σήμερον· ἀλλ’ ἄγε θάσσουν ἐς αἰόλα τεύχεα δύντες  
 ἵομεν ἐς πολέμοιο πολυκμήτοιο κυδοιμόν·  
 ἤδη γὰρ πύργοισιν ἐφ’ ἡμετέροισι μάχονται 425  
 Τρῶες εὐπτόλεμοι, τοὶ δὴ τάχα τείχεα μακρὰ  
 ῥηξάμενοι πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρήσουσι μάλ’ αἰνῶς·  
 νῶϊν δ’ οὐκέτι νόστος ἐελδομένοις ἀνὰ θυμόν  
 ἔσσεται· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ ὑπὲρ μόρον αἶψα  
 δαμέντες  
 κεισόμεθ’ ἐν Τροίῃ, τεκέων ἐκάς ἡδὲ γυναικῶν.” 430  
 Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ’ ὥκιστα θοῆς ἐκ νηὸς ὄρουσαν  
 πανσυδίῃ· πάντας γὰρ ἔλε τρόμος εἰσαίοντας  
 νόσφι Νεοπτολέμοιο δαΐφρονος, οὐνεκ’ ἐφκει  
 πατρὶ φίλῳ μέγα κάρτος· ἔρως δέ οἱ ἔμπεσε  
 χάρμης.  
 καρπαλίμως δ’ ἵκοντο ποτὶ κλισίην Ὀδυσῆος· 435  
 ἡ γὰρ ἦν ἀγχιστα νεὼς κυανοπρώροιο·  
 πολλὰ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐξημοιβὰ παραυτόθι τεύχεα κεῖτο,  
 ἡμὲν Ὀδυσσῆος πυκιμήδεος ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλων  
 ἀντιθέων ἐτάρων, ὅποσα κταμένων ἀφέλοντο.  
 ἔνθ’ ἐσθλὸς μὲν ἔδυνε καλὰ τεύχεα, τοὶ δὲ χεῖρεια 440  
 δύσαν, ὅσοις ἀλαπαδνὸν ὑπὸ κραδίῃ πέλεν ἦτορ·  
 αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς δύσαθ’ ἃ οἱ Ἰθάκηθεν ἔποντο·  
 δῶκε δὲ Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεϊ κάλλιμα τεύχη  
 κεῖνα, τὰ δὴ Σῳκοιο βίην εἵρυσσε πάροισιν·  
 υἱὸς δ’ αὐτ’ Ἀχιλῆος ἐδύσατο τεύχεα πατρός, 445  
 καὶ οἱ φαίνεται πάμπαν ἀλίγκιος· ἀμφὶ δ’ ἐλαφρὰ  
 Ἡφαίστου παλάμῃσι περὶ μελέεσσιν ἀρήρει,  
 καίπερ ἐόνθ’ ἐτέροισι πελώρια· τῷ δ’ ἅμα πάντα  
 φαίνεται τεύχεα κοῦφα· κάρη γε μὲν οὔτι βάρυνε  
 πῆληξ [οὐ παλάμῃσιν ἐπέβρισην δόρυ μακρὸν]  
 Πηλιάς, ἀλλὰ ἐχερσὶ καὶ ἡλίβατόν περ εἴουσιν 450  
 ῥηιδίως ἀνάειρεν ἔθ’ αἵματος ἰσχανόωσαν.  
 Ἀργείων δέ μιν ὅσσοι ἐπέδρακον, οὔτι δύναντο

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

“ Friends, on the Argive men is heaped this day  
Sore travail ! Let us don our flashing arms  
With speed, and to yon battle-turmoil haste.  
For now upon our towers the warrior sons  
Of Troy press hard—yea, haply will they tear  
The long walls down, and burn the ships with fire,  
And so the souls that long for home-return  
Shall win it never ; nay, ourselves shall fall  
Before our due time, and shall lie in graves  
In Troyland, far from children and from wives.”

All as one man down from the ship they leapt ;  
For trembling seized on all for that grim sight—  
On all save aweless Neoptolemus  
Whose might was like his father's : lust of war  
Swept o'er him. To Odysseus' tent in haste  
They sped, for close it lay to where the ship  
Touched land. About its walls was hung great  
store

Of change of armour, of wise Odysseus some,  
And rescued some from gallant comrades slain.  
Then did the brave man put on goodly arms ;  
But they in whose breasts faintlier beat their hearts  
Must don the worser. Odysseus stood arrayed  
In those which came with him from Ithaca :  
To Diomedes he gave fair battle-gear  
Stripped in time past from mighty Socus slain.  
But in his father's arms Achilles' son  
Clad him—and lo, he seemed Achilles' self !  
Light on his limbs and lapping close they lay—  
So cunning was Hephaestus' workmanship—  
Which for another had been a giant's arms.  
The massive helmet cumbered not his brows ;  
Yea, the great Pelian spear-shaft burdened not  
His hand, but lightly swung he up on high  
The heavy and tall lance thirsting still for blood.

Of many Argives which beheld him then

καίπερ ἐελδόμενοσ σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, οὔνεκ' ἄρ'  
αὐτοὺς

πᾶν περὶ τείχος ἔτειρε βαρὺς πολέμοιο κυδοιμός·  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀν' εὐρέα πόντον ἐρημαίῃ περὶ νήσῳ 455

ἀνθρώπων ἀπάτερθεν ἐεργμένοι ἀσχαλώσιν  
ἀνέρες, οὓς τ' ἀνέμοιο καταγίδες ἀντιόωσαι  
εἵργουσιν μάλα πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον, οἱ δ' ἄλεγεινοὶ  
νῆι περιτρωχῶσι, καταφθινύθει δ' ἄρα πάντα 460

ἥια, τειρομένοισι δ' ἐπιπνεύσῃ λιγὺς οὖρος·  
ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔθνος ἀκηχέμενον τὸ πάροιθεν  
ἀμφὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο βίῃ κεχάροντο μολόντι  
ἐλπόμενοι στονόεντος ἀναπνεύσειν καμάτοιο.

ὅσσε δέ οἱ μάρμαιρεν ἀναιδέος εὖτε λέοντος,  
ὅς τε κατ' οὔρεα μακρὰ μέγ' ἀσχαλῶν ἐνὶ θυμῷ 465

ἔσσυται ἀγρευτῆσιν ἐναντίον, οἱ τέ οἱ ἤδη  
ἄντρω ἐπεμβαίνωσιν ἐρύσσασθαι μεμαῶτες  
σκύμνους οἰωθέντας ἑὼν ἀπὸ τῆλε τοκῶν

βήσῃ ἐνὶ σκιερῇ, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὑψόθεν ἔκ τινος ἄκρης  
ἀθρήσας ὀλοοῖσιν ἐπέσσυνται ἀγρευτῆσι 470

σμερδαλέον βλοσυρῆσιν ὑπαὶ γενέεσσι βεβρυχώς·

ὥς ἄρα φαίδιμος υἱὸς ἀταρβέος Αἰακίδαο  
θυμὸν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν εὐπτολέμοισιν ὄρινεν·

οἴμῃσεν δ' ἄρα πρῶτον, ὅπῃ μάλα δῆρις ὀρώρει  
ἄμ πεδίον· τῇ γάρ φρεσὶν ἔλπετο<sup>1</sup> τείχος Ἀχαιῶν 475

ῥήϊτερον δηΐοισι κατὰ κλόνον ἐσσυμένοισιν,  
οὔνεκ' ἀκιδνοτέρησιν ἐπάλξεσιν ἡρήρειστο.

σὺν δέ οἱ ἄλλοι ἔβαν μέγα μαιμώνωντες Ἀρηι·  
εὖρον δ' Εὐρύπυλον κρατερόφρονα, τῷ δ' ἄμ'  
ἐταίρους

πύργῳ ἐπεμβεβαῶτας, ὀιομένους περὶ θυμῷ 480  
ῥήξειν τείχεα μακρὰ καὶ Ἀργείους ἀπολέσσειν

πανσυδίῃ· τοῖς δ' οὔτι θεοὶ τελέεσκον ἐέλδωρ·  
ἀλλὰ σφεας Ὀδυσεύς τ' ἠδὲ σθεναρὸς Διομήδης

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for σφισιν ἔπλετο of Koechly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Might none draw nigh to him, how fain soe'er,  
So fast were they in that grim grapple locked  
Of the wild war that raged all down the wall.  
But as when shipmen, under a desolate isle  
Mid the wide sea by stress of weather bound,  
Chafe, while afar from men the adverse blasts  
Prison them many a day ; they pace the deck  
With sinking hearts, while scantier grows their store  
Of food ; they weary till a fair wind sings ;  
So joyed the Achæan host, which theretofore  
Were heavy of heart, when Neoptolemus came,  
Joyed in the hope of breathing-space from toil.  
Then like the aweless lion's flashed his eyes,  
Which mid the mountains leaps in furious mood  
To meet the hunters that draw nigh his cave,  
Thinking to steal his cubs, there left alone  
In a dark-shadowed glen—but from a height  
The beast hath spied, and on the spoilers leaps  
With grim jaws terribly roaring ; even so  
That glorious child of Æacus' aweless son  
Against the Trojan warriors burned in wrath.  
Thither his eagle-swoop descended first  
Where loudest from the plain uproared the fight ;  
There weakest, he divined, must be the wall,  
The battlements lowest, since the surge of foes  
Brake heaviest there. Charged at his side the rest  
Breathing the battle-spirit. There they found  
Eurypylus mighty of heart and all his men  
Scaling a tower, exultant in the hope  
Of tearing down the walls, of slaughtering  
The Argives in one holocaust. No mind  
The Gods had to accomplish their desire !  
But now Odysseus, Diomedè the strong,

ἰσόθεός τε Νεοπτόλεμος δῖός τε Λεοντεὺς  
 ἄψ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ὥσαν ἀπειρεσίοις βελέεσσιν. 485  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σταθμοῖο κύνες μογεροὶ τε νομῆες  
 κάρτεϊ καὶ φωνῇ κρατεροὺς σεύουσι λέοντας  
 πάντοθεν ἐσσύμενοι, τοὶ δ' ὄμμασι γλαυκιόωντες  
 στρωφῶντ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα λιλαιόμενοι μέγα θυμῷ  
 πόρτιας ἡδὲ βόας μετὰ γαμφηλῇσι λαφύξαι, 490  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς εἴκουσι κυνῶν ὑπὸ καρτεροθύμων  
 σευόμενοι, μάλα γάρ σφιν ἐπαΐσσουσι νομῆες·  
 βαιόν, ὅσον τις ἴησι χερὸς περιμήκεα λᾶαν·

\* \* \* \* \*  
 οὐ γὰρ Τρῶας ἔα νηῶν ἀπονόσφι φέβεσθαι  
 Εὐρύπυλος, δηίων δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ὀτρύνεσκε 495  
 μίμνειν, εἰσόκε νῆας ἔλῃ καὶ πάντας ὀλέσσει  
 Ἀργείους· Ζεὺς γάρ οἱ ἀπειρέσιον βάλε κάρτος.  
 αὐτίκα δ' ὀκρίοεσαν ἔλων καὶ ἀτειρέα πέτρην  
 ἦκεν ἐπεσσυμένως κατὰ τείχεος ἡλιβάτοιο·  
 σμερδαλέον δ' ἄρα πάντα περιπλατάγησε θέμεθλα 500  
 ἔρκεος αἰπεινοῖο· δέος δ' ἔλε πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς  
 τείχεος ὥς ἡδὴ συνοχωκότος ἐν κονίῃσιν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀπόρουσαν ἀταρτηροῖο κυδοιμοῦ,  
 ἀλλ' ἔμενον θώεσσιν εἰκότες ἢ λύκοισι,  
 μήλων ληιστῆρσιν ἀναιδέσιν, οὓς τ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν 505  
 ἄντρων ἐξελάσσωσι ὁμῶς κυσὶν ἀγροιώται  
 ἰέμενοι σκύμνοισι φόνον στονόεντα βαλέσθαι  
 ἐσσυμένως, τοὶ δ' οὔτι βιαζόμενοι βελέεσσι  
 χάζοντ', ἀλλὰ μένοντες ἀμύνουσιν τεκέεσσιν·  
 ὥς οἱ ἀμυνόμενοι νηῶν ὑπὲρ ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτῶν 510  
 μίμνον ἐν ὑσμίνῃ· τοῖς δ' Εὐρύπυλος θρασυ-  
 χάρμης

ἡπείλῃ μέγα πᾶσι νεῶν προπάρειθε θοάων·  
 “ ἂ δειλοὶ καὶ ἀναλκιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες,



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Leonteus, and Neoptolemus, as a God  
In strength and beauty, hailed their javelins down,  
And thrust them from the wall. As dogs and  
shepherds

By shouting and hard fighting drive away  
Strong lions from a steading, rushing forth  
From all sides, and the brutes with glaring eyes  
Pace to and fro ; with savage lust for blood  
Of calves and kine their jaws are slaving ;  
Yet must their onrush give back from the hounds  
And fearless onset of the shepherd folk ;  
[So from these new defenders shrank the foe]  
A little, far as one may hurl a stone  
Exceeding great : for still Eurypylus  
Suffered them not to flee far from the ships,  
But cheered them on to bide the brunt, until  
The ships be won, and all the Argives slain ;  
For Zeus with measureless might thrilled all his  
frame.

Then seized he a rugged stone and huge, and leapt  
And hurled it full against the high-built wall.  
It crashed, and terribly boomed that rampart steep  
To its foundations. Terror gripped the Greeks,  
As though that wall had crumbled down in dust ;  
Yet from the deadly conflict flinched they not,  
But stood fast, like to jackals or to wolves—  
Bold robbers of the sheep—when mid the hills  
Hunter and hound would drive them forth their  
caves,

Being grimly purposed there to slay their whelps.  
Yet these, albeit tormented by the darts,  
Flee not, but for their cubs' sake bide and fight ;  
So for the ships' sake they abode and fought,  
And for their own lives. But Eurypylus  
Afront of all the ships stood, taunting them :  
“ Coward and dastard souls ! no darts of yours

οὐκ ἂν δὴ βελέεσσι νεῶν ἄπο ταρβήσαντα  
 ἡλάσατ', εἰ μὴ τεῖχος ἐμὴν ἀπέρυκεν ὁμοκλήν· 515  
 νῦν δέ μοι εὖτε λέοντι κύνες πτώσσοντες ἐν ὕλῃ  
 μάρνασθ' ἔνδον ἐόντες ἀλευόμενοι φόνον αἰπύν·  
 ἦν δέ ποτ' ἐκ νηῶν ἐς Τρώϊον οὐδας ἵκησθε,  
 ὥς τὸ πάρος μεμαῶτες ἐπὶ μόθον, οὗ νύ τις ὑμέας  
 ῥύσεται ἐκ θανάτοιο δυσηχέος, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες 520  
 κείσεσθ' ἐν κονίῃσιν ἐμεῦ ὑπο δηωθέντες."

Ὡς ἔφατ' ἀκράαντον ἰεὺς ἔπος· οὐδέ τι ἤδη  
 ὅττι ρά οἱ μέγα πῆμα κυλίνδετο βαιὸν ἄπωθεν  
 χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο θρασύφρονος, ὅς μιν ἔμελλε  
 δάμνασθ' οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν ὑπ' ἔγχει μαιμώνωντι. 525  
 οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ τότ' ἔσκεν ἄτερ κρατεροῖο πόνοιο,  
 ἀλλ' ἄρα Τρῶας ἔναιρεν ἀφ' ἔρκεος· οἱ δ' ἐφέβοντο  
 βαλλόμενοι καθύπερθε· περικλονέοντο δ' ἀνάγκῃ  
 Εὐρυπύλῳ· πάντας γὰρ ἀνιηρὸν δέος ἦρει·  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε νηπίαχοι περὶ γούνασι πατρὸς ἐοῖο 530  
 πτώσσουσι βροντὴν μεγάλου Διὸς ἀμφὶ νέφεσσι  
 ῥηγνυμένην, ὅτε δεινὸν ἐπιστοναχίζεται αἰθὴρ·  
 ὥς ἄρα Τρῶιοι υἱες ἐν ἀνδράσι Κητείοισιν  
 ἀμφὶ μέγαν βασιλῆα Νεοπτόλεμον φοβέοντο  
 πᾶν θ' ὃ<sup>1</sup> τι χερσὶν ἔηκεν· ἐς ἰθὺ γὰρ ἔπτατο πῆμα, 535  
 δυσμενέων κεφαλῇσι φέρον πολὺδακρυν Ἄρῃα.  
 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀμηχανίῃ βεβολημένοι ἔνδοθεν ἦτορ  
 Τρῶες ἔφαντ' Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον εἰσοράασθαι  
 αὐτὸν ὁμῶς τεύχεσσι· καὶ ἀμφασίην ἀλεγεινὴν  
 κεῦθον ὑπὸ κραδίῃ, ἵνα μὴ δέος αἰνὸν ἵκηται 540  
 ἐς φρένα Κητείων· μηδ' Εὐρυπύλοιο ἄνακτος·  
 αὐτοῦ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἀπειρέσιον τρομέοντες  
 μεσσηγὺς κακότητος ἔσαν κρυεροῦ τε φόβοιο·  
 αἰδῶς γὰρ κατέρυκεν ὁμῶς καὶ δεῖμ' ἀλεγεινόν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε παιπαλόεσσιν ὁδὸν κάτα ποσσὶν ἰόντες 545  
 ἀνέρες ἀθρήσωσιν ἀπ' οὐρεὸς αἰσσοντα

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for πᾶν ὃ τι of Koechly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Had given me pause, nor thrust back from your ships,  
Had not your rampart stayed mine onset-rush.  
Ye are like to dogs, that in a forest flinch  
Before a lion! Skulking therewithin  
Ye are fighting—nay, are shrinking back from death!  
But if ye dare come forth on Trojan ground,  
As once when ye were eager for the fray,  
None shall from ghastly death deliver you:  
Slain by mine hand ye all shall lie in dust!”

So did he shout a prophecy unfulfilled,  
Nor heard Doom's chariot-wheels fast rolling near  
Bearing swift death at Neoptolemus' hands,  
Nor saw death gleaming from his glittering spear.  
Ay, and that hero paused not now from fight,  
But from the ramparts smote the Trojans aye.  
From that death leaping from above they quailed  
In tumult round Eurypylus: deadly fear  
Gripped all their hearts. As little children cower  
About a father's knees when thunder of Zeus  
Crashes from cloud to cloud, when all the air  
Shudders and groans, so did the sons of Troy,  
With those Ceteians round their great king, cower  
Ever as prince Neoptolemus hurled; for death  
Rode upon all he cast, and bare his wrath  
Straight rushing down upon the heads of foes.  
Now in their hearts those wildered Trojans said  
That once more they beheld Achilles' self  
Gigantic in his armour. Yet they hid  
That horror in their breasts, lest panic fear  
Should pass from them to the Ceteian host  
And king Eurypylus; so on every side  
They wavered 'twixt the stress of their hard strait  
And that blood-curdling dread, 'twixt shame and fear.  
As when men treading a precipitous path  
Look up, and see adown the mountain-slope

χείμαρρον, καναχή δὲ περιβρομέει περὶ πέτρη,  
οὐδ' ἔτι οἱ μεμῶασιν ἀνὰ ῥόον ἤχήμεντα  
δύμεναι ἐγκονέοντες, ἐπεὶ παρὰ ποσσὶν ὄλεθρον  
δερκόμενοι τρομέουσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγουσι κελεύθου. 530  
ὥς ἄρα Ἴρῳες ἔμιμνον ἐελδόμενοι περ ἰλύξαι

\* \* \* \* \*  
τείχος ὕπ' Ἀργείων· τοὺς δ' Εὐρύπυλος θεοειδὴς  
αἰὲν ἐποτρύνεσκε ποτὶ κλόνον· ἦ γὰρ ἐώλπει  
πολλοὺς δηϊώοντα πελώριον ἐν δαΐ φῶτα  
χεῖρα καμῖν καὶ κάρτος· ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγε μόθοιο. 555

Τῶν δ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίη κρατερὸν πόνον εἰσορώσα  
κάλλιπεν Οὐλύμποιο θυωδέος αἰπὰ μέλαθρα·  
βῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κορυφᾶς<sup>1</sup> ὀρέων· οὐδ' ἔχνεσι γαίης  
ψαῦε μέγ' ἐγκονέουσα· φέρειν δέ μιν ἱερὸς ἀῆρ  
εἰδομένην νεφέεσσιν, ἐλαφροτέρην δ' ἀνέμοιο. 560

Τροίην δ' αἰψ' ἀφίκανε, πόδας δ' ἐπέθηκε κολώνῃ  
Σιγέου ἠνεμόεντος· ἐδέρκετο δ' ἔνθεν αὐτὴν  
ἀγχεμάχων ἀνδρῶν, κύδαινε δὲ πολλὸν Ἀχαιοὺς.  
υἱὸς δ' αὐτ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἔχεν πολὺ φέρτατον ἄλλων  
θάρσος ὁμοῦ καὶ κάρτος, ἃ τ' ἀνδράσιν εἰς ἐν ἰόντα 565  
τεύχουσιν μέγα κῦδος· ὁ δ' ἀμφοτέροισι κέκαστο,  
οὐνεκ' ἦν Διὸς αἶμα, φίλῳ δ' ἦικτο τοκῇ·

τῷ καὶ ἄτρεστος ἐὼν πολέας κτάνειν ἀγχόθι πύργων.  
ὥς δ' ἀλιεὺς κατὰ πόντον ἀνὴρ λελημένος ἄγρης  
τεύχων ἰχθύσι πῆμα φέρει μένος Ἡφαίστοιο 570  
νῆος ἐῆς ἐντοσθε, διεγρομένη δ' ὑπ' αὐτμῇ  
μαρμαίρει περὶ νῆα πυρὸς σέλας, οἱ δὲ κελαίνης  
ἐξ ἁλὸς αἰσσοῦσι μεμαότες ὕστατον αἶγλην  
εἰσιδέειν, τοὺς γάρ ῥα τανυγλώχινι τριαίνῃ  
κτείνειν ἐπεσσυμένους, γάννται δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἐπ'

ἄγρη· 575  
ὥς ἄρα κύδιμος υἱὸς εὐπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος  
λαΐνεον περὶ τείχος ἐδάμνατο δῆϊα φύλα

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for κεφαλῆς of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

A torrent rushing on them, thundering down  
The rocks, and dare not meet its clamorous flood,  
But hurry shuddering on, with death in sight  
Holding as naught the perils of the path ;  
So stayed the Trojans, spite of their desire  
[To flee the imminent death that waited them]  
Beneath the wall. Godlike Eurypylus  
Aye cheered them on to fight. He trusted still  
That this new mighty foe would weary at last  
With toil of slaughter ; but he wearied not.

That desperate battle-travail Pallas saw,  
And left the halls of Heaven incense-sweet,  
And flew o'er mountain-crests : her hurrying feet  
Touched not the earth, borne by the air divine  
In form of cloud-wreaths, swifter than the wind.  
She came to Troy, she stayed her feet upon  
Sigeum's windy ness, she looked forth thence  
Over the ringing battle of dauntless men,  
And gave the Achaeans glory. Achilles' son  
Beyond the rest was filled with valour and strength  
Which win renown for men in whom they meet.  
Peerless was he in both : the blood of Zeus  
Gave strength ; to his father's valour was he heir ;  
So by those towers he smote down many a foe.  
And as a fisher on the darkling sea,  
To lure the fish to their destruction, takes  
Within his boat the strength of fire ; his breath  
Kindles it to a flame, till round the boat  
Glareth its splendour, and from the black sea  
Dart up the fish all eager to behold  
The radiance—for the last time ; for the barbs  
Of his three-pointed spear, as up they leap,  
Slay them ; his heart rejoices o'er the prey.  
So that war-king Achilles' glorious son  
Slew hosts of onward-rushing foes around

ἀντί' ἐπεσσυμένων· πονέοντο δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἄλλοι ὁμῶς ἄλλησιν ἐπάλξεσιν· ἔβραχε δ' εὐρύς  
 αἰγιαλὸς καὶ νῆες, ἐπεστενάζοντο δὲ μακρὰ 580  
 τείχεα βαλλομένων· κάματος δ' ὑπεδάμνατο λαοὺς  
 ἄσπετος ἀμφοτέρωθε, λύοντο δὲ γυῖα καὶ ἀλκὴ  
 αἰζήων· ἀλλ' οὔτι μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος  
 ἄμφεχεν νιῆα δῖον, ἐπεὶ δέ<sup>1</sup> οἱ ὄβριμον ἦτορ  
 πάμπαν ἔην ἄτρυτον, ἀνιηρὸν δέος<sup>2</sup> οὔτι 585  
 ἦψατο μαρναμένοιο· μένος δ' ἀκάμαντι ἐώκει  
 ἀενάῳ ποταμῷ, τὸν ἀπειρεσίῃ πυρὸς ὄρμῃ  
 οὔποτ' ἰοῦσ' ἐφόβησε, καὶ εἰ μέγα μαίνεται ἀήτης  
 Ἥφαιστος κλονέων ἱερὸν μένος, ἦν γὰρ ἵκηται 590  
 ἐγγὺς ἐπὶ προχοῇσι μαραίνεται, οὐδέ οἱ ἀλκὴ  
 ἄψασθ' ἀργαλήν σθένει ὕδατος ἀκαμάτοιο·  
 ὥς ἄρα Πηλεΐδαο δαΐφρονος νιῆος ἐσθλοῦ  
 οὔτε μῆκος στονόεις οὔτ' ἄρ δέος ἦψατο γούνων  
 αἰὲν ἐρειδομένοιο καὶ ὀτρύνοντος ἐταίρους.  
 οὐ μὲν οὐδὲ βέλος κείνου χρόα καλὸν ἵκανε 595  
 πολλῶν βαλλομένων· ἀλλ' ὥς νιφάδες περὶ πέτρην  
 πολλάκις ἤίχθησαν ἐτώσια· πάντα γὰρ εὐρὺ  
 εἶργε σάκος βριαρὴ τε κόρυς, κλυτὰ δῶρα θεοῖο·  
 τοῖς ἐπικαγχαλόων κρατερὸς πάϊς Αἰακίδαο  
 φοῖτα μακρὰ βοῶν περὶ τείχεϊ πολλὰ κελεύων 600  
 ἐς μόθον Ἀργείοισιν ἀταρβέσιν, οὐνεκα πάντων  
 πολλὸν ἔην ὅχ' ἄριστος, ἔχεν δ' ἔτι θυμὸν ὁμοκλῆς  
 λευγαλέης ἀκόρητον, ἐοῦ δ' ἄρα μῆδετο πατρὸς  
 τίσεσθ' ἀλγινόεντα φόνον· κεχάροντο δ' ἄνακτι  
 Μυρμιδόνες· στυγερὴ δὲ πέλεν περὶ τείχος αὐτῇ. 605  
 Ἔνθα δὺν κτάνε παῖδε πολυχρύσοιο Μέγητος,  
 ὃς γόνος ἔσκε Δύμαντος, ἔχεν δ' ἐρικυδέας νῆας,  
 εἰδότας εὖ μὲν ἄκοντα βαλεῖν, εὖ δ' ἵππον ἐλάσσαι  
 ἐν πολέμῳ καὶ μακρὸν ἐπισταμένως δόρυ πῆλαι,

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for βα of v.

<sup>2</sup> Zimmermann, for δέ οἱ of v.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

That wall of stone. Well fought the Achaeans all  
Here, there, adown the ramparts : rang again  
The wide strand and the ships : the battered walls  
Groaned ever. Men with weary ache of toil  
Fainted on either side ; sinews and might  
Of strong men were unstrung. But o'er the son  
Of battle-stay Achilles weariness  
Crept not : his battle-eager spirit aye  
Was tireless ; never touched by palsying fear  
He fought on, as with the triumphant strength  
Of an ever-flowing river : though it roll  
'Twixt blazing forests, though the madding blast  
Roll stormy seas of flame, it feareth not,  
For at its brink faint grows the fervent heat,  
The strong flood turns its might to impotence ;  
So weariness nor fear could bow the knees  
Of Hero Achilles' gallant-hearted son,  
Still as he fought, still cheered his comrades on.  
Of myriad shafts sped at him none might touch  
His flesh, but even as snowflakes on a rock  
Fell vainly ever : wholly screened was he  
By broad shield and strong helmet, gifts of a God.  
In these exulting did the Aeacid's son  
Stride all along the wall, with ringing shouts  
Cheering the dauntless Argives to the fray,  
Being their mightiest far, bearing a soul  
Insatiate of the awful onset-cry,  
Burning with one strong purpose, to avenge  
His father's death : the Myrmidons in their king  
Exulted. Roared the battle round the wall.

Two sons he slew of Meges rich in gold,  
Scion of Dymas—sons of high renown,  
Cunning to hurl the dart, to drive the steed  
In war, and deftly cast the lance afar,  
Born at one birth beside Sangarius' banks

τοὺς τέκε οἱ Περίβοια μῆ ὠδῖνι παρ' ὄχθης 610  
 Σαγγαρίου, Κέλτον τε καὶ Εὐβιον· οὐδ' ἀπόναντο  
 ὄλβον ἀπειρεσίοιο πολὺν χρόνον, οὐνεκα Μοῖραι  
 παῦρον ἐπὶ σφίσι πάγχυ τέλος βιότοιο βάλοντο·  
 ἄμφω δ' ὥς ἴδον ἡμαρ ὁμῶς, ὥς κἀθανον ἄμφω  
 χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο θρασύφρονος, ὃς μὲν ἄκοντι 615  
 βλήμενος ἐς κραδίην, ὃ δὲ χερμαδίῳ ἀλεγεινῷ  
 κακὸν κεφαλῆς· βριαρὴ δὲ περιθραυσθεῖσα καρήνῃ,  
 ἐθλᾶσθη τρυφάλεια καὶ ἐγκέφαλον συνέχευεν.  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφίσι φῦλα περικτείνοντο καὶ ἄλλων  
 μυρία δυσμενέων· μέγα δ' Ἄρεος ἔργον ὀρώρει, 620  
 μέσφ' ὅτε δὴ βουλυτὸς ἐπήλυθεν, ἥνυτο δ' ἡὼς  
 ἀμβροσίη, καὶ λαὸς ἀταρβέος Εὐρυπύλοιο  
 χάσσατο τυτθὸν ἀπώθε νεῶν· οἱ δ' ἀγχόθι πύργων  
 βαιὸν ἀνέπνευσαν· καὶ δ' αὐτοὶ Τρώιοι νῆες  
 ἀμπαύοντο μόθοιο δυσηχέος, οὐνεκ' ἐτύχθη 625  
 φύλοπις ἀργαλήη περὶ τείχεϊ. καὶ νύ χ' ἅπαντες  
 Ἀργεῖοι τότε νηυσὶν ἐπὶ σφετέρησιν ὄλοντο,  
 εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλῆος κρατερὸς παῖς ἡματι κείνῳ  
 δυσμενέων ἀπάλαλκε πολὺν στρατὸν ἧδὲ καὶ  
 αὐτὸν  
 Εὐρύπυλον. τῷ δ' αἶψα γέρων σχεδὸν ἦλυθε  
 Φοῖνιξ, 630  
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν θάμβησεν ἐοικότα Πηλείωνι·  
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μέγα χάρμα καὶ ἄσπετον ἄλγος ἵκανεν,  
 ἄλγος μὲν μνησθέντι ποδώκεος ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆος,  
 χάρμα δ' ἄρ', οὐνεκά οἱ κρατερὸν παῖδ' εἰσενόησε·  
 κλαῖε δ' ὃ γ' ἀσπασίως, ἐπεὶ οὐποτε φῦλ' ἀν-  
 θρώπων 635  
 νόσφι γόου ζώουσι, καὶ εἴ ποτε χάρμα φέρονται.  
 ἀμφεχύθη δέ οἱ, εὖτε πατήρ περὶ παιδὶ χυθείη,  
 ὃς τε θεῶν ἰότητι πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγέ' ἀνατλᾶς  
 ἔλθη ἐὸν ποτὶ δῶμα φίλῳ μέγα χάρμα τοκῇ·  
 ὥς ὁ Νεοπτολέμοιο κάρη καὶ στήθεα κύσσειν 640

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Of Periboea to him, Celtus one,  
And Eubius the other. But not long  
His boundless wealth enjoyed they, for the Fates  
Span them a thread of life exceeding brief.  
As on one day they saw the light, they died  
On one day by the same hand. To the heart  
Of one Neoptolemus sped a javelin ; one  
He smote down with a massy stone that crashed  
Through his strong helmet, shattered all its ridge,  
And dashed his brains to earth. Around them fell  
Foes many, a host untold. The War-god's work  
Waxed ever mightier till the eventide,  
Till failed the light celestial ; then the host  
Of brave Eurypylus from the ships drew back  
A little : they that held those leaguered towers  
Had a short breathing-space ; the sons of Troy  
Had respite from the deadly-echoing strife,  
From that hard rampart-battle. Verily all  
The Argives had beside their ships been slain,  
Had not Achilles' strong son on that day  
Withstood the host of foes and their great chief  
Eurypylus. Came to that young hero's side  
Phoenix the old, and marvelling gazed on one  
The image of Peleides. Tides of joy  
And grief swept o'er him—grief, for memories  
Of that swift-footed father—joy, for sight  
Of such a son. He for sheer gladness wept ;  
For never without tears the tribes of men  
Live—nay, not mid the transports of delight.  
He clasped him round as father claspeth son  
Whom, after long and troublous wanderings,  
The Gods bring home to gladden a father's heart.  
So kissed he Neoptolemus' head and breast,

ἀμφιχυθείς, καὶ τοῖον ἀγασσάμενος φάτο μῦθον·  
 “χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ τέκος ἐσθλὸν Ἀχιλλέος, ὃν ποτ’  
 ἔγωγε

τυτθὸν ἔοντ’ ἀτίταλλον ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἐμῇσι  
 προφρονέως· ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ὦκα θεῶν ἐρικυδέϊ βουλῇ  
 ἔρνος ὅπως ἐριθηλὲς ἀέξετο· καὶ οἱ ἔγωγε 645  
 γήθεον εἰσορόων ἡμὲν δέμας ἠδὲ καὶ ἀλκὴν·  
 ἔσκε δέ μοι μέγ’ ὄνειαρ· ἴσον δέ ἐ παιδὶ τίεσκον  
 τηλυγέτω· ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ἴσον ἐὼ πατρὶ τίεν ἐμὸν κῆρ·  
 κείνῳ μὲν γὰρ ἔγωγε πατὴρ, ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ υἱὸς ἔμοιγε  
 ἔσκε νόῳ· φαίης κεν ἰδὼν ἐνὸς αἵματος εἶναι 650  
 εἶνεχ’ ὁμοφροσύνης· ἀρετῇ δ’ ὅ γε φέρτερος ἦεν  
 πολλόν, ἐπεὶ μακάρεσσι δέμας καὶ κάρτος ἐφύκει.  
 τῷ σύγῃ πάμπαν ἔοικας· ἐγὼ δ’ ἄρα κείνον οἴω  
 ζῶν ἐτ’ Ἀργείοισι μετέμμεναι· οὐ μ’ ἄχος ὀξὺ  
 ἀμφέχει ἥματα πάντα, λυγρῷ δ’ ἐπὶ γήραϊ θυμὸν 655  
 τείρομαι· ὥς ὄφελόν με χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα κεκεύθει  
 κείνου ἔτι ζώοντος· ὁ καὶ πέλει ἀνέρι κῦδος  
 κηδεμονίης ἐοῦ ὑπὸ χεῖρεσι ταρχυθῆναι.

ἰλλά, τέκος, κείνου μὲν ἐγὼν οὐ λήσομαι ἦτορ  
 ἀχνύμενος· σὺ δὲ μῆτι χαλέπτεο πένθει θυμόν· 660  
 ἀλλ’ ἄγε Μυρμιδόνεσσι καὶ ἵπποδάμοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς  
 τειρομένοις ἐπάμυνε μέγ’ ἀμφ’ ἀγαθοῖο τοκῆος  
 χωόμενος δηίοισι· κλέος δέ τοι ἔσσεται ἐσθλὸν  
 Εὐρύπυλον δαμάσαντι μάχης ἀκόρητον ἔοντα·  
 τοῦ γὰρ ὑπέρτερός ἐσσι καὶ ἔσσεαι, ὅσσον ἀρείων 665  
 σείο πατὴρ κείνοιο πέλεν μογεροῖο τοκῆος.”

“Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπε παῖς ξανθοῦ Ἀχιλλῆος·  
 “ὦ γέρον, ἡμετέρην ἀρετὴν ἀνὰ δηϊότητα  
 Αἴσα διακρινέει κρατερὴ καὶ ὑπέρβιος Ἄρης.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν αὐτῇμαρ ἐέλδeto τείχεος ἐκτὸς 670  
 σεύεσθ’ ἐν τεύχεσιν ἐοῦ πατρός· ἀλλὰ μιν ἔσχε  
 νύξ, ἥ τ’ ἀνθρώποισι λύσιν καμάτοιο φέρουσα  
 ἔσσυτ’ ἀπ’ ὠκεανοῖο καλυψαμένη δέμας ὄρφνη.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Clasping him round, and cried in rapture of joy :  
“ Hail, goodly son of that Achilles whom  
I nursed a little one in mine own arms  
With a glad heart. By Heaven’s high providence  
Like a strong sapling waxed he in stature fast,  
And daily I rejoiced to see his form  
And prowess, my life’s blessing, honouring him  
As though he were the son of mine old age ;  
For like a father did he honour me.  
I was indeed his father, he my son  
In spirit : thou hadst deemed us of one blood  
Who were in heart one : but of nobler mould  
Was he by far, in form and strength a God.  
Thou art wholly like him—yea, I seem to see  
Alive amid the Argives him for whom  
Sharp anguish shrouds me ever. I waste away  
In sorrowful age—oh that the grave had closed  
On me while yet he lived ! How blest to be  
By loving hands of kinsmen laid to rest !  
Ah child, my sorrowing heart will nevermore  
Forget him ! Chide me not for this my grief.  
But now, help thou the Myrmidons and Greeks  
In their sore strait : wreak on the foe thy wrath  
For thy brave sire. It shall be thy renown  
To slay this war-insatiate Telephus’ son ;  
For mightier art thou, and shalt prove, than he,  
As was thy father than his wretched sire.”

Made answer golden-haired Achilles’ son :  
“ Ancient, our battle-prowess mighty Fate  
And the o’ermastering War-god shall decide.”

But, as he spake, he had fain on that same day  
Forth of the gates have rushed in his sire’s arms ;  
But night, which bringeth men release from toil,  
Rose from the ocean veiled in sable pall.

Ἄργείων δέ μιν νῆες ἴσον κρατερῶ Ἀχιλῇ  
 κύδαινον παρὰ νηυσὶ γεγηθότες, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοὺς 675  
 θαρσαλέους κατέτευξεν ἰὼν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐτοίμως·  
 τοῦνεκά μιν τίσκον ἀγακλειτοῖς γεράεσσιν  
 ἄσπετα δῶρα·διδόντες, ἃ τ' ἀνέρι πλοῦτον ὀφέλλει·  
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ χρυσόν τε καὶ ἄργυρον, οἱ δὲ γυναῖκας  
 δμῳίδας, οἱ δ' ἄρα χαλκὸν ἀάσπετον, οἱ δὲ  
 σίδηρον,

680

ἄλλοι δ' οἶνον ἐρυθρὸν ἐν ἀμφιφορεῦσιν ὄπασσαν  
 ἵππους τ' ὠκύποδας καὶ ἀρήϊα τεύχεα φωτῶν  
 φάρεά τ' εὐποίητα γυναικῶν κάλλιμα ἔργα·  
 τοῖς ἐπὶ θυμὸν ἵαινε Νεοπτολέμοιο φίλον κῆρ.  
 καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν δόρποιο ποτὶ κλισίῃσι μέλοντο 685  
 υἱὸν Ἀχιλλῆος θεοειδέα κυδαίνοντες  
 ἴσον ἐπουρανίοισιν ἀτειρέσι· τῷ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
 πόλλ' ἐπικαγχαλὼν τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·  
 “ἀτρεκέως πᾶις ἐσσί θρασύφρονος Αἰακίδαο,  
 ὦ τέκος, οὐνεκά οἱ κρατερὸν μένος ἦδὲ καὶ εἶδος 690  
 καὶ μέγεθος καὶ θάρσος ἰδὲ φρένας ἔνδον ἔοικας·  
 τῷ σοι ἐγὼ μέγα θυμὸν ἰαίνομαι· ἦ γὰρ ἔολπα  
 σῆσιν ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσι καὶ ἔγχει δῆϊα φύλα  
 καὶ Πριάμοιο πόλῃα περικλειτὴν ἐναρίξαι,  
 οὐνεκα πατρὶ ἔοικας· ἐγὼ δ' ἄρα κεῖνον ὁῖω 695  
 εἰσοράαν παρὰ νηυσίν, ὅτε Τρώεσσιν ὁμόκλα  
 χώμενος Πατρόκλοιο δεδουπότος· ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἤδη  
 ἐστὶ σὺν ἀθανάτοισι· σὲ δ' ἐκ μακάρων προέηκε  
 σήμερον Ἀργείοισιν ἀπολλυμένοις ἐπαμῦναι.”

Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος  
 υἱός·

700

“εἴθε μιν, ὦ Ἀγάμεμνον, ἔτι ζῶντα κίχανον,  
 ὅφρα καὶ αὐτὸς ἄθρησεν ἐὼν θυμήρεα παῖδα  
 οὔτι κατασχύνοντα βίην πατρός, ὥσπερ ὁῖω  
 ἔσσεσθ', ἣν με σάωσιν ἀκηδέες Οὐρανῖνες.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη πινυτῇσιν ἀρηράμενος φρεσὶ θυμόν· 705



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

With honour as of mighty Achilles' self  
Him mid the ships the glad Greeks hailed, who  
    had won  
Courage from that his eager rush to war.  
With princely presents did they honour him,  
With priceless gifts, whereby is wealth increased ;  
For some gave gold and silver, handmaids some,  
Brass without weight gave these, and iron those ;  
Others in deep jars brought the ruddy wine :  
Yea, fleetfoot steeds they gave, and battle-gear,  
And raiment woven fair by women's hands.  
Glowed Neoptolemus' heart for joy of these.  
A feast they made for him amidst the tents,  
And there extolled Achilles' godlike son  
With praise as of the immortal Heavenly Ones ;  
And joyful-voiced Agamemnon spake to him :  
"Thou verily art the brave-souled Aeacid's son,  
His very image thou in stalwart might,  
In beauty, stature, courage, and in soul.  
Mine heart burns in me seeing thee. I trust  
Thine hands and spear shall smite yon hosts of foes,  
Shall smite the city of Priam world-renowned—  
So like thy sire thou art ! Methinks I see  
Himself beside the ships, as when his shout  
Of wrath for dead Patroclus shook the ranks  
Of Troy. But he is with the Immortal Ones,  
Yet, bending from that heaven, sends thee to-day  
To save the Argives on destruction's brink."

Answered Achilles' battle-eager son :  
"Would I might meet him living yet, O King,  
That so himself might see the son of his love  
Not shaming his great father's name. I trust  
So shall it be, if the Gods grant me life."

So spake he in wisdom and in modesty ;

λαοὶ δ' ἀμφιέποντες ἐθάμβεον ἀνέρα δῖον.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δόρποιο καὶ εἰλαπίνης κορέσαντο,  
 δὴ τότε ἄρ' Αἰακίδαο θρασύφρονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς  
 ἄνστας ἐκ δόρποιο ποτὶ κλισίην ἀφίκανε  
 πατρὸς ἐοῦ. τὰ δὲ πολλὰ δαΐκταμένων ἡρώων 710  
 ἔντεά οἱ παρέκεινθ'. αἱ δ' ἀμφὶ μιν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαι  
 χήρην ληϊάδες κλισίην ἐπιποροσύνεσκον  
 ὡς ζῶντος ἀνακτος· ὁ δ' ὡς ἶδεν ἔντεα Τρώων  
 καὶ δμῳάς, στονάχησεν· ἔρωσ δέ μιν εἶλε τοκῆος·  
 ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὰ δρυμὰ πυκνὰ καὶ ἄγkea ῥωπήεντα 715  
 σμερδαλέοιο λέοντος ὑπ' ἀγρευτῆσι δαμέντος  
 σκύμνος ἐς ἄντρον ἵκηται εὐσκιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη  
 ταρφέα παπταίνει κενεὸν σπέος, ἀθρόα δ' αὐτοῦ  
 ὀστέα δερκόμενος κταμένων πάρος οὐκ ὀλίγων περ  
 ἵππων ἠδὲ βοῶν μεγάλ' ἄχυνται ἀμφὶ τοκῆος· 720  
 ὡς ἄρα θαρσαλέοιο πᾶις τότε Πηλεΐδαο  
 θυμὸν ἐπαχνώθη· δμῳαὶ δέ μιν ἀμφαγάσαντο·  
 καὶ δ' αὐτὴ Βρισηΐς, ὅτ' ἔδρακεν υἱ' Ἀχιλλῆος,  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν θυμῷ μέγ' ἐγήθεεν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
 ἄχυντ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεμνημένη· ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ 725  
 ἀμφασίῃ βεβόλητο κατὰ φρένας, ὡς ἐτεόν περ  
 αὐτοῦ ἔτι ζῶντος ἀταρβέος Αἰακίδαο.  
 Τρῶες δ' αὖτ' ἀπάνευθε γεγεθότες ὄβριμον ἄνδρα  
 Εὐρύπυλον κύδαινον ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι καὶ αὐτοί,  
 ὀππόσον Ἑκτορα δῖον, ὅτ' Ἀργείους ἐδάϊζε 730  
 ῥυόμενος πτολιεθρον ἐὼν καὶ κτῆσιν ἅπασαν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μερόπεσσιν ἐπὶ γλυκὺς ἦλυθεν ὕπνος,  
 δὴ τότε Τρῳῆοι υἱὲς ἰδ' Ἀργεῖοι μενεχάρμαι  
 νόσφι φυλακτῆρων εὖδον βεβαρηότες ὕπνῳ.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

And all there marvelled at the godlike man.  
But when with meat and wine their hearts were filled,  
Then rose Achilles' battle-eager son,  
And from the feast passed forth unto the tent  
That was his sire's. Much armour of heroes slain  
Lay there ; and here and there were captive maids  
Arraying that tent widowed of its lord,  
As though its king lived. When that son beheld  
Those Trojan arms and handmaid-thralls, he groaned,  
By passionate longing for his father seized.  
As when through dense oak-groves and tangled glens  
Comes to the shadowed cave a lion's whelp  
Whose grim sire by the hunters hath been slain,  
And looketh all around that empty den,  
And seeth heaps of bones of steeds and kine  
Slain theretofore, and grieveth for his sire ;  
Even so the heart of brave Peleides' son  
With grief was numbed. The handmaids marvelling  
gazed ;

And fair Briseis' self, when she beheld  
Achilles' son, was now right glad at heart,  
And sorrowed now with memories of the dead.  
Her soul was wildered all, as though indeed  
There stood the aweless Aeacid living yet.

Meanwhile exultant Trojans camped aloof  
Extolled Eurypylus the fierce and strong,  
As erst they had praised Hector, when he smote  
Their foes, defending Troy and all her wealth.  
But when sweet sleep stole over mortal men,  
Then sons of Troy and battle-biding Greeks  
All slumber-heavy slept unsentinelled.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΟΓΔΟΥΣ

Ἦμος δ' ἡελίοιο φάος περικίδνατο γαῖαν  
 ἐκ περάτων ἀνιόντος, ὅθι σπέος Ἡριγενείης,  
 δὴ τότε που Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ὄβριμοι υἱες  
 θωρήσσονθ' ἐκάτερθεν ἐπειγόμενοι ποτὶ δῆριν·  
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν πᾶϊς ἐσθλὸς Ἀχιλλέος ὀτρύνεσκεν 5  
 ἀντιάαν Τρώεσσιν ἀταρβέα θυμὸν ἔχοντας,  
 τοὺς δ' ἄρα Τηλεφίδαο μέγα σθένος· ἥ γὰρ ἐώλπει  
 τεῖχος μὲν χαμάδις βαλλέειν νῆάς τ' ἀμαθῦναι  
 ἐν πυρὶ λευγαλέῳ, λαοὺς δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαΐξαι.  
 ἀλλὰ οἱ ἐλπωρὴ μὲν ἦν ἐναλίγκιος αὔρη 10  
 μαψιδίῃ· Κῆρες δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἐστηνῖαι  
 πολλὸν καγχαλάασκον ἐτώσια μητιόωντι.

Καὶ τότε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν Ἀχιλλέος ἄτρομος υἱὸς  
 θαρσαλέον φάτο μῦθον ἐποτρύνων πονέεσθαι·  
 “κέκλυτέ μεν, θεράποντες, ἀρήϊον ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸν 15  
 θέντες, ἵν' Ἀργείοισιν ἄκος πολέμου ἀλεγεινοῦ  
 δυσμενέεσσι δὲ πῆμα γενώμεθα· μηδέ τις ἡμέων  
 ταρβεῖτω· κρατερὴ γὰρ ἄδην ἐκ θάρσεος ἀλκὴ  
 γίνεται ἀνθρώποισι· δέος δὲ βίην ἀμαθύνει  
 καὶ νόον· ἀλλ' ἄγε πάντες ἐς Ἄρεα καρτύνασθε, 20  
 ὄφρα μὴ ἀμπνεύσῃ Τρώων στρατός, ἀλλ' Ἀχιλῆα  
 φαίῃ ἐτι ζῶοντα μετέμμεναι Ἀργείοισιν.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὥμοισι πατρώια δύσατο τεύχη  
 πάντοθε μαρμαίροντα· Θέτις δ' ἠγάλλετο θυμῷ  
 ἐξ ἁλὸς εἰσορόωσα μέγα σθένος υἱωνοῖο.

## BOOK VIII

### *How Hercules' Grandson perished in fight with the Son of Achilles*

WHEN from the far sea-line, where is the cave  
Of Dawn, rose up the sun, and scattered light  
Over the earth, then did the eager sons  
Of Troy and of Achaea arm themselves  
Athirst for battle : these Achilles' son  
Cheered on to face the Trojans awelessly ;  
And those the giant strength of Telephus' seed  
Kindled. He trusted to dash down the wall  
To earth, and utterly destroy the ships  
With ravening fire, and slay the Argive host.  
Ah, but his hope was as the morning breeze  
Delusive : hard beside him stood the Fates  
Laughing to scorn his vain imaginings.

Then to the Myrmidons spake Achilles' son,  
The aweless, to the fight enkindling them :  
“ Hear me, mine henchmen : take ye to your hearts  
The spirit of war, that we may heal the wounds  
Of Argos, and be ruin to her foes.  
Let no man fear, for mighty prowess is  
The child of courage ; but fear slayeth strength  
And spirit. Gird yourselves with strength for war ;  
Give foes no breathing-space, that they may say  
That mid our ranks Achilles liveth yet.”

Then clad he with his father's flashing arms  
His shoulders. Then exulted Thetis' heart  
When from the sea she saw the mighty strength

καί ῥα θοῶς οἴμησε πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοῖο  
 ἐμβεβαῶς ἵπποισιν ἐοῦ πατρὸς ἀθανάτοισιν·  
 οἶος δ' ἐκ περάτων ἀναφαίνεται ὠκεανοῖο  
 ἥελιος θηητὸν ἐπὶ χθόνα πῦρ ἀμαρύσσω, 30  
 πῦρ, ὅτε οἱ πῶλοισι καὶ ἄρματι συμφέρετ' ἀστήρ  
 Σείριος, ὃς τε βροτοῖσι φέρει πολυκηδέα νοῦσον·  
 τοῖος ἐπὶ Τρώων στρατὸν ἦεν ὄβριμος ἥρως  
 υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος· φόρεον δέ μιν ἄμβροτοι ἵπποι,  
 τοὺς οἱ ἐελδομένῳ νηῶν ἄπο λαὸν ἐλάσσαι 35  
 ὥπασεν Αὐτομέδων· ὃς γάρ σφεας ἠνιόχευεν·  
 ἵπποι δ' αὐτ' ἐχάρησαν ἐὼν φορέοντες ἄνακτα  
 εἵκελον Αἰακίδῃ· τῶν δ' ἀφθιτον ἦτορ ἐώλπει  
 ἔμμεναι ἀνέρα κεῖνον Ἀχιλλέος οὔτι χερεῖω.  
 ὥς δὲ καὶ Ἀργεῖοι μέγα καγχαλόντες ἄγερθεν 40  
 ἀμφὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο βίην ἄμοτον μεμαῶτες  
 λευγαλέοις σφήκεσσιν ἐοικότες, οὓς τε κλονήσῃ

\* \* \* \* \*

χηραμοῦ ἐκποτέονται, ἐελδόμενοι χρόα θεῖναι  
 ἀνδρόμεον, πάντες δὲ περὶ στέγος ὀρμαίνοντες  
 τεύχουσιν μέγα πῆμα παρεσσυμένοισι βροτοῖσιν  
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἐκ νηῶν καὶ τείχεος ἐξεχέοντο 45  
 μαιμώνοντες Ἄρηι· πολὺς δ' ἐστείνετο χῶρος.  
 πᾶν πεδίον δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐλάμπετο τεύχεσι φωτῶν  
 ἡελίου καθύπερθεν ἀπείριτα μαρμαίροντος·  
 οἶον δὲ νέφος εἴσι δι' ἥερος ἀπλήτοιο  
 πνοιῇσιν μεγάλῃσιν ἐλαυνόμενον Βορέας, 50  
 ἥμος δὴ νιφετός τε πέλει καὶ χείματος ὥρη  
 ἄργαλέη, πάντῃ δὲ περιστέφει οὐρανὸν ὄρφνη·  
 ὥς τῶν πλήθετο γαῖα συνερχομένων ἐκάτερθε  
 νηῶν βαιὸν ἄπωθε· κόνις δ' εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν  
 πέπτατ' αἰερομένη· κανάχιζε δὲ τεύχεα φωτῶν, 55  
 σὺν δὲ καὶ ἄρματα πολλά· διεσσύμενοι δ' ἐπὶ  
 μῶλον



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Of her son's son. Then forth with eagle-speed  
Afront of that high wall he rushed, his car  
Drawn by the immortal horses of his sire.  
As from the ocean-verge upsprings the sun  
In glory, flashing fire far over earth—  
Fire, when beside his radiant chariot-team  
Races the red star Sirius, scatterer  
Of woofullest diseases over men ;  
So flashed upon the eyes of Ilium's host  
That battle-eager hero, Achilles' son.  
Onward they whirled him, those immortal steeds,  
The which, when now he longed to chase the foe  
Back from the ships, Automedon, who wont  
To rein them for his father, brought to him.  
With joy that pair bore battleward their lord,  
So like to Aeacus' son, their deathless hearts  
Held him no worser than Achilles' self.  
Laughing for glee the Argives gathered round  
The might resistless of Neoptolemus,  
Eager for fight as wasps [whose woodland bower  
The axe] hath shaken, who dart swarming forth  
Furious to sting the woodman : round their nest  
Long eddying, they torment all passers by :  
So streamed they forth from galley and from wall  
Burning for fight, and that wide space was thronged,  
And all the plain far blazed with armour-sheen,  
As shone from heaven's vault the sun thereon.  
As flees the cloud-rack through the welkin wide  
Scourged onward by the North-wind's Titan blasts,  
When winter-tide and snow are hard at hand,  
And darkness overpalls the firmament ;  
So with their thronging squadrons was the earth  
Covered before the ships. To heaven uprolled,  
Dust hung on hovering wings : men's armour  
    clashed ;  
Rattled a thousand chariots ; horses neighed

ἵπποι ἐπεχρεμέτιζον· ἐὴ δ' ἐκέλευεν ἕκαστον  
ἀλκὴ ἀνιερὴν ἐς φύλοπιν ὀτρύνουσα.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε κύματα μακρὰ δύο κλονέουσιν ἀῆται  
σμερδαλέον βρομέοντες ἀνὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα θα-  
λάσσης

60

ἐκποθεν ἀλλήλοισι περιρρηγνύντες ἀέλλας,  
ὅππότε χεῖμ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἀν' εὐρέα βένθεα πόντου  
μαίνειτ', ἀμαιμακέτη δὲ περιστένει Ἀμφιτρίτη  
κύμασι λευγαλέοισι, τὰ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα φέρονται  
οὖρεσιν ἡλιβάτοισιν ἐοικότα, τῶν δ' ἀλεγεινῇ

65

ὀρτυμένων ἐκάτερθε πέλει κατὰ πόντον ἰωή·  
ὥς οἱ γ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐπ' Ἄρεα συμφορέοντο  
σμερδαλέον μεμαῶτες· Ἔρις δ' ὀρόθυνε καὶ ἀλκή.

σὺν δ' ἔβαλον βροντῇσιν ἐοικότες ἢ στεροπῇσιν,  
αἳ τε μέγα κτυπέουσι δι' ἡέρος, ὅππότε ἀῆται  
λάβροι ἐριδμαίνωσι, καὶ ὅππότε λάβρον ἀέντες

70

σὺν νέφεα ῥήξωσι Διὸς μέγα χωομένοιο  
ἀνδράσιν, οἳ τ' ἐρίτιμον ὑπὲρ Θέμιν ἔργα κάμονται·  
ὥς οἱ γ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἐπέχραον· ἔγχει δ' ἔγχος  
συμφέρειτ', ἀσπίδι δ' ἀσπίς, ἐπ' ἀνέρα δ' ἦεν ἀνὴρ.

75

Πρῶτος δ' ὄβριμος υἱὸς εὐπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος  
δάμνατ' ἐν Μελανῇα καὶ ἀγλαὸν Ἀλκιδάμαντα  
υἱᾶς Ἀλεξινόμοιο δαΐφρονος, ὅς τ' ἐνὶ κοίλῃ  
Καύνῳ ναιετάασκε διειδέος ἀγχόθι λίμνης

Ἴμβρῳ ὑπὸ νιφόεντι παραὶ ποσὶ Ταρβήλοιο.  
κτεῖνε δὲ Κασσάνδροιο θοὸν ποσὶ παῖδα Μένητα,  
ὃν τέκε διὰ Κρέουσα παρὰ προχοῆς ποταμοῖο  
Λίνδου εὐρρεΐταο, μενεπτολέμων ὅθι Καρῶν  
πέιρατα καὶ Λυκίης ἐρικύδεος ἄκρα πέλονται.

80

εἶλε δ' ἄρ' αἰχμητῆρα Μόρυν Φρυγίῃθε μολόντα·  
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ὁμῶς Πόλυβόν τε καὶ Ἴππομέδοντα  
κατέκτα,

85

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

On-rushing to the fray. Each warrior's prowess  
Kindled him with its trumpet-call to war.

As leap the long sea-rollers, onward hurled  
By two winds terribly o'er th' broad sea-flood  
Roaring from viewless bournes, with whirlwind  
    blasts

Crashing together, when a ruining storm  
Maddens along the wide gulfs of the deep,  
And moans the Sea-queen with her anguished waves  
Which sweep from every hand, uptowering  
Like precipiced mountains, while the bitter squall,  
Ceaselessly veering, shrieks across the sea ;  
So clashed in strife those hosts from either hand  
With mad rage. Strife incarnate spurred them on,  
And their own prowess. Crashed together these  
Like thunderclouds outlightening, thrilling the air  
With shattering trumpet-challenge, when the blasts  
Are locked in frenzied wrestle, with mad breath  
Rending the clouds, when Zeus is wroth with men  
Who travail with iniquity, and flout  
His law. So grappled they, as spear with spear  
Clashed, shield with shield, and man on man was  
    hurled.

And first Achilles' war-impetuous son  
Struck down stout Melaneus and Alcidas,  
Sons of the war-lord Alexinomos,  
Who dwelt in Caunus mountain-cradled, nigh  
The clear lake shining at Tarbelus' feet  
'Neath snow-capt Imbrus. Menes, fleetfoot son  
Of King Cassandrus, slew he, born to him  
By fair Creusa, where the lovely streams  
Of Lindus meet the sea, beside the marches  
Of battle-biding Carians, and the heights  
Of Lycia the renowned. He slew withal  
Morys the spearman, who from Phrygia came ;  
Polybus and Hippomedon by his side

τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ κραδίην, τὸν δ' ἐς κληῖδα τυχήσας·  
 δάμνατο δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον· ἐπέστενε δ' αἶα νέκυσσι  
 Τρώων· οἱ δ' ὑπόεικον ἐοικότες ἀναλέοισι  
 θάμνοις, οὓς ὀλοοῖο πυρὸς κατεδάμνατ' αὐτμῇ 90  
 ῥηιδίως ἐπιόντος ὀπωρινοῦ Βορέας·  
 ὥς τοῦ ἐπεσσυμένοιο κατηρεῖποντο φάλαγγες.

Αἰνεΐας δ' ἐδάμασσε· Ἀριστόλοχον μενεχάρμην  
 πλήξας χερμαδίῳ κατὰ κράτος· ἐν δ' ἄρ' ἔθλασσε  
 ὅστέα σὺν πῆληκι· λίπεν δ' ἄφαρ ὅστέα θυμός. 95  
 Τυδεΐδης δ' Εὖμαιον ἔλεν θοόν, ὃς ῥά τ' ἔναιε  
 Δάρδανον αἰπήεσαν, ἵν' Ἀγχίσαιο πέλονται  
 εὐναί, ὅπου Κυθήρειαν ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσι δάμασσε.  
 ἐνθ' Ἀγαμέμνων κτείνειν ἐὺν Στράτον· οὐδ' ὃ γε  
 Θρήκην

ἵκετ' ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο, φίλης δ' ἐκὰς ἔφθιτο πάτρης. 100  
 Μηριόνης δ' ἐδάμασσε Χλέμον Πεισήνορος νῆα  
 ἀντιθέου Γλαύκοιο φίλον καὶ πιστὸν ἐταῖρον,  
 ὃς ῥά τε ναιετάασκε παρὰ προχοῆς Λιμυροῖο,  
 καὶ ῥά μιν ὡς βασιλῆα περικτίονες τίον ἄνδρες  
 Γλαύκου ἀποκταμένοιο καὶ οὐκέτι κοιρανέοντος, 105  
 πάντες, ὅσοι Φοίνικος ἔδος περὶ πάγχυ νέμοντο  
 αἰπύ τε Μασσικύτοιο ῥίον ῥωχμόν τε Χιμαίρης.

Ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνε κατὰ μόθον· ἐν δ' ἄρα  
 τοῖσιν

Εὐρύπυλος πολέεσσι κακὰς ἐπὶ κῆρας ἱάλλε  
 δυσμενέσιν· πρῶτον δὲ μενεπτόλεμον κατέπεφνε 110  
 Εὐρυτον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Μεινοίτιον αἰολομίτρην,  
 ἀντιθέους ἐτάρους Ἐλεφήνορος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφὶν  
 Ἄρπαλον, ὃς ῥ' Ὀδυσῆος εὐφρονος ἔσκεν ἐταῖρος·  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οὖν ἀπάτερθεν ἔχεν πόνον, οὐδ' ἐπαμύνειν  
 ἔσθενεν ὧ θεράποντι δεδουπότι· τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἐταῖρος 115  
 Ἄντιφος ὀβριμόθυμος ἀποκταμένοιο χολώθη,  
 καὶ βάλεν Εὐρυπύλοιο καταντίον· ἀλλά μιν οὔτι  
 οὔτασεν, οὔνεκά οἱ κρατερὸν δόρυ τυτθὸν ἄπωθεν

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

He laid, this stabbed to the heart, that pierced  
between

Shoulder and neck : man after man he slew.  
Earth groaned 'neath Trojan corpses ; rank on rank  
Crumbled before him, even as parchèd brakes  
Sink down before the blast of ravening fire  
When the north wind of latter summer blows ;  
So ruining squadrons fell before his charge.

Meanwhile Aeneas slew Aristolochus,  
Crashing a great stone down on his head : it brake  
Helmet and skull together, and fled his life.  
Fleetfoot Eumæus Diomedes slew ; he dwelt  
In craggy Dardanus, where the bride-bed is  
Whereon Anchises clasped the Queen of Love.  
Agamemnon smote down Stratus : unto Thrace  
Returned he not from war, but died far off  
From his dear fatherland. And Meriones  
Struck Chlemus down, Peisenor's son, the friend  
Of god-like Glaucus, and his comrade leal,  
Who by Limurus' outfall dwelt : the folk  
Honoured him as their king, when reigned no more  
Glaucus, in battle slain,—all who abode  
Around Phœnice's towers, and by the crest  
Of Massicytus, and Chimaera's glen.

So man slew man in fight ; but more than all  
Eurypylus hurled doom on many a foe.  
First slew he battle-bider Eurytus,  
Menoetius of the glancing taslet next,  
Elephenor's godlike comrades. Fell with these  
Harpalus, wise Odysseus' warrior-friend ;  
But in the fight afar that hero toiled,  
And might not aid his fallen henchman : yet  
Fierce Antiphus for that slain man was wroth,  
And hurled his spear against Eurypylus,  
Yet touched him not ; the strong shaft glanced  
aside,

ἔμπεσε Μειλανίῳνι δαΐφρονι, τόν ποτε μήτηρ  
γείνατο παρ προχοῇσιν εὐρρείταο Καΐκου 120  
Κλείτη καλλιπάρηος ὑποδμηθεῖς Ἑρυλάῳ.

Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐτάριοιο χολωσάμενος κταμένοιο  
Ἀντίφῳ αἰψ' ἐπόρουσεν· ὁ δ' ἔκφυγε ποσσὶ θοοῖσιν  
ἐς πληθὺν ἐτάρων· κρατερὸν δέ μιν οὔτι δάμασεν  
ἔγχος Τηλεφίδαο δαΐφρονος, οὔνεκ' ἔμελλεν 125

ἀργαλέως ὀλέεσθαι ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνοιο Κύκλωπος  
ὑστερον· ὥς γάρ που στυγερῇ ἐπιήνδανε Μοίρῃ.  
Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐπώχετο· τοῦ δ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ  
αἰὲν ἐπεσσυμένοιο κατήριπε πουλὺς ὄμιλος·

ἢ ὅτε δένδρεα μακρὰ βίῃ δμηθέντα σιδήρου 130  
οὔρεσιν ἐν λασίοισιν ἀναπλήσωσι φάραγγας  
κεκλιμέν' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα κατὰ χθονός· ὥς ἄρ'

Ἀχαιοὶ

δάμναντ' Εὐρυπύλοιο δαΐφρονος ἐγχείησι,  
μέσφ' ὅτε οἱ κίεν ἅντα μέγα φρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος· τῷ δ' ἄμφω δούρατα μακρὰ 135

ἐν παλάμῃσι τίνασσον ἐπὶ σφισι μαιμώνοντες·  
Εὐρύπυλος δέ ἐπρῶτος ἀνειρόμενος προσέειπε·  
“ τίς πόθεν εἰλήλουθας ἐναντίον ἄμμι μάχεσθαι;  
ἦ σε πρὸς Ἀἶδα Κῆρες ἀμείλικτοι φορέουσιν·  
οὐ γάρ τίς μ' ὑπάλυξεν ἐν ἀργαλέῃ ὑσμίνῃ· 140

ἀλλὰ μοι ὅσσοι ἔναντα λιχαιόμενοι μαχέσασθαι  
δεῦρο κίου, πάντεσσι φόνον στονόεντ' ἐφέηκα  
ἀργαλέως, πάντων δὲ παρὰ Ξάνθοιο ῥέεθρα  
ὅστέα τε σάρκας τε κύνες διὰ πάντ' ἐδάσαντο.  
ἀλλὰ μοι εἰπέ, τίς ἐσσι, τίνος δ' ἐπαγάλλεαι  
ἵπποις;” 145

“Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱός·  
“ τίπτε μ' ἐπισπεύδοντα ποτὶ κλόνου αἱματοέοντα  
ἐχθρὸς ἐὼν ὥς εἴτε φίλα φρονέων ἐρεεῖνεις  
εἰπέμεναι γενεήν, ἣν περ μᾶλα πολλοὶ ἴσασιν;  
υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος κρατερόφρονος, ὅς τε τοκῆα 150



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

And pierced Meilanion battle-staunch, the son  
Of Cleite lovely-faced, Erylaus' bride,  
Who bare him where Caïcus meets the sea.  
Wroth for his comrade slain, Eurypylus  
Rushed upon Antiphus, but terror-winged  
He plunged amid his comrades ; so the spear  
Of the avenger slew him not, whose doom  
Was one day wretchedly to be devoured  
By the manslaying Cyclops : so it pleased  
Stern Fate, I know not why. Elsewhither sped  
Eurypylus ; and aye as he rushed on  
Fell 'neath his spear a multitude untold.  
As tall trees, smitten by the strength of steel  
In mountain-forest, fill the dark ravines,  
Heaped on the earth confusedly, so fell  
The Achaeans 'neath Eurypylus' flying spears—  
Till heart-uplifted met him face to face  
Achilles' son. The long spears in their hands  
They twain swung up, each hot to smite his foe.  
But first Eurypylus cried the challenge-cry :  
“ Who art thou ? Whence hast come to brave me  
here ?

To Hades merciless Fate is bearing thee ;  
For in grim fight hath none escaped mine hands ;  
But whoso, eager for the fray, have come  
Hither, on all have I hurled anguished death.  
By Xanthus' streams have dogs devoured their flesh  
And gnawed their bones. Answer me, who art  
thou ?

Whose be the steeds that bear thee exultant on ? ”

Answered Achilles' battle-eager son :  
“ Wherefore, when I am hurrying to the fray,  
Dost thou, a foe, put question thus to me,  
As might a friend, touching my lineage,  
Which many know ? Achilles' son am I,  
Son of the man whose long spear smote thy sire,

σεῖο πάροιθ' ἐφόβησε βαλὼν περιμήκει δουρί·  
καὶ νύ κέ μιν θανάτοιο κακαὶ περὶ Κῆρες ἔμαρψαν,  
εἰ μὴ οἱ στονόεντα θοῶς ἰήσατ' ὄλεθρον.

ἵπποι δ', οἳ φορέουσιν, ἐμοῦ πατρὸς ἀντιθέοιο,  
οὓς τέκεθ' Ἄρπυια Ζεφύρῳ πάρος εὐνηθεῖσα, 155  
οἳ τε καὶ ἀτρύγετον πέλαγος διὰ ποσσὶ θέουσιν  
ἀκρονυχὶ ψαύοντες, ἴσον δ' ἀνέμοισι φέρονται.  
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν γενεὴν ἐδάης ἵππων τε καὶ αὐτοῦ,  
καὶ δόρατος πείρησαι ἀτειρέος ἡμετέροιο  
γνώμεναι ἅντα βίην· γενεὴ δέ οἱ ἐν κορυφῇσι 160  
Πηλίου αἰπεινοῖο, τομὴν ὅθι λείπε καὶ ὕλην."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐξ ἵππων χαμάδις θόρε κύδιμος ἀνὴρ  
πάλλων ἐγχείην περιμήκετον· ὃς δ' ἐτέρωθεν  
χερσὶν ὑπὸ κρατερῇσιν ἀπειρεσίην λάβε πέτρην,  
καὶ ῥα Νεοπτολέμοιο κατ' ἀσπίδος ἦκε φέρεσθαι 165  
χρυσείης. τὸν δ' οὔτι προσεσσυμένη στυφέλιξεν,  
ἀλλ' ἄτε πρὼν εἰστήκει ἀπείριτος οὔρεϊ μακρῷ,  
τόν ῥα διυπετέων ποταμῶν μένος οὐδ' ἅμα πάντων  
ἄψ ὥσαι δύναται, ὁ γὰρ ἔμπεδον ἐρρίζωται·  
ὥς μένεν ἄτρομος αἰὲν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱός. 170  
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς τάρβησε θρασὺ σθένος Εὐρυπύλοιο  
ἄσχετον υἱ' Ἀχιλλῆος, ἐπεὶ ῥά μιν ὀτρύνεσκε  
θάρσος ἐὼν καὶ Κῆρες· ὑπὸ κραδίῃσι δὲ θυμὸς  
ἔξεεν ἀμφοτέροισι· περὶ σφίσι δ' αἰόλα τεύχη  
ἔβραχεν· οἳ δ' ἄτε θῆρες ἐπῆγεςαν ἀλλήλοισι 175  
σμερδαλέοι, τοῖσιν τε κατ' οὔρεα δῆρις ἀέξει,  
ὅπποτε λευγαλέῳ λιμῷ βεβολημένοι ἦτορ  
ἢ βοὸς ἢ ἐλάφοιο περὶ κταμένου πονέωνται  
ἄμφω παιφάσσοντες, ἐπικτυπέουσι δὲ βῆσσαι  
μαρναμένων· ὥς οἳ γε συνήεσαν ἀλλήλοισι 180  
δῆριν συμφορέοντες ἀμείλιχον. ἀμφὶ δὲ μακρὰ  
λαῶν ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἄδην πονέοντο φάλαγγες  
εἰς μόθον· ἀργαλέῃ δὲ περὶ σφίσι δῆρις ὀρώρει.  
οἳ δ' ἀνέμων ῥιπῇσιν εἰκότες αἰψηρῇσι

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

And made him flee—yea, and the ruthless fates  
Of death had seized him, but my father's self  
Healed him upon the brink of woeful death.  
The steeds which bear me were my godlike sire's ;  
These the West-wind begat, the Harpy bare :  
Over the barren sea their feet can race  
Skimming its crests : in speed they match the  
winds.

Since then thou know'st the lineage of my steeds  
And mine, now put thou to the test the might  
Of my strong spear, born on steep Pelion's crest,  
Who hath left his father-stock and forest there."

He spake ; and from the chariot sprang to earth  
That glorious man : he swung the long spear up.  
But in his brawny hand his foe hath seized  
A monstrous stone : full at the golden shield  
Of Neoptolemus he sped its flight ;  
But, no whit staggered by its whirlwind rush,  
He like a giant mountain-foreland stood  
Which all the banded fury of river-floods  
Can stir not, rooted in the eternal hills ;  
So stood unshaken still Achilles' son.  
Yet not for this Eurypylus' dauntless might  
Shrank from Achilles' son invincible,  
On-spurred by his own hardihood and by Fate.  
Their hearts like caldrons seethed o'er fires of wrath,  
Their glancing armour flashed about their limbs.  
Like terrible lions each on other rushed,  
Which fight amid the mountains famine-stung,  
Writhing and leaping in the strain of strife  
For a slain ox or stag, while all the glens  
Ring with their conflict ; so they grappled, so  
Clashed they in pitiless strife. On either hand  
Long lines of warriors Greek and Trojan toiled  
In combat : round them roared up flames of war.  
Like mighty rushing winds they hurled together

σύν ῥ' ἔβαλον μελήσιν μεμαότες αἶμα κεδάσσαι 185  
 ἀλλήλων· τοὺς δ' αἰὲν ἐποτρύνεσκεν Ἐννὼ  
 ἐγγύθεν ἰσταμένη· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγον ὁμοκλήης,  
 ἀλλὰ σφεας ἐδάϊζον ἐς ἀσπίδας, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε  
 οὔταζον κνημίδας ἰδ' ὑψιλόφους τρυφαλείας·  
 καὶ τις καὶ χροὸς ἤψατ', ἐπεὶ πόνος αἰνὸς ἐπείγε 190  
 θαρσαλέους ἤρωας· Ἔρις δ' ἐπετέρπετο θυμῷ  
 κείνους εἰσορόωσα· πολὺς δ' ἐξέρρεεν ἰδρῶς  
 ἀμφοτέρων· οἱ δ' αἰὲν ἐκαρτύνοντο μένοντες·  
 ἄμφω γὰρ μακάρων ἔσαν αἵματος· οἱ δ' ἀπ'  
 Ὀλύμπου—

\* \* \* \* \*  
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ κύδαινον Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμον υἷα, 195  
 οἱ δ' αὐτ' Εὐρύπυλον θεοειδέα· τοὶ δ' ἐκάτερθεν  
 μάρναντ' ἀκμήτοισιν ἐειδόμενοι σκοπέλοισιν  
 ἡλιβάτων ὀρέων· μέγα δ' ἔβραχον ἀμφοτέρωθεν  
 θεινόμεναι μελήσιν θάμ' ἀσπίδες· ὄψ' δὲ μακρῇ  
 Πηλιδᾶς Εὐρυπύλοιο διήλυθεν ἀνθερεῶνος 200  
 πολλὰ πονησαμένη· τοῦ δ' ἐκχυτο φοίνιον αἶμα  
 ἐσσυμένως· ψυχὴ δὲ δι' ἔλκεος ἐξεποτήθη  
 ἐκ μελέων, ὀλοή δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν πέσεν ὄρφνη.  
 ἤριπε δ' ἐν τεύχεσσι κατὰ χθονός, ἥ ῥ' ἔτε βλωθρῇ  
 ἢ πίτυς ἢ ἐλάτῃ κρυεροῦ Βορέαο βίηφιν 205  
 ἐκ ῥιζέων ἐριποῦσα· τόσῃν ἐπικάππεσε γαῖαν  
 Εὐρυπύλοιο δέμας· μέγα δ' ἔβραχε Τρώιον οὔδας  
 καὶ πεδίου· χλοερὴ δὲ θοῶς κατεχεύατο νεκρῷ  
 ἀχροίῃ καὶ καλὸν ἀπημάλδυνεν ἔρευθος.  
 τῷ δ' ἐπικαγχαλόων μεγάλ' εὐχέτο καρτερός ἤρως· 210  
 “Εὐρύπυλ', ἣ που ἔφης Δαναῶν νέας ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοὺς  
 δηώσῃν καὶ πάντα οἰζυρῶς ἀπολέσσειν  
 ἡμέας· ἀλλὰ σοὶ οὔτι θεοὶ τελέεσκον ἐέλδωρ,  
 ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἐμοί σ' ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀκάματόν περ  
 εὐόντα

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

With eager spears for blood of life athirst.  
Hard by them stood Enyo, spurred them on  
Ceaselessly : never paused they from the strife.  
Now hewed they each the other's shield, and now  
Thrust at the greaves, now at the crested helms.  
Reckless of wounds, in that grim toil pressed on  
Those aweless heroes : Strife incarnate watched  
And gloated o'er them. Ran the sweat in streams  
From either : straining hard they stood their ground,  
For both were of the seed of Blessèd Ones.  
From Heaven, with hearts at variance, Gods looked  
down ;

For some gave glory to Achilles' son,  
Some to Eurypylus the godlike. Still  
They fought on, giving ground no more than rocks  
Of granite mountains. Rang from side to side  
Spear-smitten shields. At last the Pelian lance,  
Sped onward by a mighty thrust, hath passed  
Clear through Eurypylus' throat. Forth poured the  
blood

Torrent-like ; through the portal of the wound  
The soul from the body flew : darkness of death  
Dropped o'er his eyes. To earth in clanging arms  
He fell, like stately pine or silver fir  
Uprooted by the fury of Boreas ;  
Such space of earth Eurypylus' giant frame  
Covered in falling : rang again the floor  
And plain of Troyland. Grey death-pallor swept  
Over the corpse, and all the flush of life  
Faded away. With a triumphant laugh  
Shouted the mighty hero over him :

" Eurypylus, thou saidst thou wouldst destroy  
The Danaan ships and men, wouldst slay us all  
Wretchedly—but the Gods would not fulfil  
Thy wish. For all thy might invincible,  
My father's massy spear hath now subdued

πατρὸς ἐμοῖο μέγ' ἔγχος, ὅπερ βροτὸς οὔτις ἀλύξει 215  
 ἡμῖν ἄντα μολὼν οὐδ' εἰ παγχάλκεος ἦεν."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐκ νέκνους περιμήκετον εἴρυσεν αἰχμὴν  
 ἐσσυμένως· Τρῶες δὲ μέγ' ἔτρεσαν εἰσορόωντες  
 ἀνέρα καρτερόθυμον· ὁ δ' αὐτίκα τεύχε' ἀπούρας  
 δῶκε θοοῖς ἐτάροισι φέρειν ποτὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν· 220  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐς θοὸν ἄρμα θορὼν καὶ ἀτειρέας ἵππους  
 ἦεν, οἷός τ' εἴσι δι' αἰθέρος ἀπλήτοιο  
 ἐκ Διὸς ἀκαμάτοιο σὺν ἀστεροπῇσι κεραυνός,  
 ὃν τε περιτρομέουσι καὶ ἀθάνατοι κατιόντα  
 νόσφι Διὸς μεγάλοιο, ὁ δ' ἐσσύμενος ποτὶ γαῖαν 225  
 δένδρεά τε ῥήγνυσι καὶ οὔρεα παιπαλόεντα·  
 ὥς ὁ θοῶς Τρῶεσσιν ἐπέσσυτο πῆμα κορύσσων·  
 δάμνατο δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος, ὅσους κίχον ἄμβροτοι  
 ἵπποι·

πλήθετο δὲ χθονὸς οὔδας, ἄδην δ' ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε μυρία φύλλα κατ' οὔρεος ἐν βήσσησι 230  
 ταρφέα πεπτηῶτα χυτὴν κατὰ γαῖαν ἐρέψῃ·  
 ὥς Τρώων τότε λαὸς ἀάσπετος ἐν χθονὶ κείμε  
 χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο καὶ Ἀργείων ἐριθύμων,  
 ὧν ἄπλετον μετὰ χερσὶν ὑπέρρεεν αἷμα κελαινὸν  
 ἀνδρῶν ἠδ' ἵππων· μάλα δ' ἄντυγες ἀμφ' ὀχέεσσι 235  
 κινύμεναι δεύοντο περὶ στροφάλιγξιν ἐῆσι.

Καί νύ κε Τρώιοι νῆες ἔσω πυλέων ἀφίκοντο,  
 πόρτιες εὔτε λέοντα φοβεύμεναι ἢ σῦες ὄμβρον,  
 εἰ μὴ Ἄρης ἀλεγεινὸς ἀρηγέμεναι μενεαίνων  
 Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισι κατήλυθεν Οὐλύμποιο 240  
 κρύβδ' ἄλλων μακάρων· φόρεον δέ μιν ἐς μόθον  
 ἵπποι

Αἴθων καὶ Φλόγιος, Κόναβος δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι Φόβος τε,  
 τοὺς Βορέη κελάδοντι τέκε βλοσυρῶπις Ἐριρινὺς



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Thee under me, that spear no man shall 'scape,  
Though he be brass all through, who faceth me."

He spake, and tore the long lance from the corse,  
While shrank the Trojans back in dread, at sight  
Of that strong-hearted man. Straightway he stripped  
The armour from the dead, for friends to bear  
Fast to the ships Achæan. But himself  
To the swift chariot and the tireless steeds  
Sprang, and sped onward like a thunderbolt  
That lightning-girdled leaps through the wide air  
From Zeus's hands unconquerable—the bolt  
Before whose downrush all the Immortals quail  
Save only Zeus. It rusheth down to earth,  
It rendeth trees and rugged mountain-crags ;  
So rushed he on the Trojans, flashing doom  
Before their eyes ; dashed to the earth they fell  
Before the charge of those immortal steeds :  
The earth was heaped with slain, was dyed with  
gore.

As when in mountain-glens the unnumbered leaves  
Down-streaming thick and fast hide all the ground,  
So hosts of Troy untold on earth were strewn  
By Neoptolemus and fierce-hearted Greeks,  
Shed by whose hands the blood in torrents ran  
'Neath feet of men and horses. Chariot-rails  
Were dashed with blood-spray whirled up from the  
tyres.

Now had the Trojans fled within their gates  
As calves that flee a lion, or as swine  
Flee from a storm—but murderous Ares came,  
Unmarked of other Gods, down from the heavens,  
Eager to help the warrior sons of Troy.  
Red-fire and Flame, Tumult and Panic-fear,  
His car-steeds, bare him down into the fight,  
The coursers which to roaring Boreas  
Grim-eyed Erinnys bare, coursers that breathed

πῦρ ὅλοδὸν πνείοντας· ὑπέστανε δ' αἰόλος αἰθὴρ  
 ἔσσυμένων ποτὶ δῆριν. ὁ δ' ὀτραλέως ἀφίκανεν 245  
 ἐς Τροίην· ὑπὸ δ' αἶα μέγ' ἔκτυπε θεσπεσίοισιν  
 ἵππων ἀμφὶ πόδεσσι· μολῶν δ' ἄγχιστα κυδοιμοῦ  
 πῆλε δόρυ βριαρόν· μέγα δ' ἴαχε Τρωσὶ κελεύων  
 ἀντιάαν δηίοισι κατὰ κλόνον· οἱ δ' αἶοντες  
 θεσπεσίην ὅπα πάντες ἐθάμβεον· οὐ γὰρ ἴδοντο 250  
 ἄμβροτον ἀθανάτοιο θεοῦ δέμας οὐδὲ μὲν ἵππους·  
 ἥερι γὰρ κεκάλυπτο· νόησε δὲ θέσκελον αὐδὴν  
 ἔκποθεν αἰτσοῦσαν ἄδην εἰς οὐατα Τρώων  
 ἀντιθεῖον Ἐλένοιο κλυτὸς νόος· ἐν δ' ἄρα θυμῷ  
 γήθησεν καὶ λαὸν ἀπεσσύμενον μέγ' αὖτει· 255  
 “ ἂ δειλοί, τί φέβεσθε φιλοπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος  
 νύεα θαρσαλέον; θνητός νύ τίς ἐστι καὶ αὐτός,  
 οὐδέ οἱ ἴσον Ἄρηι πέλει σθένος, ὃς μέγ' ἀρήγει  
 ἡμῖν ἐελδομένοισι· βοᾷ δ' ὃ γε μακρὰ κελεύων  
 μάρνασθ' Ἀργείοισι κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλ' ἄγε θυμῷ 260  
 τλῆτε φίλοι καὶ θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βάλεσθε·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἀμείνονα Τρωσὶν ὀϊόμαι ἄλλον ἰκέσθαι  
 ἀλκτῆρα πτολέμοιο· τί γὰρ ποτὶ δῆριν Ἄρης  
 λώιον, εὖτε βροτοῖσι κορυσσομένοις ἐπαμύνει;  
 ὃς νῦν ἡμῖν ἴκανε ἐπίρροθος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ 265  
 μνήσασθε πτολέμοιο, δέος δ' ἀπὸ νόσφι βάλεσθε.”  
 Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἴσταντο καταντίον Ἀργείοισιν·  
 ἡὔτ' ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι κύνες κατέναντα λύκοιο  
 φεύγοντες τὸ πάροιθε βίην τρέψωσι μάχεσθαι  
 ταρφέα μηλονόμοιο παροτρύνοντος ἔπασσιν· 270  
 ὥς ἄρα Τρώιοι νύες ἀνὰ μόθον αἶνον Ἄρης  
 δείματος ἐκτὸς ἔσαν· κατὰ δ' ἀντίον ἀνέρος ἀνὴρ  
 μάρνατο θαρσαλέως· περὶ δ' ἔκτυπεν ἔντεα φωτῶν  
 θεινόμενα ξιφέεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσι καὶ βελέεσσιν·  
 αἰχμαὶ δ' ἐς χροῶα δύνον· ἐδεύετο δ' αἵματι πολλῷ 275  
 δεινὸς Ἄρης· ὀλέκοντο δ' ἀνὰ μόθον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ  
 μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθε· μάχη δ' ἔχεν ἴσα τάλαντα.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Life-blasting flame : groaned all the shivering air,  
As battleward they sped. Swiftly he came  
To Troy : loud rang the earth beneath the feet  
Of that wild team. Into the battle's heart  
Tossing his massy spear, he came ; with a shout  
He cheered the Trojans on to face the foe.  
They heard, and marvelled at that wondrous cry,  
Not seeing the God's immortal form, nor steeds,  
Veiled in dense mist. But the wise prophet-soul  
Of Helenus knew the voice divine that leapt  
Unto the Trojans' ears, they knew not whence,  
And with glad heart to the fleeing host he cried :  
" O cravens, wherefore fear Achilles' son,  
Though ne'er so brave ? He is mortal even as we ;  
His strength is not as Ares' strength, who is come  
A very present help in our sore need.  
That was his shout far-pealing, bidding us  
Fight on against the Argives. Let your hearts  
Be strong, O friends : let courage fill your breasts.  
No mightier battle-helper can draw nigh  
To Troy than he. Who is of more avail  
For war than Ares, when he aideth men  
Hard-fighting ? Lo, to our help he cometh now !  
On to the fight ! Cast to the winds your fears ! "

They fled no more, they faced the Argive men,  
As hounds, that mid the copses fled at first,  
Turn them about to face and fight the wolf,  
Spurred by the chiding of their shepherd-lord :  
So turned the sons of Troy again to war,  
Casting away their fear. Man leapt on man  
Valiantly fighting ; loud their armour clashed  
Smitten with swords, with lances, and with darts.  
Spears plunged into men's flesh : dread Ares drank  
His fill of blood : struck down fell man on man,  
As Greek and Trojan fought. In level poise

ὥς δ' ὁπότε αἰζηοὶ μεγάλης ἀνὰ γουνὸν ἄλωῃς  
 ὄρχατον ἀμπελόεντα διατμήξωσι σιδήρῳ  
 σπερχόμενοι, τῶν δ' ἴσον ἀέξεται εἰς ἔριν ἔργον, 280  
 οὔνεκ' ἴσοι τελέθουσιν ὁμηλική τε βίη τε·  
 ὥς τῶν ἀμφοτέρωθε μάχης ἀλεγεινὰ τάλαντα  
 ἴσα πέλεν. Τρῶες γὰρ ὑπέρβιον ἐνθέμενοι κῆρ  
 μίμνον ἀταρβήτοιο πεποιθότες Ἄρεος ἀλκῇ,  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἄρα παιδὶ μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος. 285  
 κτεῖνον δ' ἀλλήλους· ὅλοη δ' ἀνὰ μέσσον Ἐνυὼ  
 στρωφᾷτ' ἀλγινόεντι λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένη ὦμους  
 καὶ χέρας· ἐκ δέ οἱ αἶνός ἀπὸ μέλεων ῥέειν ἰδρώς·  
 οὐδ' ἐτέροισιν ἄμυνεν, ἴση δ' ἐπετέρπετο χάρμη  
 ἄζομένη φρεσὶν ἧσι Θέτιν καὶ δῖον Ἄρηα. 290

Ἐνθα Νεοπτόλεμος τηλέκλειτον Περιμήδεα  
 δάμναθ', ὃς οἰκί' ἔναιε παρὰ Σμινθήιον ἄλσος·  
 τῷ δ' ἔπι Κέστρον ἔπεφνε μενεπτόλεμόν τε  
 Φάληρον

καὶ κρατερὸν Περίλαον εὐμμελίην τε Μενάλκην,  
 ὃν τέκετ' Ἰφιάνασσα παρὰ ζάθεον πόδα Κίλλης 295  
 τεχνήεντι Μέδοντι δαήμονι τεκτοσυνάων·  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οἴκοι ἔμιμνε φίλῃ ἐνὶ πατρίδι γαίῃ·  
 παιδὸς δ' οὐκ ἀπόνητο· δόμον δέ οἱ ἔργα τε πάντα  
 χηρωσταὶ μετόπισθεν ἀποφθιμένοιο δάσαντο.  
 Δηίφοβος δὲ Λυκῶνα μενεπτόλεμον κατέπεφνε 300  
 τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ βουβῶνα τυχών· περὶ δ' ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ  
 ἔγκατα πάντ' ἐχύθησαν· ὅλη δ' ἐξέσσυτο νηδύς.  
 Αἰνεΐας δὲ Δύμαντα κατέκτανεν, ὃς τὸ πάροιθεν  
 Αὐλίδα ναιετάασκε, συνέσπετο δ' Ἀρκεσιλάῳ  
 ἐς Τροίην· ἀλλ' οὔτι φίλῃν πάλιν ἔδρακε γαίαν. 305  
 Εὐρύαλος δ' ἐδάμασσε βαλὼν ἀλεγεινὸν ἄκοντα  
 Ἀστραῖον· τοῦ δ' αἶψα διὰ στέρνοιο ποτήθη  
 αἰχμὴ ἀνιερή, στομάχου δ' ἀπέκερσε κελεύθους  
 ἀνέρι κῆρα φέρουσα· μίγῃ δέ οἱ εἶδατα λύθρῳ.  
 τοῦ δ' ἄρα βαιὸν ἄπωθεν ἔλεν μεγάλθυμος Ἀγῆνωρ 310

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

The battle-balance hung. As when young men  
In hot haste prune a vineyard with the steel,  
And each keeps pace with each in rivalry,  
Since all in strength and age be equal-matched ;  
So did the awful scales of battle hang  
Level : all Trojan hearts beat high, and firm  
Stood they in trust on aweless Ares' might,  
While the Greeks trusted in Achilles' son.  
Ever they slew and slew : stalked through the  
midst

Deadly Enyo, her shoulders and her hands  
Blood-splashed, while fearful sweat streamed from  
her limbs.

Revelling in equal fight, she aided none,  
Lest Thetis' or the War-god's wrath be stirred.

Then Neoptolemus slew one far-renowned,  
Perimedes, who had dwelt by Smintheus' grove ;  
Next Cestrus died, Phalerus battle-staunch,  
Perilaus the strong, Menalcas lord of spears,  
Whom Iphianassa bare by the haunted foot  
Of Cilla to the cunning craftsman Medon.  
In the home-land afar the sire abode,  
And never kissed his son's returning head :  
For that fair home and all his cunning-works  
Did far-off kinsmen wrangle o'er his grave.  
Deiphobus slew Lycon battle-staunch :  
The lance-head pierced him close above the groin,  
And round the long spear all his bowels gushed out.  
Aeneas smote down Dymas, who erewhile  
In Aulis dwelt, and followed unto Troy  
Arcesilaus, and saw never more

The dear home-land. Euryalus hurled a dart,  
And through Astraëus' breast the death-winged point  
Flew, shearing through the breathways of man's life ;  
And all that lay within was drenched with blood.  
And hard thereby great-souled Agenor slew

Ἴππομένην, Τεύκροιο δαΐφρονος ἐσθλὸν ἐταῖρον,  
 τύψας ἐς κληῖδα θοῶς· σὺν δ' αἵματι θυμὸς  
 ἔκθορεν ἐκ μελέων· ὅλοή δέ μιν ἀμφεχύθη νύξ.  
 Τεύκρῳ δ' ἔμπεσε πένθος ἀποκταμένου ἐτάριοιο,  
 καὶ βάλεν ὠκὺν οἷστων Ἀγήνορος ἄντα ταυύσσας· 315  
 ἀλλὰ οἱ οὔτι τύχησεν ἀλευαμένου μάλα τυτθόν·  
 ἔμπεσε δ' ἐγγὺς ἐόντι δαΐφρονι Δηιοφόντῃ  
 λαιὸν ἐς ὀφθαλμόν, διὰ δ' οὔατος ἐξεπέρησε  
 δεξιτεροῦ, γλήνην δὲ διέτμαγεν, οὔνεκα Μοῖραι  
 ἀργαλέον βέλος ὥσαν ὅπῃ φίλον· ὅς δ' ἔτι ποσσὶν 320  
 ὀρθὸς ἀνασκαίρεσκε· βαλὼν δ' ὃ γε δεῦτερον ἰὸν  
 \* \* \* \* \*

λαιμῷ ἐπερροΐζησε· διέθρισε δ' αὐχένος ἵνας  
 ἄντικρυς ἀΐξας· τὸν δ' ἀργαλήν κίχῃ Μοῖρα.  
 Ἄλλος δ' ἄλλῳ τεύχε φόνον· κεχάροντο δὲ  
 Κῆρες

καὶ Μόρος, ἀλγινόεσσα δ' Ἐρίς μέγα μαιμώωσα 325  
 ἥϋσεν μάλα μακρόν, Ἄρης δὲ οἱ ἀντεβόησε  
 σμερδαλέον, Τρώεσσι δ' ἐνέπνευσεν μέγα θάρσος,  
 Ἀργείοισι δὲ φύζαν, ἄφαρ δ' ἐλέλιξε φάλαγγας.  
 ἀλλ' οὐχ υἷα φόβησεν Ἀχιλλέος· ἀλλ' ὃ γε μίμνων  
 μάρνατο θαρσαλέως, ἐπὶ δ' ἔκτανεν ἄλλον ἐπ'  
 ἄλλῳ· 330

ὥς δ' ὅτε τις μυῖησι περὶ γλάγος ἐρχομένησι  
 χεῖρα περιρρίψῃ κοῦρος νέος, αἰ δ' ὑπὸ πληγῇ  
 τυτθῇ δαμνάμεναι σχεδὸν ἄγγεος<sup>1</sup> ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαι  
 θυμὸν ἀποπνέουσιν, πάϊς δ' ἐπιτέρπεται ἔργῳ·  
 ὥς ἄρα φαίδιμος υἱὸς ἀμειλίκτου Ἀχιλλῆος 335  
 γήθεεν ἀμφὶ νέκυσσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγιζεν Ἄρης  
 Τρῶσιν ἐποτρύνοντος· ἐτίνυτο δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον  
 λαοῦ ἐπαΐσσοντος· ὅπως δ' ἀνέμοιο θυέλλας  
 μίμνη ἐπεσσυμένας ὄρεος μεγάλοιο κολῶνῃ,  
 ὥς ἄρα μίμνεν ἄτρεστος. Ἄρης δὲ οἱ ἐμμεμαῶτι 340

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, ex P.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Hippomenes, hero Teucer's comrade staunch,  
With one swift thrust 'twixt shoulder and neck: his  
soul  
Rushed forth in blood; death's night swept over  
him.

Grief for his comrade slain on Teucer fell;  
He strained his bow, a swift-winged shaft he sped,  
But smote him not, for slightly Agenor swerved.  
Yet nigh him Deïophontes stood; the shaft  
Into his left eye plunged, passed through the ball,  
And out through his right ear, because the Fates  
Whither they willed thrust on the bitter barbs.  
Even as in agony he leapt full height,  
Yet once again the archer's arrow hissed:  
It pierced his throat, through the neck-sinews cleft  
Unswerving, and his hard doom came on him.

So man to man dealt death; and joyed the Fates  
And Doom, and fell Strife in her maddened glee  
Shouted aloud, and Ares terribly  
Shouted in answer, and with courage thrilled  
The Trojans, and with panic fear the Greeks,  
And shook their reeling squadrons. But one man  
He scared not, even Achilles' son; he abode,  
And fought undaunted, slaying foes on foes.  
As when a young lad sweeps his hand around  
Flies swarming over milk, and nigh the bowl  
Here, there they lie, struck dead by that light touch,  
And gleefully the child still plies the work;  
So stern Achilles' glorious scion joyed  
Over the slain, and recked not of the God  
Who spurred the Trojans on: man after man  
Tasted his vengeance of their charging host.  
Even as a giant mountain-peak withstands  
On-rushing hurricane-blasts, so he abode  
Unquailing. Ares at his eager mood

χώετο, καί οἱ ἔμελλεν ἐναντία δηριάασθαι  
 αὐτὸς ἀπορρίψας ἱερὸν νέφος, εἰ μὴ Ἀθήνη  
 ἔκποθεν Οὐλύμποιο θόρεν ποτὶ δάσκιον Ἰδην·  
 ἔτρεμε δὲ χθὼν διὰ καὶ ἡχήεντα ῥέεθρα  
 Ξάνθου· τόσσον ἔσεισε· δέος δ' ἀμφέκλασε θυμὸν 345  
 Νυμφάων, φοβέοντο δ' ὑπὲρ Πριάμοιο πόληος·  
 τεύχεσι δ' ἀμβροσίοισι περὶ στεροπαὶ ποτέοντο·  
 σμερδαλέοι δὲ δράκοντες ἀπ' ἀσπίδος ἀκαμάτοιο  
 πῦρ ἄμοτον πνεῖσκον· ἄνω δ' ἔψαυε νέφεσσι  
 θεσπεσίῃ τρυφάλεια· θοῶ δ' ἤμελλεν Ἀρηι 350  
 μάρνασθ' ἐσσυμένως, εἰ μὴ Διὸς ἡὺ νόημα  
 ἀμφοτέρους ἐφόβησεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος αἰπυινεῖο  
 βροντήσας ἀλεγεινόν· Ἀρης δ' ἀπεχάζετο χάρμης·  
 δὴ γάρ οἱ μεγάλοιο Διὸς διεφαίνετο θυμός·  
 ἵκετο δ' ἐς Θρήκην δυσχείμερον, οὐδ' ἔτι Τρώων 355  
 μέμβλετό οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ὑπέρβιον· οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλὴ  
 Παλλὰς ἔτ' ἐν πεδίῳ Τρώων μένεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ  
 ἰξεν Ἀθηναίων ἱερὸν πέδον· οἱ δ' ἔτι χάρμης  
 μνώοντ' οὐλομένης· δεύοντο δὲ Τρώιοι υἱες 360  
 ἀλκῆς· Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ' ἰέμενοι πολέμοιο  
 χαζομένοισιν ἔποντο κατ' ἵχνιον, ἡὺτ' ἀῆται  
 νήεσιν ἐσσυμένης ὑπὸ λαίφεσιν εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα  
 ὄβριμον, ἣ θάμνοισι πυρὸς μένος, ἣ κεμάδεσσιν  
 ὀτρηροὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι κύρες λελιημένοι ἄγρης·  
 ὥς Δαναοὶ δηίοισιν ἐπήμιον, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοὺς 365  
 υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος μεγάλῳ δορὶ θαρσύνεσκε  
 κτείνων ὃν κε κίχῃσι κατὰ κλόνον· οἱ δ' ἐπὶ φύζαν  
 χασσάμενοι κατέδυσαν ἐς ὑψίπυλον πτολίεθρον.  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀνέπνευσαν πολέμοιο  
 ἔλσαντες Πριάμοιο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔθνεα Τρώων, 370  
 ἄρνας ὅπως σταθμοῖσιν ἐπ' οἰοπόλοισι νομῆες·  
 ὥς δ' ὀπὸτ' ἀμπνεύωσι βόες μέγα κεκμηῶτες

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Grew wroth, and would have cast his veil of cloud  
Away, and met him face to face in fight,  
But now Athena from Olympus swooped  
To forest-mantled Ida. Quaked the earth  
And Xanthus' murmuring streams ; so mightily  
She shook them : terror-stricken were the souls  
Of all the Nymphs, adread for Priam's town.  
From her immortal armour flashed around  
The hovering lightnings ; fearful serpents breathed  
Fire from her shield invincible ; the crest  
Of her great helmet swept the clouds. And now  
She was at point to close in sudden fight  
With Ares ; but the mighty will of Zeus  
Daunted them both, from high heaven thundering  
His terrors. Ares drew back from the war,  
For manifest to him was Zeus's wrath.  
To wintry Thrace he passed ; his haughty heart  
Recked no more of the Trojans. In the plain  
Of Troy no more stayed Pallas ; she was gone  
To hallowed Athens. But the armies still  
Strove in the deadly fray ; and fainted now  
The Trojans' prowess ; but all battle-fain  
The Argives pressed on these as they gave ground.  
As winds chase ships that fly with straining sails  
On to the outsea—as on forest-brakes  
Leapeth the fury of flame—as swift hounds drive  
Deer through the mountains, eager for the prey,  
So did the Argives chase them : Achilles' son  
Still cheered them on, still slew with that great  
spear

Whomso he overtook. On, on they fled  
Till into stately-gated Troy they poured.

Then had the Argives a short breathing-space  
From war, when they had penned the hosts of Troy  
In Priam's burg, as shepherds pen up lambs  
Upon a lonely steading. And, as when

ἄχθος ἀνειρύσαντες ἄνω ποτὶ δύσβατον ἄκρην  
 πυκνὸν ἀνασθμαίνοντες ὑπὸ ζυγόν· ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἄμπνεον ἐν τεύχεσσι κεκμηκότες. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργους 375  
 μάρνασθαι μεμαῶτες ἐκυκλώσαντο πόλιν·  
 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἐῆσι πύλῃσιν ἐπειρύσαντες ὀχῆας  
 ἐν τείχεσιν ἔμιμνον ἐπεσσυμένων μένος ἀνδρῶν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε μηλοβοτῆρες ἐνὶ σταθμοῖσι μένωσι 380  
 λαίλαπα κυανέην, ὅτε χείματος ἡμαρ ἵκηται  
 λάβρον ὁμοῦ στεροπῇσι καὶ ὕδατι καὶ νιφάδεσσι  
 τάρφέσιν, οἱ δὲ μάλ' οὔτι λιλαιόμενοί περ ἰκέσθαι  
 ἐς νομὸν αἴσσουσιν, ἄχρὶς μέγα λωφῆσειε  
 χεῖμα καὶ εὐρύποροι ποταμοὶ μεγάλα βρομέοντες·  
 ὥς οἳ γ' ἐν τείχεσσι μένον τρομέοντες ὁμοκλῆν 385  
 δυσμενέων· λαοὶ δὲ θοῶς ἐπέχυντο πόλιν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅποτε ψῆρες τανυσίπτεροι ἢ ἐκολοιοὶ  
 καρπῷ ἐλαϊνέῳ θαμέες περὶ πάγχυ πέσσωσι  
 βρώμης ἰέμενοι θυμηδέος, οὐδ' ἄρα τοὺς γε  
 αἰζηοὶ βοῶντες ἀποτρωπῶσι φέβεσθαι, 390  
 πρὶν φαγέειν, λιμὸς γὰρ ἀναιδέα θυμὸν ἀέξει·  
 ὥς Δαναοὶ Πριάμοιο τότε ἄμφεχέοντο πόλιν  
 ὄβριμοι· ἐν δὲ πύλῃσι πέσον μεμαῶτες ἐρύσσαι  
 ἔργον ἀπειρέσιον κρατερόφρονος Ἐννοσιγαίου.

Τρῶες δ' οὐ λήθοντο μάχης μάλα περ δεδιῶτες, 395  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς πύργοισιν ἐφεσταότες πονέοντο  
 νωλεμές· ἰοὶ δ' αἰὲν εὐδμήτων<sup>1</sup> ἀπὸ τειχέων  
 θρώσκον ὁμῶς λάεσσι καὶ αἰγανέῃσι θοῇσι  
 δυσμενέων ἐς ὄμιλον, ἐπεὶ σφισι τλήμονα Φοῖβος  
 ἦκε βίην· ἔτι γάρ οἱ ἀμύνειν ἤθελε θυμὸς 400  
 Τρῶσιν εὐπτολέμοισι καὶ Ἐκτορος οἰχομένοιο.

Ἐνθ' ἄρα Μηριόνης στυγερόν προέηκε βέλεμνον  
 καὶ βάλε Φυλοδάμαντα φίλον κρατεροῖο Πολίτεω

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for θεοδμήτων.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

After hard strain, a breathing-space is given  
To oxen that, quick-panting 'neath the yoke,  
Up a steep hill have dragged a load, so breathed  
Awhile the Achaeans after toil in arms.  
Then once more hot for the fray did they beset  
The city-towers. But now with gates fast barred  
The Trojans from the walls withstood the assault.  
As when within their steading shepherd-folk  
Abide the lowering tempest, when a day  
Of storm hath dawned, with fury of lightnings, rain  
And heavy-drifting snow, and dare not haste  
Forth to the pasture, howsoever fain,  
Till the great storm abate, and rivers, wide  
With rushing floods, again be passable ;  
So trembling on their walls they abode the rage  
Of foes against their ramparts surging fast.  
And as when daws or starlings drop in clouds  
Down on an orchard-close, full fain to feast  
Upon its pleasant fruits, and take no heed  
Of men that shout to scare them thence away,  
Until the reckless hunger be appeased  
That makes them bold ; so poured round Priam's burg  
The furious Danaans. Against the gates  
They hurled themselves, they strove to batter down  
The mighty-souled Earth-shaker's work divine.

Yet did the Troyfolk not, despite their fear,  
Flinch from the fight : they manned their towers,  
they toiled

Unresting : ever from the fair-built walls  
Leapt arrows, stones, and fleet-winged javelins down  
Amidst the thronging foes ; for Phoebus thrilled  
Their souls with steadfast hardihood. Fain was he  
To save them still, though Hector was no more.

Then Meriones shot forth a deadly shaft,  
And smote Phylodamas, Polites' friend,

τυτθὸν ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο· πάγη δ' ὑπὸ λαιμὸν οἷστός.  
 κάππεσε δ' αἰγυπιῶ ἐναλίγκιος, ὃν τ' ἀπὸ πέτρης 405  
 ἰῶ εὐγλώχινι βαλὼν αἰζήος ὀλέσση·  
 ὥς ὁ θοῶς πύργοιο κατήριπεν αἰπεινοῖο·  
 γυῖα δέ οἱ λίπε θυμός· ἐπέβραχε δ' ἔντεα νεκρῷ.  
 τῷ δ' ἐπικαγαλόμενος υἱὸς κρατεροῖο Μόλοιο  
 ἄλλον ἀφήκεν οἷστον ἐελδόμενος μέγα θυμῷ 410  
 νῖα βαλεῖν Πριάμοιο πολυτλήτοιο Πολίτην·  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν αἰψ' ἀλέεινε παρακλίνας ἐτέρωσε  
 ὃν δέμας, οὐδέ οἱ ἰὸς ἐπὶ χροῖα καλὸν ἵαψεν·  
 ὥς δ' ὅθ' ἄλως κατὰ βένθος ἐπείγομένης νεὸς οὐρῷ  
 ναύτης παιπαλόεσσαν ἰδὼν ἐν χεύματι πέτρην 415  
 νῆα παρατρέψῃ λελημένος ἐξυπαλύξαι  
 χειρὶ παρακλίνας οἰήιον, ἧχί ἐ θυμὸς  
 ὀτρύνει, τυτθὴ δὲ βίῃ μέγα πῆμ' ἀπερύκει·  
 ὥς ἄρ' ὃ γε προῖδων ὀλοὸν βέλος ἔκφυγε πότμον.

Οἱ δ' αἰεὶ μύρναντο· λύθρῳ δ' ἐρυθαίνετο τείχη 420  
 πύργοι θ' ὑψηλοὶ καὶ ἐπάλξιες, ἧχί τε Τρῶες  
 ἰοῖσι κτείνοντο πολυσθενέων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν·  
 οὐδὲ μὲν οἷ γ' ἀπάνευθε πόνων ἔσαν, ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ  
 τῶν

πολλοὶ γαῖαν ἔρευθον· ὀρώρει δ' αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος  
 βαλλομένων ἐκάτερθε· λυγρὴ δ' ἐπετέρπετ' Ἐννῶ 425  
 δῆριν ἐπικλονέουσα κασιγνήτῃ Πολέμοιο.

Καί νύ κε δὴ ῥήξαντο πύλας καὶ τείχεα Τροίης  
 Ἀργεῖοι, μάλα γάρ σφιν ἀάσπετον ἔπλετο κάρτος,  
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αἰψ' ἐβόησεν ἀγακλειτὸς Γανυμήδης  
 οὐρανοῦ ἔκκατιδών· μάλα γὰρ περιδείδιε πάτρης· 430  
 “Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἰ ἐτέον γε τεῆς ἕξ εἰμι γενέθλης,  
 σῆσι δ' ὑπ' ἐννεσίῃσι λιπὼν ἐρικυδέα Τροίην<sup>1</sup>  
 εἰμὶ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι, πέλει δέ μοι ἄμβροτος αἰὼν,  
 τῷ μεν νῦν ἐσάκουσον ἀκηχεμένου μέγα θυμῷ·  
 οὐ γὰρ τλήσομαι ἄστνυ καταιθόμενον προσιδέσθαι 435

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, ex V. P.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Beneath the jaw ; the arrow pierced his throat.  
Down fell he like a vulture, from a rock  
By fowler's barbèd arrow shot and slain ;  
So from the high tower swiftly down he fell :  
His life fled ; clanged his armour o'er the corpse.  
With laughter of triumph stalwart Molus' son  
A second arrow sped, with strong desire  
To smite Polites, ill-starred Priam's son :  
But with a swift side-swerve did he escape  
The death, nor did the arrow touch his flesh.  
As when a shipman, as his bark flies on  
O'er sea-gulfs, spies amid the rushing tide  
A rock, and to escape it swiftly puts  
The helm about, and turns aside the ship  
Even as he listeth, that a little strength  
Averts a great disaster ; so did he  
Foresee and shun the deadly shaft of doom.

Ever they fought on ; walls, towers, battlements  
Were blood-besprent, wherever Trojans fell  
Slain by the arrows of the stalwart Greeks.  
Yet these escaped not scatheless ; many of them  
Dyed the earth red : aye waxed the havoc of death  
As friends and foes were stricken. O'er the strife  
Shouted for glee Enyo, sister of War.

Now had the Argives burst the gates, had breached  
The walls of Troy, for boundless was their might ;  
But Ganymedes saw from heaven, and cried,  
Anguished with fear for his own fatherland :  
“ O Father Zeus, if of thy seed I am,  
If at thine hest I left far-famous Troy  
For immortality with deathless Gods,  
O hear me now, whose soul is anguish-thrilled !  
I cannot bear to see my fathers' town

οὐδ' ἄρ' ἀπολλυμένην γενεὴν ἐν δηιοτῇτι  
 λευγαλέῃ, τῆς οὐ τι χερείοτερον πέλει ἄλγος·  
 σοὶ δὲ καὶ εἰ μέμονε κραδίη τάδε μηχανάασθαι,  
 ἔρξουν ἐμεῦ ἄπο νόσφιν· ἐλαφρότερον δέ μοι ἄλγος  
 ἔσσεται, ἣν μὴ ἔγωγε μετ' ὄμμασιν οἴσιν ἴδωμαι· 440  
 κεῖνο γὰρ οἴκτιστον καὶ κύντατον, ὅπποτε πάτρην  
 δυσμενέων παλάμησιν ἐρειπομένην τις ἴδῃται."

Ἡ ῥα μέγα στενάχων Γανυμήδεος ἀγλαὸν ἦτορ.  
 καὶ τότε ἄρα Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀπειρεσίοις νεφέεσσι  
 νωλεμέως ἐκάλυψε κλυτὴν Πριάμοιο πόλιν· 445  
 ἠχλύνθη δὲ μάχη φθισίμβροτος· οὐδέ τις ἀνδρῶν  
 ἐξιδέειν ἐπὶ τείχος ἔτ' ἔσθενεν, ἦχι τέτυκτο·  
 ταρφέσι γὰρ νεφέεσσι διηνεκέως κεκάλυπτο·  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα βρονταί τε καὶ ἀστεροπαὶ κτυπέοντο  
 οὐρανόθεν. Δαναοὶ δὲ Διὸς κτύπον εἰσαΐοντες 450  
 θάμβεον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσι μέγ' ἴαχε Νηλέος υἱός·  
 "ὦ κλυτοὶ Ἀργείων σημάντορες, οὐκέτι νῶιν  
 ἔσσεται ἔμπεδα γυῖα Διὸς μέγα θαρσαλέοισι  
 Τρωσὶν ἀμύνοντος· μάλα γὰρ μέγα πῆμα κυλίνδει  
 ἡμῖν· ἀλλ' ἄγε θᾶσσον ἕως ἐπὶ νῆας ἰόντες 455  
 παυσώμεσθα πόνοιο καὶ ἀργαλέοιο κυδοιμοῦ,  
 μὴ δὴ πάντας ἐνιπρήσῃ μάλα περ μενεαίνων.  
 τοῦ νῦν μὲν τεράεσσι πιθώμεθα· τῷ γὰρ ἔοικε  
 πάντας αἰεὶ πεπιθέσθαι, ἐπεὶ μάλα φέρτατός ἐστιν  
 ἰφθίμων τε θεῶν ὀλιγοσθενέων τ' ἀνθρώπων· 460  
 καὶ γὰρ Τιτῆνεςσιν ὑπερφιάλοισι χολωθεῖς  
 οὐρανόθεν κατέχευε πυρὸς μένος· ἡ δ' ὑπένερθε  
 καίετο πάντοθε γαῖα, καὶ ὠκεανοῦ πλατὺ χεῦμα  
 ἔξεεν ἐκ βυσσοῖο καὶ ἐς πέρατ' ἄχρῃς ἰκέσθαι·  
 καὶ ποταμῶν τέρσοντο ῥοαὶ μάλα μακρὰ ρέοντων· 465  
 δάμνατο δ' ὅπποσα φύλα φερέσβιος ἔτρεφε γαῖα  
 ἡδ' ὅσα πόντος ἔφερβεν ἀπείριτος ἡδ' ὅπός' ὕδωρ -  
 ἀενάων ποταμῶν· ἐπὶ δὲ σφισιν ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ  
 τέφρῃ ὑπεκρύφθη καὶ λιγνύϊ· τείρετο δὲ χθών·  
 376

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

In flames, my kindred in disastrous strife  
Perishing : bitterer sorrow is there none !  
Oh, if thine heart is fixed to do this thing,  
Let me be far hence ! Less shall be my grief  
If I behold it not with these mine eyes.  
That is the depth of horror and of shame  
To see one's country wrecked by hands of foes."

With groans and tears so pleaded Ganymede.  
Then Zeus himself with one vast pall of cloud  
Veiled all the city of Priam world-renowned ;  
And all the murderous fight was drowned in mist,  
And like a vanished phantom was the wall  
In vapours heavy-hung no eye could pierce ;  
And all around crashed thunders, lightnings flamed  
From heaven. The Danaans heard Zeus' clarion peal  
Awe-struck ; and Neleus' son cried unto them :  
" Far-famous lords of Argives, all our strength  
Palsied shall be, while Zeus protecteth thus  
Our foes. A great tide of calamity  
On us is rolling ; haste we then to the ships ;  
Cease we awhile from bitter toil of strife,  
Lest the fire of his wrath consume us all.  
Submit we to his portents ; needs must all  
Obey him ever, who is mightier far  
Than all strong Gods, all weakling sons of men.  
On the presumptuous Titans once in wrath  
He poured down fire from heaven : then burned all  
earth

Beneath, and Ocean's world-engirdling flood  
Boiled from its depths, yea, to its utmost bounds :  
Far-flowing mighty rivers were dried up :  
Perished all broods of life-sustaining earth,  
All fosterlings of the boundless sea, and all  
Dwellers in rivers : smoke and ashes veiled  
The air : earth fainted in the fervent heat.

τοῦνεκ' ἐγὼ δείδοικα Διὸς μένος ἡματι τῷδε. 470  
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν ποτὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγει  
 σήμερον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα καὶ ἡμῖν κῦδος ὀρέξει·  
 ἄλλοτε γάρ τε φίλη πέλει ἡώς, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐχθρή·  
 καὶ δ' οὔπω δὴ μοῖρα διαπραθέειν κλυτὸν ἄστυ,  
 εἰ ἐτεὸν Κάλχαντος ἐτήτυμος ἔπλετο μῦθος 475  
 τὸν ῥα πάρος κατέλεξεν ὀμηγερέεσσιν Ἀχαιοῖς  
 δηῶσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν δεκάτῳ ἐνιαυτῷ."

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἀπάνευθε περικλυτὸν ἄστυ  
 λιπόντες

χάσσαντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο Διὸς τρομέοντες ὀμοκλήν·  
 ἀνέρι γὰρ πεπίθοντο παλαιῶν ἱστορί μύθων. 480  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀμέλησαν ἀποκταμένων ἐνὶ χάρμῃ·  
 ἀλλὰ σφεας τάρχυσαν ἀπὸ πτολέμου ἐρύσαντες·  
 οὐ γὰρ δὴ κείνους νέφος ἄμφεχεν, ἀλλὰ πόληα  
 ὑψηλὴν καὶ τεῖχος ἀνέμβατον, ᾧ πέρα πολλοὶ  
 Τρώων νῆες Ἄρηι καὶ Ἀργείων ἐδάμησαν. 485  
 ἐλθόντες δ' ἐπὶ νῆας ἀρήια τεύχεα θέντο,  
 καὶ ῥα κόνιν καὶ ἰδρῶτα λύθρον τ' ἀποφαι-  
 δρύναντο

κύμασιν ἐμβεβαῶτες εὐρρόου Ἑλλησπόντου.

Ἡέλιος δ' ἀκάμαντας ὑπὸ ζόφον ἤλασεν ἵππους·  
 νύξ δ' ἐχύθη περὶ γαῖαν, ἀπέτραπε δ' ἀνέρας  
 ἔργων. 490

Ἀργεῖοι δ' Ἀχιλλῆος εὐπτολέμου θρασὺν νῆα  
 ἴσα τοκῇ τίεσκον· ὁ δ' ἐν κλισίῃσιν ἀνάκτων  
 daίνυντο καγχαλόων· κάματος δέ μιν οὔτι βάρυνεν,  
 οὔνεκά οἱ στονόεντα Θέτις μελεδήματα γυνίων  
 ἐξέλετ', ἀκμήτῳ δ' ἐναλίγκιον εἰσοράασθαι 495  
 τεῦξεν· ὁ δ' ἐκ δόρποιο κορεσσάμενος κρατερὸν κῆρ  
 ἐς κλισίην ἀφίκανεν ἐοῦ πατρός, ἔνθα οἱ ὕπνος

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Therefore this day I dread the might of Zeus.  
Now, pass we to the ships, since for to-day  
He helpeth Troy. To us too shall he grant  
Glory hereafter ; for the dawn on men,  
Though whiles it frown, anon shall smile. Not yet,  
But soon, shall Fate lead us to smite yon town,  
If true indeed was Calchas' prophecy  
Spoken aforetime to the assembled Greeks,  
That in the tenth year Priam's burg should fall."

Then left they that far-famous town, and turned  
From war, in awe of Zeus's threatenings,  
Harkening to one with ancient wisdom wise.  
Yet they forgot not friends in battle slain,  
But bare them from the field and buried them.  
These the mist hid not, but the town alone  
And its unscaleable wall, around which fell  
Trojans and Argives many in battle slain.  
So came they to the ships, and put from them  
Their battle-gear, and strode into the waves  
Of Hellespont fair-flowing, and washed away  
All stain of dust and sweat and clotted gore.

The sun drove down his never-wearying steeds  
Into the dark west : night streamed o'er the earth,  
Bidding men cease from toil. The Argives then  
Acclaimed Achilles' valiant son with praise  
High as his father's. Mid triumphant mirth  
He feasted in kings' tents : no battle-toil  
Had wearied him ; for Thetis from his limbs  
Had charmed all ache of travail, making him  
As one whom labour had no power to tire.  
When his strong heart was satisfied with meat,  
He passed to his father's tent, and over him  
Sleep's dews were poured. The Greeks slept in the  
plain

ἀμφεχύθη· Δαναοὶ δὲ νεῶν προπάροιθεν ἵανον  
 αἰὲν ἀμειβόμενοι φυλακάς· φοβέοντο γὰρ αἰνῶς,  
 Τρώων μή ποτε λαὸς ἢ ἀγχεμάχων ἐπικούρων 500  
 νῆας ἐνιπρήσῃ, νόστου δ' ἀπὸ πάντας ἀμέρσῃ.  
 ὥς δ' αὖτως Πριάμοιο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔθνεα Τρώων  
 ἀμφὶ πύλας καὶ τεῖχος ἀμοιβαδὸν ὑπνώεσκον  
 Ἀργείων στονόεσσαν ὑποτρομέοντες ὁμοκλήν.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Before the ships, by ever-changing guards  
Watched ; for they dreaded lest the host of Troy,  
Or of her staunch allies, should kindle flame  
Upon the ships, and from them all cut off  
Their home-return. In Priam's burg the while  
By gate and wall men watched and slept in turn,  
Adread to hear the Argives' onset-shout.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΝΝΑΤΟΣ.

Ἦμος δ' ἦνυτο νυκτὸς ἄπο κνέφας, ἔγρετο δ' Ἠὼς  
 ἐκ περάτων, μάρμαιρε δ' ἀπείριτον ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,  
 δὴ τότε ἄρήιοι υἱες εὖσθενέων Ἀργείων  
 ἀμ πεδίον πάπταινον, ἴδοντο δὲ Ἰλίου ἄκρην  
 ἀννέφελον, χθιζὸν δὲ τέρας μέγα θαυμάζεσκον. 5

Τρῶες δ' οὐκέτ' ἔφαντο πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοῖο  
 στήμεναι ἐν πολέμῳ· μάλα γὰρ δέος ἔλλαβε  
 πάντας

ζῶειν ἐλπομένους ἐρικυδέα Πηλεΐωνα.<sup>1</sup> 7a

Ἀντήνωρ δ' ἐν τοῖσι θεῶν ἠρήσατ' ἄνακτι·

“ Ζεῦ, Ἰδης μεδέων ἡδ' οὐρανοῦ αἰγλήεντος,  
 κλυθὶ μὲν εὐχομένοιο, καὶ ὄβριμον ἄνδρα πόληος 10

τρέψον ἀφ' ἡμετέρης ὁλοᾷ φρεσὶ μητιόωντα,

εἴγ' ὃ γ' Ἀχιλλεύς ἐστι καὶ οὐ κίε δῶμ' Αἶδαο,

εἴτε τις ἄλλος Ἀχαιὸς ἀλίγκιος ἀνέρι κείνῳ·

λαοὶ γὰρ κατὰ ἄστυ θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο

πολλοὶ ἀποφθινύθουσι, κακοῦ δ' οὐ γίνετ' ἐρωή, 15

ἀλλὰ φόνος τε καὶ οἶτος ἐπὶ πλέον αἰὲν ἀέξει·

Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐδέ νυ σοί τι δαΐζομένων ὑπ' Ἀχαιοῖς

μέμβλεται, ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ σὺ λελασμένος υἱὸς ἐοῖο

Δαρδάνου ἀντιθέοιο μέγ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀρήγεις.

ἀλλὰ σοὶ εἰ τόδε θυμὸς ἐνὶ κραδίῃ μενεαίνει, 20

<sup>1</sup> Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.

## BOOK IX

*How from his long lone exile returned to the war  
Philoctetes*

WHEN ended was night's darkness, and the Dawn  
Rose from the world's verge, and the wide air  
glowed

With splendour, then did Argos' warrior-sons  
Gaze o'er the plain; and lo, all cloudless-clear  
Stood Ilium's towers. The marvel of yesterday  
Seemed a strange dream. No thought the Trojans  
had

Of standing forth to fight without the wall.

A great fear held them thralls, the awful thought  
That yet alive was Peleus' glorious son.

But to the King of Heaven Antenor cried:

"Zeus, Lord of Ida and the starry sky,  
Hearken my prayer! Oh turn back from our town  
That battle-eager murderous-hearted man,  
Be he Achilles who hath not passed down  
To Hades, or some other like to him.

For now in heaven-descended Priam's burg  
By thousands are her people perishing:

No respite cometh from calamity:

Murder and havoc evermore increase.

O Father Zeus, thou carest not though we  
Be slaughtered of our foes: thou helpest them,  
Forgetting thy son, godlike Dardanus!

But, if this be the purpose of thine heart

Τρῶας ὑπ' Ἀργείοισιν οἰζυρῶς ἀπολέσσαι,  
ἔρξον ἄφαρ, μῆδ' ἄμμι πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα τεύχε·”

Ἡ ῥα μέγ' εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἔκλυεν οὐρανόθι  
Ζεὺς·

καὶ τὸ μὲν αἰψ' ἐτέλεσσε, τὸ δ' οὐκ ἤμελλε  
τελέσσειν·

25

δὴ γάρ οἱ κατένευσεν, ὅπως ἀπὸ πολλοὶ ὄλωνται  
Τρῶες ὁμῶς τεκέεσσι, δαΐφρονα δ' υἷ' Ἀχιλῆος  
τρεψέμεν οὐ κατένευσεν ἀπ' εὐρυχόροιο πόλης,  
ἀλλὰ ἐμᾶλλον ἔγειρεν, ἐπεὶ νύ ἐθυμὸς ἀνώγει  
ἦρα φέρειν καὶ κῦδος εὐφρονι Νηρηίην.

30

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ὥρμαινε θεῶν μέγα φέρτατος  
ἄλλων.

μεσσηγὺς δὲ πόλης ἰδ' εὐρέος Ἑλλησπόντου  
Ἀργεῖοι καὶ Τρῶες ἀποκταμένους ἐνὶ χάρμῃ  
καῖον ὁμῶς ἵπποισι· μάχῃ δ' ἐπέπαυτο φόνοιο,  
οὐνεκα δὴ Πριάμοιο βίη κήρυκα Μενόιτην  
εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα πέμψε καὶ ἄλλους πάντας  
Ἀχαιοὺς

35

λισσόμενος νέκυας πυρὶ καίεμεν· οἱ δ' ἐπίθοντο  
αἰδόμενοι κταμένους· οὐ γάρ σφισι μῆνις ὀπηδεῖ.  
ἦμος δὲ φθιμένοισι πυρὰς ἐκάμοντο θαμειάς,  
δὴ τότε ἄρ' Ἀργεῖοι μὲν ἐπὶ κλισίας ἀφίκοντο,  
Τρῶες δ' ἐς Πριάμοιο πολυχρύσοιο μέλαθρα,  
ἀχνύμενοι μάλα πολλὰ δεδουπότος Εὐρυπύλοιο·  
τὸν γὰρ δὴ τίεσκον ἴσον Πριάμοιο τέκεσσι·  
τοῦνεκά μιν τάρχυσαν ἀποκταμένων ἐκὰς ἄλλων  
Δαρδανίης προπάρουθε πύλης, ὅθι μακρὰ ῥέεθρα

45

\* \* \* \* \*

δινῆεις προΐησιν ἀεξόμενος Διὸς ὄμβρω.

Τίος δ' αὐτ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀταρβέος ἵκετο πατρός  
τύμβον ἐς εὐρώεντα· κύσειν δ' ὃ γε δάκρυα χεύων  
στήλην εὐποίητον ἀποφθιμένοιο τοκῆος·  
καὶ ῥα περιστενάχων τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπε·

50

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

That Argives shall destroy us wretchedly,  
Now do it : draw not out our agony ! ”

In passionate prayer he cried ; and Zeus from  
heaven

Harkened, and hastened on the end of all,  
Which else he had delayed. He granted him  
This awful boon, that myriads of Troy's sons  
Should with their children perish : but that prayer  
He granted not, to turn Achilles' son  
Back from the wide-wayed town ; nay, all the more  
He enkindled him to war, for he would now  
Give grace and glory to the Nereid Queen.

So purposed he, of all Gods mightiest.  
But now between the city and Hellespont  
Were Greeks and Trojans burning men and steeds  
In battle slain, while paused the murderous strife.  
For Priam sent his herald Menoetes forth  
To Agamemnon and the Achæan chiefs,  
Asking a truce wherein to burn the dead ;  
And they, of reverence for the slain, gave ear ;  
For wrath pursueth not the dead. And when  
They had lain their slain on those close-thronging  
pyres,

Then did the Argives to their tents return,  
And unto Priam's gold-abounding halls  
The Trojans, for Eurypylus sorrowing sore :  
For even as Priam's sons they honoured him.  
Therefore apart from all the other slain,  
Before the Gate Dardanian—where the streams  
Of eddying Xanthus down from Ida flow  
Fed by the rains of heaven—they buried him.

Aweless Achilles' son the while went forth  
To his sire's huge tomb. Outpouring tears, he  
kissed

The tall memorial pillar of the dead,  
And groaning clasped it round, and thus he cried :

“χαῖρε πάτερ καὶ ἔνερθε κατὰ χθονός· οὐ γὰρ  
ἔγωγε

λήσομαι οἰχομένοιο σέθεν ποτὶ δῶμ' Ἀῖδαο·  
ὥς εἶθε ζῶόν σε μετ' Ἀργείοισι κίχανον·  
τῷ κε τάχ' ἀλλήλοισι φρένας τερφθέντ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
Ἰλίου ἐξ ἱερῆς ληισσάμεθ' ἄσπετον ὄλβον·  
νῦν δ' οὐτ' ἄρ' σύ γ' ἐσείδες ἐὼν τέκος οὔτε σ' ἔγωγε 55  
εἶδον ζῶον ἐόντα λιλαιόμενός περ ιδέσθαι.  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς σέο νόσφι καὶ ἐν φθιμένοισιν ἐόντος  
σὸν δόρυ καὶ τεὸν υἷα μέγ' ἐν δαὶ πεφρίκασι  
δυσμενέες, Δαναοὶ δὲ γεγηθότες εἰσορόωσι  
σοὶ δέμας ἠδὲ φυὴν ἐναλίγκιον ἠδὲ καὶ ἔργα.” 60

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπὸ θερμὸν ὁμόρξατο δάκρυ παρειῶν.  
βῆ δὲ θοῶς ἐπὶ νῆας ὑπερθύμοιο τοκῆος  
οὐκ οἶος· ἅμα γάρ οἱ ἴσαν δυοκαίδεκα φῶτες  
Μυρμιδόνων, Φοῖνιξ δ' ὁ γέρων μετὰ τοῖσιν  
ὀπήδει

λυγρὸν ἀναστενάχων περικυδέος ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆος. 65  
Νυξ δ' ἐπὶ γαίαν ἵκανε, ἐπέσσυτο δ' οὐρανὸν  
ἄστρα·

οἱ δ' ἄρα δορπήσαντες ἔλονθ' ὕπνον· ἔγρετο δ'  
Ἡώς.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἄρ' ἔδυσαν ἐν ἔντεσι· τῇλε δ' ἀπ' αὐτῶν  
αἶγλη μαρμαίρεσκεν ἐς αἰθέρα μέχρ' ἰοῦσα·  
καὶ ῥα θοῶς ἔκτοσθε πυλάων ἐσσεύοντο 70  
πανσυδίῃ νιφάδεσιν εἰκότες, αἵ τε φέρονται  
ταρφέες ἐκ νεφέων κρυερῇ ὑπὸ χείματος ὥρῃ·  
ὥς οἳ γ' ἐξεχέοντο πρὸ τείχεος, ὥρτο δ' αὐτῇ  
σμερδαλέῃ· μέγα δ' αἶα περιστεναχίζετ' ἰόντων.

Τρῶες δ' εὐτ' ἐπύθοντο βοὴν καὶ λαὸν ἴδοντο, 75  
θάμβησαν· πᾶσιν δὲ κατεκλάσθη κέαρ ἔνδον  
πότμον ὀιομένων· περὶ γὰρ νέφος ὥς ἐφαάνθη  
λαὸς δυσμενέων· κανάχιζε δὲ τεύχεα φωτῶν  
κινυμένων· ἄμοτον δὲ κονίσσαλος ὥρτο ποδοῖν.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

"Hail, father ! Though beneath the earth thou lie  
In Hades' halls, I shall forget thee not.  
Oh to have met thee living mid the host !  
Then of each other had our souls had joy,  
Then of her wealth had we spoiled Ilium.  
But now, thou hast not seen thy child, nor I  
Seen thee, who yearned to look on thee in life !  
Yet, though thou be afar amidst the dead,  
Thy spear, thy son, have made thy foes to quail ;  
And Danaans with exceeding joy behold  
One like to thee in stature, fame and deeds."

He spake, and wiped the hot tears from his face ;  
And to his father's ships passed swiftly thence :  
With him went Myrmidon warriors two and ten,  
And white-haired Phoenix followed on with these  
Woefully sighing for the glorious dead.

Night rose o'er earth, the stars flashed out in  
heaven ;  
So these brake bread, and slept till woke the Dawn.  
Then the Greeks donned their armour : flashed afar  
Its splendour up to the very firmament.  
Forth of their gates in one great throng they  
poured,  
Like snowflakes thick and fast, which drift adown  
Heavily from the clouds in winter's cold ;  
So streamed they forth before the wall, and rose  
Their dread shout : groaned the deep earth 'neath  
their tramp.

The Trojans heard that shout, and saw that host,  
And marvelled. Crushed with fear were all their  
hearts  
Foreboding doom ; for like a huge cloud seemed  
That throng of foes : with clashing arms they came ;  
Volumed and vast the dust rose 'neath their feet.

καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἡὲ θεῶν τις ὑπὸ φρένας ἔμβαλε  
θάρσος

80

Δηιφόβῳ καὶ θῆκε μάλ' ἄτρομον, ἡὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ  
θυμὸς ἐποτρύνεσκε ποτὶ κλόνον, ὅφρ' ἀπὸ πάτρης  
δυσμενέων ἀλεγεινὸν ὑπ' ἔγχρῃ λαὸν ἐλάσση·  
θαρσαλέον δ' ἄρα μῦθον ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἔειπεν·

“ὦ φίλοι, εἰ δ' ἄγε θυμὸν ἀρήιον ἐν φρεσὶ θέσθε  
μνησάμενοι, στονόειντος ὅσα πτολέμοιο τελευτῇ  
ἄλγε' ἐπ' ἀνθρώποισι δορυκτῆτοισι τίθησιν·

οὐ γὰρ Ἀλεξάνδροιο πέλει πέρι μῦνον ἄεθλος  
οὐδ' Ἑλένης, ἀλλ' ἔστι περὶ πτόλιός τε καὶ αὐτῶν  
ἡδ' ἀλόχων τεκέων τε φίλων γεραρῶν τε τοκῆων

πάσης τ' ἀγλαΐης καὶ κτήσιος ἡδ' ἐρατεινῆς  
γαίης, ἥ με δαμέντα κατὰ κλόνον ἀμφικαλύψοι  
μᾶλλον, ἢ ἀθρήσαιμι φίλην ὑπὸ δούρασι πάτρην  
δυσμενέων· οὐ γάρ τι κακώτερον ἔλπομαι ἄλλο  
πῆμα μετ' ἀνθρώποισιν οἷζυροῖσι τετύχθαι.

τοῦνεκ' ἀπώσάμενοι στυγερὸν δέος ἀμφ' ἐμὲ πάντες  
καρτύνασθ' ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον· οὐ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
ζῶος ἔθ' ἡμῖν ἄντα μαχήσεται, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτὸν  
πῦρ ὀλοὸν κατέδαψε· πέλει δέ τις ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν,  
ὃς νῦν λαὸν ἔγειρεν, ἔοικε δὲ μῆτ' Ἀχιλλῆα

μήτε τιν' ἄλλον Ἀχαιὸν ὑποτρομέειν περὶ πάτρης  
μαρναμένους· τῷ μὴ τι φεβώμεθα μῶλον Ἄρηος,  
εἰ καὶ πολλὰ πάροιθεν ἀνέτλημεν μογέοντες·

ἢ οὐπω τόδε οἶδατ' ἀνὰ φρένας, ὥς ἀλεγεινοῖς  
ἀνδράσιν ἐκ καμάτοιο πέλει θαλίῃ τε καὶ ὄλβος,  
ἐκ δ' ἄρα λευγαλέων ἀνέμων καὶ χείματος αἰνοῦ  
Ζεὺς ἐπάγει μερόπεσσι δι' ἡέρος εὐδίου ἡμαρ,  
ἐκ τ' ὀλοῆς νούσοιο πέλει σθένος, ἐκ τε μόθοιο  
εἰρήνη; τὰ δὲ πάντα χρόνῳ μεταμείβεται ἔργα.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοῖ δ' ἔς Ἄρηα μεμαότες ἐντύναντο  
ἔσσυμένως· καναχὴ δὲ κατὰ πτόλιν ἔπλετο πάντη

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Then—either did some God with hardihood thrill  
Deiphobus' heart, and made it void of fear,  
Or his own spirit spurred him on to fight,  
To drive by thrust of spear that terrible host  
Of foemen from the city of his birth.  
So there in Troy he cried with heartening speech :  
" O friends, be stout of heart to play the men !  
Remember all the agonies that war  
Brings in the end to them that yield to foes.  
Ye wrestle not for Alexander alone,  
Nor Helen, but for home, for your own lives,  
For wives, for little ones, for parents grey,  
For all the grace of life, for all ye have,  
For this dear land—oh may she shroud me o'er  
Slain in the battle, ere I see her lie  
'Neath foemen's spears—my country ! I know not  
A bitterer pang than this for hapless men !  
O be ye strong for battle ! Forth to the fight  
With me, and thrust this horror far away !  
Think not Achilles liveth still to war  
Against us : him the ravening fire consumed.  
Some other Achæan was it who so late  
Enkindled them to war. Oh, shame it were  
If men who fight for fatherland should fear  
Achilles' self, or any Greek beside !  
Let us not flinch from war-toil ! have we not  
Endured much battle-travail heretofore ?  
What, know ye not that to men sorely tried  
Prosperity and joyance follow toil ?  
So after scourging winds and ruining storms  
Zeus brings to men a morn of balmy air ;  
After disease new strength comes, after war  
Peace : all things know Time's changeless law of  
change."

Then eager all for war they armed themselves  
In haste. All through the town rang clangour of arms

μῶλον ἐς ἀλγινόεντα κορυσσομένων αἰζήων.  
 ἔνθ' ἄρα τῷ μὲν ἄκοιτις ὑποτρομέουσα κυδοιμὸν  
 ἔντε' ἀποιχομένῳ παρενήνεε δακρυχεοῦσα·  
 τῷ δ' ἄρα νήπιοι υἱες ἐπειγόμενοι περὶ πατρὶ 115  
 τεύχεα πάντα φέρεσκον· ὁ δὲ σφισιν ἄλλοτε μὲν  
 που

ἄχυντ' ὀδυρομένοις, ὅτε δ' ἔμπαλι μειδιάσκει  
 παισὶν ἀγαλλόμενος· κραδίη δέ οἱ ἐν δατ' μᾶλλον  
 ὥρμαινεν πονέεσθαι ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ αὐτοῦ·  
 ἀλλῷ δ' αὖτε γεραιὸς ἐπισταμένης παλάμῃσιν 120  
 ἀμφετίθει μελέεσσι κακῆς ἀλκτῆρια χάρμης  
 πολλὰ παρηγορέων φίλον υἱέα, μηδενὶ εἵκειν  
 ἐν πολέμῳ, καὶ στέρνα τετυμμένα δείκνυε παιδί  
 ταρφέα σήματ' ἔχοντα παλαιῆς δημοτῆτος.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πάντες ἐν ἔντεσι θωρήχθησαν, 125  
 ἄστεος ἐξεχέοντο μέγ' ἰέμενοι πολέμοιο  
 λευγαλέον· ταχέεσσι δ' ἐφ' ἱππήεσσιν ὄρουσαν  
 ἱππῆες· πεζοῖσι δ' ἐπέχραον ἔθνεα πεζῶν·  
 ἄρμασι δ' ἄρμαθ' ἴκοντο καταντίον· ἔβραχε δὲ χθῶν  
 ἐς μόθον ἐσσυμένων· ἐπαὔτεε δ' οἷσιν ἕκαστος 130  
 κεκλόμενος· τοὶ δ' αἶψα συνήιον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι  
 τεύχε' ἐπεσμαράγησε· μίγῃ δ' ἐκάτερθεν αὐτῇ  
 λευγαλή· τὰ δὲ πολλὰ θοῶς ποτέοντο βέλεμνα  
 βαλλόμεν' ἀμφοτέρωθεν· ὑπ' ἔγχεσι δ' ἀσπίδες  
 ἀνδρῶν

θεινόμεναι κτυπέεσκον ἀάσχετον αἰ δ' ὑπ' ἀκόντων 135  
 καὶ ξιφέων· πολέες δὲ καὶ ἀξίνῃσι θοῇσιν  
 ἀνέρες οὐτάζοντο· φορύνετο δ' ἔντεα φωτῶν  
 αἵματι. Τρωιάδες δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἐσκοπίαζον  
 αἰζήων στονόεντα μόθον· πάσῃσι δὲ γυῖα  
 ἔτρεμεν εὐχομένησιν ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν 140  
 ἡδὲ κασιγνήτων· πολιοὶ δ' ἅμα τῇσι γέροντες

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

As for grim fight strong men arrayed their limbs.  
Here stood a wife, shuddering with dread of war,  
Yet piling, as she wept, her husband's arms  
Before his feet. There little children brought  
To a father his war-gear with eager haste ;  
And now his heart was wrung to hear their sobs,  
And now he smiled on those small ministers,  
And stronger waxed his heart's resolve to fight  
To the last gasp for these, the near and dear.  
Yonder again, with hands that had not lost  
Old cunning, a grey father for the fray  
Girded a son, and murmured once and again :  
" Dear boy, yield thou to no man in the war ! "  
And showed his son the old scars on his breast,  
Proud memories of fights fought long ago.

So when they all stood mailed in battle-gear,  
Forth of the gates they poured all eager-souled  
For war. Against the chariots of the Greeks  
Their chariots charged ; their ranks of footmen  
pressed

To meet the footmen of the foe. The earth  
Rang to the tramp of onset ; pealed the cheer  
From man to man ; swift closed the fronts of war.  
Loud clashed their arms all round ; from either side  
War-cries were mingled in one awful roar.  
Swift-winged full many a dart and arrow flew  
From host to host ; loud clanged the smitten shields  
'Neath thrusting spears, 'neath javelin-point and  
sword :

Men hewed with battle-axes lightening down ;  
Crimson the armour ran with blood of men.  
And all this while Troy's wives and daughters  
watched

From high walls that grim battle of the strong.  
All trembled as they prayed for husbands, sons,  
And brothers ; white-haired sires amidst them sat,

ἔζοντ' εἰσορόωντες· ἔδον δ' ὑπὸ κήδεσι θυμὸν  
παίδων ἀμφὶ φίλων· Ἑλένη δ' ἐν δώμασι μίμνεν  
οἷη ἅμ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν· ἔρυκε γὰρ ἄσπετος αἰδώς.

Οἱ δ' ἄμοτον πονέοντο πρὸ τείχεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Κῆρες 145  
γῆθεον· οὐλομένη δ' ἐπαυῖτεεν ἀμφοτέροισι  
μακρὸν Ἔρις βοόωσα· κόνις δ' ἐρυθαίνεται λύθρῳ  
κτεινομένων· ὀλέκοντο δ' ἀνὰ κλόνον ἄλλοθεν  
ἄλλος.

Ἐνθ' ἄρα Δηίφοβος κρατερὸν κτάνεν ἡνιοχῆα  
[Νέστορος,] Ἴππασίδην, ὃ δ' ἀφ' ἄρματος αἰψηροῖο 150  
ῥιπεν ἀμφὶ νέκυσιν· ἄχος δέ οἱ ἔσχεεν ἄνακτα·  
δείδιε γάρ, μὴ δὴ μιν ἐφ' ἡνία χεῖρας ἔχοντα  
υἱὸς εὖς Πριάμοιο κατακτείνῃσι καὶ αὐτόν·  
ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐκ ἀμέλησε Μελάνθιος· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δίφρῳ  
ἄλτο θοῶς, ἵπποισι δ' ἐκέκλετο μακρὰ τινάσσων 155  
εὐλῆρ', οὐδ' ἔχε μᾶστιν, ἔλαυνε δὲ δούρατι θείνων.  
καὶ τοὺς μὲν Πριάμοιο πάϊς λίπεν, ἔκετο δ' ἄλλων  
ἐς πληθύν· πολέεσσι δ' ὀλέθριον ὥπασεν ἡμαρ  
ἐσσυμένως· ὀλοῇ γὰρ ἀλίγκιος αἰὲν ἀέλλη  
θαρσαλέως δηίοισιν ἐπώχετο· τοῦ δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ 160  
μυριοὶ ἐκτείνοντο· πέδον δ' ἐστείνεται νεκρῶν.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀν' οὖρεα μακρὰ θορῶν εἰς ἄγχεα  
βήσσης

δρυτόμος ἐγκονέων νεοθηλέα δάμναται ὕλην,  
ἄνθρακας ὄφρα κάμῃσι κατακρύψας ὑπὸ γαῖαν  
σὺν πυρὶ δούρατα πολλά· τὰ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα  
πεσόντα 165

πρῶνας ὕπερθε κάλυψαν, ἀνὴρ δ' ἐπιτέρπεται ἔργῳ·  
ὥς ἄρα Δηιφόβοιο θοῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχαιοὶ  
ἱλαδὸν ὀλλύμενοι περικάππεσον ἀλλήλοισι.  
καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν Τρώεσσιν ὀμίλειον, οἱ δ' ἐφέβοντο  
εὐρὺν ἐπὶ Ξάνθοιο ῥόον· τοὺς δ' ὕδατος εἴσω 170  
Δηίφοβος συνέλασσε καὶ οὐκ ἀπέληγε φόνοιο·  
ὥς δ' ὁπότε ἰχθυόεντος ἐπ' ἡόσιν Ἑλλησπόντου



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

And gazed, while anguished fear for sons devoured  
Their hearts. But Helen in her bower abode  
Amidst her maids, there held by utter shame.

So without pause before the wall they fought,  
While Death exulted o'er them ; deadly Strife  
Shrieked out a long wild cry from host to host.  
With blood of slain men dust became red mire :  
Here, there, fast fell the warriors mid the fray.

Then slew Deiphobus the charioteer  
Of Nestor, Hippasus' son : from that high car  
Down fell he 'midst the dead ; fear seized his lord  
Lest, while his hands were cumbered with the reins,  
He too by Priam's strong son might be slain.  
Melanthius marked his plight : swiftly he sprang  
Upon the car ; he urged the horses on,  
Shaking the reins, goading them with his spear,  
Seeing the scourge was lost. But Priam's son  
Left these, and plunged amid a throng of foes.  
There upon many he brought the day of doom ;  
For like a ruining tempest on he stormed  
Through reeling ranks. His mighty hand struck  
down

Foes numberless : the plain was heaped with dead.

As when a woodman on the long-ridged hills  
Plunges amid the forest-depths, and hews  
With might and main, and fells sap-laden trees  
To make him store of charcoal from the heaps  
Of billets overturfed and set afire :  
The trunks on all sides fallen strew the slopes,  
While o'er his work the man exulteth ; so  
Before Deiphobus' swift death-dealing hands  
In heaps the Achaeans each on other fell.  
The charging lines of Troy swept over some ;  
Some fled to Xanthus' stream : Deiphobus chased  
Into the flood yet more, and slew and slew.  
As when on fish-abounding Hellespont's strand

δίκτυον ἐξερύωσι πολύκμητοι ἀλιῆες  
 κολπωθὲν ποτὶ γαῖαν, ἔσω δ' ἄλως εἰσέτ' ἐόντος  
 ἐνθόρῃ αἰζήσας γναμπτὸν δόρυ χερσὶ μεμαρπῶς 175  
 αἰνὸν ἐπὶ ξιφίῃσι φέρειν φόνον, ἄλλοθε δ' ἄλλον  
 δάμναται, ὃν κε κίχῃσι, φόνῳ δ' ἐρυθαίνεται ὕδωρ·  
 ὥς τοῦ ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσι περὶ Ξάνθοιο ῥέεθρα  
 αἵματι φοινίχθησαν, ἐνεστείνοντο δὲ νεκροί.

Οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' ἄρα Τρῶες ἀναιμωτὶ πονέοντο, 180  
 ἀλλὰ σφεας ἐδάϊζεν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱὸς  
 ἄμφ' ἄλλῃσι φάλαγξι· Θέτις δέ που εἰσορόωσα  
 τέρπετ' ἐφ' υἱῶν, ὅσον ἄχυντο Πηλείωνι·  
 τοῦ γὰρ ὑπὸ μελίῃ πουλὺς στρατὸς ἐν κονίῃσι  
 πίπτειν ὁμῶς ἵπποισιν· ὁ δ' ἐσπόμενος κεράϊζεν. 185  
 ἔνθ' Ἀμίδην ἐδάϊξε περικλυτόν, ὃς ῥά οἱ ἵππῳ  
 ἐζόμενος συνέκυρσε καὶ οὐκ ἀπόνητ' ἐρατεινῆς  
 ἵππασίης· δὴ γάρ μιν ὑπ' ἔγχρῃ τύψε φαεινῷ  
 ἐς νηδύν· αἰχμὴ δὲ ποτὶ ῥάχιν ἐξεπέρησεν.

ἔγκατα δ' ἐξεχύθησαν· ἔλεν δέ μιν οὐλομένη Κῆρ 190  
 ἐσσυμένως ἵπποιο θοοῦ παρὰ ποσσὶ πεσόντα.

εἶλε δ' ἄρ' Ἀσκάνιον τε καὶ Οἶνοπα, τὸν μὲν  
 ἐλάσσας

δουρὶ μέγα στομάχοιο ποτὶ στόμα, τὸν δ' ὑπὸ  
 λαιμόν,

καίριος ἔνθα μάλιστα πέλει μόρος ἀνθρώποισιν.  
 ἄλλους δ' ἔκτανεν αἰέν, ὅσους κίχῃ· τίς κεν ἐκείνους 195  
 ἀνδρῶν μυθήσαιτο, κατὰ κλόνον ὅσσοι ὄλοντο  
 χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο; κάμεν δέ οἱ οὐποτε γυνὴ·  
 ὥς δ' ὁπότ' αἰζήων τις ἀγρῷ ἐνὶ τηλεθάοντι  
 πᾶν ἡμᾶρ κρατερῇσι πονησάμενος παλάμῃσιν  
 ἐς γαῖαν κατέχευεν ἀπείρονα καρπὸν ἐλαίης 200  
 ῥάβδῳ ἐπισπέρχων, ἐκάλυψε δὲ χῶρον ὕπερθεν·  
 ὥς τοῦ ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσι κατήριπε πουλὺς ὄμιλος.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

The fishermen hard-straining drag a net  
Forth of the depths to land ; but, while it trails  
Yet through the sea, one leaps amid the waves  
Grasping in hand a sinuous-headed spear  
To deal the sword-fish death, and here and there,  
Fast as he meets them, slays them, and with blood  
The waves are reddened ; so were Xanthus' streams  
Impurpled by his hands, and choked with dead.

Yet not without sore loss the Trojans fought ;  
For all this while Peleides' fierce-heart son  
Of other ranks made havoc. Thetis gazed  
Rejoicing in her son's son, with a joy  
As great as was her grief for Achilles slain.  
For a great host beneath his spear were hurled  
Down to the dust, steeds, warriors slaughter-blent.  
And still he chased, and still he slew : he smote  
Amides war-renowned, who on his steed  
Bore down on him, but of his horsemanship  
Small profit won. The bright spear pierced him  
through

From navel unto spine, and all his bowels  
Gushed out, and deadly Doom laid hold on him  
Even as he fell beside his horse's feet.  
Ascanius and Oenops next he slew ;  
Under the fifth rib of the one he drove  
His spear, the other stabbed he 'neath the throat  
Where a wound bringeth surest doom to man.  
Whomso he met besides he slew—the names  
What man could tell of all that by the hands  
Of Neoptolemus died ? Never his limbs  
Waxed weary. As some brawny labourer,  
With strong hands toiling in a fruitful field  
The livelong day, rains down to earth the fruit  
Of olives, swiftly beating with his pole,  
And with the downfall covers all the ground,  
So fast fell 'neath his hands the thronging foe.

Τυδεΐδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν εὐμμελῆς τ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἄλλοι τ' ἐν Δαναοῖσιν ἀριστῆες πονέοντο  
 προφρονέως ἀνὰ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον· οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλοῖς 205  
 Τρώων ἡγεμόνεσσι δέος πέλεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 ἐκ θυμοῖο μάχοντο καὶ ἀνέρας αἰὲν ἔρυκον  
 χαζομένους· πολέες γε μὲν οὐκ ἀλέγοντες ἄνακτων  
 ἐκ πολέμοιο φέβοντο μένος τρομέοντες Ἀχαιῶν.

Ὅψ' ἔδ' ἄρ' εἰσενόησε περὶ προχοῇσι Σκαμάν-  
 δρου

210

ὀλλυμένους Δαναοὺς κρατερὸς πάϊς Αἰακίδαο  
 αἰὲν ἐπασσυτέρους· λίπε δ' οὖς πάρος αὐτόθ'  
 ἔναιρε,

φεύγοντας ποτὶ ἄστυ, καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι κέλευε  
 κεῖσ' ἐλάαν, ὅθι πουλὺς ἐδάμνατο λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν.  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' αἰψ' ἐπίθησε καὶ ἀθανάτων μένος ἵππων 215

σεύεσκεν μάστιγι ποτὶ κλόνον· οἱ δ' ἐπέτοντο  
 ῥίμφα διὰ κταμένων κρατερὸν φορέοντες ἄνακτα.  
 οἷος δ' ἐς πόλεμον φθισίμβροτον ἔρχεται Ἄρης  
 ἐμβεβαὼς ἵπποισι, περιτρομέει δ' ἄρα γαῖα  
 ἐσσυμένου, καὶ θεῖα περὶ στέρνοισι θεοῖο 220

τεύχε' ἐπιβρομέουσιν ἴσον πυρὶ μαρμαίροντα·  
 τοῖος Ἀχιλλῆος κρατεροῦ πάϊς ἦεν ἄντην  
 ἐσθλοῦ Δηϊφόβοιο· κόνις δ' ἐπαείρετο πολλή  
 ἵππων ἀμφὶ πόδεσσιν· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἄλκιμος ἀνὴρ  
 Αὐτομέδων ἐνόησεν, ὅτις πέλεν· αἰψα δ' ἄνακτι 225  
 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε περικλυτὸν ἄνδρα πιφάυσκων·  
 “ὦ ἄνα, Δηϊφόβοιο πέλει στρατός, ὅς τε<sup>1</sup> καὶ  
 αὐτὸς

σεῖο πάροιθε τοκῆος ὑπέτρεμε· νῦν δέ οἱ ἐσθλὸν  
 ἢ θεὸς ἢ δαίμων τις ὑπὸ κραδίην βάλε θάρσος.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι προσέννεπεν, ἀλλ' ἔτι  
 μᾶλλον

230

ἵππους ὀτρύνεσκεν ἐλαυνόμεν, ὅφρα τάχιστα

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἡδὲ of MS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Elsewhere did Agamemnon, Tydeus' son,  
And other chieftains of the Danaans toil  
With fury in the fight. Yet never quailed  
The mighty men of Troy : with heart and soul  
They also fought, and ever stayed from flight  
Such as gave back. Yet many heeded not  
Their chiefs, but fled, cowed by the Achaeans'  
might.

Now at the last Achilles' strong son marked  
How fast beside Scamander's outfall Greeks  
Were perishing. Those Troyward-fleeing foes  
Whom he had followed slaying, left he now,  
And bade Automedon thither drive, where hosts  
Were falling of the Achaeans. Straightway he  
Harkened, and scourged the steeds immortal on  
To that wild fray : bearing their lord they flew  
Swiftly o'er battle-highways paved with death.

As Ares chariot-borne to murderous war  
Fares forth, and round his onrush quakes the  
ground,

While on the God's breast clash celestial arms  
Outflashing fire, so charged Achilles' son  
Against Deiphobus. Clouds of dust upsoared  
About his horses' feet. Automedon marked  
The Trojan chief, and knew him. To his lord  
Straightway he named that hero war-renowned :  
" My king, this is Deiphobus' array—  
The man who from thy father fled in fear.  
Some God or fiend with courage fills him now."

Naught answered Neoptolemus, save to bid  
Drive on the steeds yet faster, that with speed

ὀλλυμένοις Δαναοῖσιν ἡεικέα πότμον ἀλάλκοι.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἀφίκοντο μᾶλα σχεδὸν ἀλλήλοισι,  
 δὴ τότε Δηίφοβος μάλα περ χατέων πολέμοιο  
 ἔστη, ὅπως πῦρ αἰνόν, ὅθ' ὕδατος ἐγγὺς ἵκηται· 235  
 θάμβεε δ' εἰσορόων κρατερόφρονος Αἰακίδαο  
 ἵππους ἡδὲ καὶ νῖα πελώριον, οὔτι τοκῆος  
 μείονα. τοῦ δ' ἄρα θυμὸς ὑπὸ φρεσὶν ὀρμαίνεσκειν  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν φεύγειν, ὅτε δ' ἀνέρος ἄντα μάχεσθαι·  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε σὺς ἐν ὄρεσσι νεηγενέων ἀπὸ τέκνων 240  
 θῶας ἀποσσεύησι, λέων δ' ἐτέρωθι φανείη  
 ἔκποθεν ἐσσύμενος, τοῦ δ' ἴσταται ἄσπετος ὀρμή  
 οὔτε πρόσω μεμαῶτος ἔτ' ἐλθέμεν οὔτ' ἄρ' ὀπίσσω,  
 θήγει δ' ἀφριόωντας ὑπὸ γναθμοῖσιν ὀδόντας·  
 ὥς υἱὸς Πριάμοιο σὺν ἄρμασι μίμνε καὶ ἵπποις 245  
 πορφύρων φρεσὶ πολλὰ καὶ ἀμφαφών δόρυ χερσί.  
 τὸν δ' υἱὸς προσέειπεν ἀμειλίκτου Ἀχιλῆος·  
 “ Πριαμίδη, τί νυ τόσσον ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι μέμνηας  
 χειροτέροισ, οἱ σείο περιτρομέοντες ὁμοκλήν  
 φεύγον ἐπεσσυμένοι, σὺ δ' ἔλπεο πολλὸν ἄριστος 250  
 ἔμμεναι; ἀλλὰ σοὶ εἶπερ ὑπὸ κραδίῃ μένος ἐστίν,  
 ἡμετέρης πείρησαι ἀνὰ κλόνον ἀσχέτου αἰχμῆς.”  
 Ὡς εἰπὼν οἴμησε λέων ὥς ἄντ' ἐλάφοιο  
 ἐμβεβαῶς ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι πατρὸς ἐοῖο·  
 καὶ νύ κέ μιν τάχα δουρὶ σὺν ἡνιόχῳ κατέπεφνε, 255  
 εἰ μὴ οἱ μέλαν αἵψα νέφος κατέχευεν Ἀπόλλων  
 ἔκποθεν Οὐλύμποιο καὶ ἐξ ὀλοοῖο μόθοιο  
 ἦρπασε, καὶ μιν ἔθηκε ποτὶ πτόλιν, ἦχι καὶ ἄλλοι  
 Τρῶες ἴσαν φεύγοντες· ὁ δ' ἐς κενεὴν δόρυ τύψας  
 ἡέρα Πηλείδαο πᾶις ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν· 260  
 “ ὦ κύον, ἐξήλυξας ἐμὸν μένος· οὐδὲ σοὶ ἀλκὴ  
 ἰεμένῳ περ ἀλαλκε, θεῶν δέ τις, ὅς σ' ἐκάλυψε  
 νύκτα βαλὼν καθύπερθε, καὶ ἐκ κακότητος  
 ἔρυσεν.”



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

He might avert grim death from perishing friends.  
But when to each other now full nigh they drew,  
Deiphobus, despite his battle-lust,  
Stayed, as a ravening fire stays when it meets  
Water. He marvelled, seeing Achilles' steeds  
And that gigantic son, huge as his sire ;  
And his heart wavered, choosing now to flee,  
And now to face that hero, man to man.  
As when a mountain boar from his young brood  
Chases the jackals—then a lion leaps  
From hidden ambush into view : the boar  
Halts in his furious onset, loth to advance,  
Loth to retreat, while foam his jaws about  
His whetted tusks ; so halted Priam's son  
Car-steeds and car, perplexed, while quivered his  
hands

About the lance. Shouted Achilles' son :  
“ Ho, Priam's son, why thus so mad to smite  
Those weaker Argives, who have feared thy wrath  
And fled thine onset ? So thou deem'st thyself  
Far mightiest ! If thine heart be brave indeed,  
Of my spear now make trial in the strife.”

On rushed he, as a lion against a stag,  
Borne by the steeds and chariot of his sire.  
And now full soon his lance had slain his foe,  
Him and his charioteer—but Phoebus poured  
A dense cloud round him from the viewless heights  
Of heaven, and snatched him from the deadly fray,  
And set him down in Troy, amid the rout  
Of fleeing Trojans : so did Peleus' son  
Stab but the empty air ; and loud he cried :  
“ Dog, thou hast 'scaped my wrath ! No might of thine  
Saved thee, though ne'er so fain ! Some God hath  
cast  
Night's veil o'er thee, and snatched thee from thy  
death.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· δυοφερὸν δὲ νέφος καθύπερθε  
Κρονίων

εὖτ' ὁμίχλην διέχευε· λύθη δ' εἰς ἡέρα μακρὴν· 265  
αὐτίκα δ' ἐξεφάνη πεδίον καὶ πᾶσα περὶ χθών.

Τρῶας δ' εἰσενόησεν ἀπόπροθι πολλὸν ἑόντας  
Σκαιῆς ἀμφὶ πύλῃσιν· ἔβη δ' ἄρα πατρὶ εἰκῶς  
ἀντία δυσμενέων, οἳ μιν φοβέοντο κιόντα·  
ἥῃτε κύμ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἐπεσσύμενον τρομέουσι 270

ναῦται, ὃ τ' ἐξ ἀνέμοιο διεγρόμενον φορέηται  
εὐρὺ μάλ' ὑψηλὸν τε, μέμνηε δὲ λαίλαπι πόντος·  
ὥς τοῦ ἐπερχομένοιο κακὸν δέος ἄμφεχε Τρῶας.  
τοῖον δ' ἔκφατο μῦθον ἐποτρύνων ἐτάροισι·

“κλύτε φίλοι καὶ θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βάλεσθε 275  
ἄτρομον, οἷον ἔοικε φορήμεναι ἀνέρας ἐσθλοὺς  
νίκην ἱμένους ἐρικυδέα χερσὶν ἀρέσθαι

καὶ κλέος ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος· ἀλλ' ἄγε θυμὸν  
παρθέμενοι πονεώμεθ' ὑπὲρ μένος, εἰσόκε Τροίης  
πέρσωμεν κλυτὸν ἄστυ καὶ ἐκτελέσωμεν ἐέλδωρ· 280  
αἰδῶς γάρ, μάλα πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἔνθα μέ-  
νοντας

ἔμμεναι ἀπρήκτους καὶ ἀνάλκιδας, οἷα γυναῖκας·  
τεθναῖν γὰρ μᾶλλον ἢ ἀπτόλεμος καλεοίμην.”

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ἐς Ἄρεος ἔργον  
ὄρουσαν

θαρσαλέως, Τρώεσσι δ' ἐπέδραμον· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ 285  
προφρονέως μάρναντο περὶ πτόλιν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
ἔντοσθεν πυλέων ἀπὸ τείχεος· οὐδ' ὑπέληγε  
δεινὸς Ἄρης, Τρώων μὲν ἐέλδομένων ἀπερύξαι  
δυσμενέων στρατὸν αἰνόν, εὖσθενέων δ' Ἀργείων  
ἄστυ διαπραθέειν· ὅλοη δ' ἔχε πάντας οἰζύς. 290

Καὶ τότε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηγέμεναι μενεαίνων  
ἐκθορεν Οὐλύμποιο καλυψάμενος νεφέεσσι  
Λητοῖδης· τὸν δ' αἶψα θοαὶ φορέεσκον ἄελλαι  
τεύχεσι χρυσείοισι κεκασμένον· ἡμφὶ δὲ μακρὰι

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Then Cronos' Son dispersed that dense dark  
cloud :

Mist-like it thinned and vanished into air :  
Straightway the plain and all the land were seen.  
Then far away about the Scaean Gate  
He saw the Trojans : seeming like his sire,  
He sped against them ; they at his coming quailed.  
As shipmen tremble when a wild wave bears  
Down on their bark, wind-heaved until it swings  
Broad, mountain-high above them, when the sea  
Is mad with tempest ; so, as on he came,  
Terror clad all those Trojans as a cloak,  
The while he shouted, cheering on his men :  
“ Hear, friends !—fill full your hearts with dauntless  
strength,

The strength that well beseemeth mighty men  
Who thirst to win them glorious victory,  
To win renown from battle's tumult ! Come,  
Brave hearts, now strive we even beyond our  
strength

Till we smite Troy's proud city, till we win  
Our hearts' desire ! Foul shame it were to abide  
Long deedless here and strengthless, womanlike !  
Ere I be called war-blencher, let me die ! ”

Then unto Ares' work their spirits flamed.  
Down on the Trojans charged they : yea, and these  
Fought with high courage, round their city now,  
And now from wall and gate-towers. Never lulled  
The rage of war, while Trojan hearts were hot  
To hurl the foemen back, and the strong Greeks  
To smite the town : grim havoc compassed all.

Then, eager for the Trojans' help, swooped down  
Out of Olympus, cloaked about with clouds,  
The son of Leto. Mighty rushing winds  
Bare him in golden armour clad ; and gleamed

μάρμαιρον κατιόντος ἴσον στεροπῇσι κέλευθοι· 295  
 ἄμφι δέ οἱ γωρυτὸς ἐπέκτυπεν· ἔβραχε δ' αἰθὴρ  
 θεσπέσιον καὶ γαῖα μέγ' ἴαχεν, εὖτ' ἀκάμαντας  
 θῆκε παρὰ Ξάνθοιο ῥόον πόδας· ἐκ δ' ἐβόησε  
 σμερδαλέον, Τρωσὶν δὲ θράσος βάλε, δεῖμα δ'  
 Ἀχαιοῖς

μῖννειν αἵματόεντα κατὰ κλόνον· οὐδ' Ἐνοσίχθων 300  
 ὄβριμος ἡγνοίησε· μένος δ' ἐνέπνευσεν Ἀχαιοῖς  
 ἤδη τειρομένοισι· μάχη δ' αἰδηλος ἐτύχθη  
 ἀθανάτων βουλῇσιν· ὄλοντο δὲ μυρία φῦλα  
 αἰζηῶν ἐκάτερθε· κοτεσσάμενος δ' ἄρ' Ἀπόλλων  
 Ἀργείοις ὥρμαινε βαλεῖν θρασὺν υἱ' Ἀχιλλῆος 305  
 αὐτοῦ, ὅπου καὶ πρόσθεν Ἀχιλλέα· τοῦ δ' ἄρα  
 θυμὸν

οἴωνοι κατέρυκον ἀριστερὰ κεκλήγοντες,  
 ἄλλα τε σήματα πολλά· χόλος δέ οἱ οὐκέτ' ἔμελλε  
 πείθεσθαι τεράεσσι· τὸ δ' οὐ λάθε Κυανοχαίτην·  
 \* \* \* \* \*

ἥερι θεσπεσίῃ κεκαλυμμένος· ἄμφι δὲ ποσσὶ 310  
 νισσομένοιο ἄνακτος ἐρεμνὴ κίνυτο γαῖα·  
 τοῖον δ' ἐκφατο μῦθον ἐελδόμενός μιν ἐρύξαι·  
 “ἴσχε κότον,<sup>1</sup> καὶ μήτι πελώριον υἱ' Ἀχιλλῆος  
 κτείνης· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς Ὀλύμπιος ὀλλυμένοιο  
 γηθήσει· μέγα δ' ἄλγος ἐμοὶ καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν 315  
 ἔσσεται εἰναλίοισιν, ὅπως πάρος ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆα·  
 ἀλλ' ἀναχάζεο δῖον ἐς αἰθέρα, μή με χολώσης,  
 αἶψα δ' ἀναρρήξας μεγάλης χθονὸς αἰπὺ βέρεθρον  
 αὐτὴν Ἴλιον εἶθαρ ἐοῖς ἅμα τείχεσι πᾶσαν  
 θήσω ὑπὸ ζόφον εὐρύν· ἄχος δέ τοι ἔσσεται  
 αὐτῷ.”

“Ὡς φάθ· ὁ δ' ἀζόμενος μέγ' ἀδελφεὸν οἶο 320  
 τοκῆος  
 δείσας τ' ἄμφι πόλῃος εὖσθενέων θ' ἅμα λαῶν

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for τέκος, of MSS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

With lightning-splendour of his descent the long  
Highways of air. His quiver clashed ; loud rang  
The welkin ; earth re-echoed, as he set  
His tireless feet by Xanthus. Pealed his shout  
Dreadly, with courage filling them of Troy,  
Scaring their foes from bidding the red fray.  
But of all this the mighty Shaker of Earth  
Was ware : he breathed into the fainting Greeks  
Fierce valour, and the fight waxed murderous  
Through those Immortals' clashing wills. Then died  
Hosts numberless on either side. In wrath  
Apollo thought to smite Achilles' son  
In the same place where erst he smote his sire ;  
But birds of boding screamed to left, to stay  
His mood, and other signs from heaven were sent ;  
Yet was his wrath not minded to obey  
Those portents. Swiftly drew Earth-shaker nigh  
In mist celestial cloaked : about his feet  
Quaked the dark earth as came the Sea-king on.  
Then, to stay Phoebus' hand, he cried to him :  
" Refrain thy wrath : Achilles' giant son  
Slay not ! Olympus' Lord himself shall be  
Wroth for his death, and bitter grief shall light  
On me and all the Sea-gods, as erstwhile  
For Achilles' sake. Nay, get thee back to heights  
Celestial, lest thou kindle me to wrath,  
And so I cleave a sudden chasm in earth,  
And Ilium and all her walls go down  
To darkness. Thine own soul were vexed thereat."

Then, overawed by the brother of his sire,  
And fearing for Troy's fate and for her folk,  
To heaven went back Apollo, to the sea

χάσσαιτ' ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν, ὁ δ' εἰς ἄλλα. τοὶ δ'  
ἐμάχοντο

ἀλλήλους ὀλέκοντες, Ἔρις δ' ἐπετέρπετο χάρμη,  
μέσφ' ὅτε δὴ Κάλχαντος ὑπ' ἐννεσίησιν Ἀχαιοὶ 325  
ἐς νῆας χάσσαντο καὶ ἐξελάβοντο μόθοιο·

οὐ γὰρ δὴ πέπρωτο δαμήμεναι Ἰλίου ἄστυ,  
πρίν γε Φιλοκτήταο βίην ἐς ὄμιλον Ἀχαιῶν  
ἐλθόμεναι πολέμοιο δαήμονα δακρύνοντος.  
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἢ ἀγαθοῖσιν ἐπεφράσαιτ' οἰωνοῖσιν, 330  
ἢ καὶ ἐν σπλάγχνοισιν ἐπέδρακεν· οὐ γὰρ αἶδρις  
μαντοσύνης ἐτέτυκτο· θεὸς δ' ὥς ἤδεε πάντα.

Τῷ πίσυνοι στονόμεντος ἀποιχόμενοι πολέμοιο  
Ἀτρεΐδαι προέηκαν εὐκτιμένην ποτὶ Λῆμνον  
Τυδέος ὄβριμον νῆα μενεπτόλεμόν τ' Ὀδυσῆα 335  
νῆι θοῇ. τοὶ δ' αἶψα ποτὶ πτόλιν Ἠφαίστοιο  
ἦλυθον Αἰγαίοιο διὰ πλατὺν χεῦμα θαλάσσης,  
Λῆμνον ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν, ὅπῃ πάρος αἶνὸν ὄλεθρον  
ἀνδράσι κουριδίοισιν ἐμητίσαντο γυναῖκες  
ἔκπαγλον κοτέουσαι, ἐπεὶ σφεας οὔτι τίεσκον, 340  
ἀλλ' ἄρα δμωιάδεσσι παρευνάζοντο γυναιξὶ  
Θρηκίῃς, τὰς δουρὶ καὶ ἡνорέῃ κτεάτισσαν  
πέρθοντές ποτε γαίαν ἀρηιφίλων Θρηϊκῶν·  
αἱ δὲ μέγα ζήλοιο περὶ κραδίησι πεσόντος  
θυμὸν ἀνοιδήσαντο, φίλους δ' ἀνὰ δώματ' ἀκοίτας 345  
κτεῖνον ἀνηλεέως ὑπὸ χεῖρεσιν, οὐδ' ἐλέησαν  
κουριδίους περ ἑόντας· ἐπεὶ μέγα μαίνεται ἦτορ  
ἀνέρος ἡδὲ γυναικός, ὅτε ζηλήμονι νούσῳ  
ἀμφιπέσῃ· κρατεραί γὰρ ἐποτρύνουσιν ἀνῆαι·  
ἀλλ' αἶ γε σφετέροισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι πῆμ' ἐβάλουντο 350  
νυκτὶ μῆ, καὶ πᾶσαν ἐχρῶσαντο πόλῃα  
παρθέμεναι φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἀταρβέα καὶ μέγα κάρτος.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ Λῆμνον ζαθέην κίου ἡδὲ καὶ ἄντρον  
λαῖνεον, τόθι κεῖτο πάϊς Ποίαντος ἀγανοῦ,



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Poseidon. But the sons of men fought on,  
And slew ; and Strife incarnate gloating watched.

At last by Calchas' counsel Achaea's sons  
Drew back to the ships, and put from them the  
thought

Of battle, seeing it was not foreordained  
That Ilium should fall until the might  
Of war-wise Philoctetes came to aid  
The Achæan host. This had the prophet learnt  
From birds of prosperous omen, or had read  
In hearts of victims. Wise in prophecy-lore  
Was he, and like a God knew things to be.

Trusting in him, the sons of Atreus stayed  
Awhile the war, and unto Lemnos, land  
Of stately mansions, sent they Tydeus' son  
And battle-staunch Odysseus oversea.  
Fast by the Fire-god's city sped they on  
Over the broad flood of the Aegean Sea  
To vine-clad Lemnos, where in far-off days  
The wives wreaked murderous vengeance on their  
lords,

In fierce wrath that they gave them not their due,  
But couched beside the handmaid-thralls of Thrace,  
The captives of their spears when they laid waste  
The land of warrior Thracians. Then these wives,  
Their hearts with fiery jealousy's fever filled,  
Murdered in every home with merciless hands  
Their husbands : no compassion would they show  
To their own wedded lords—such madness shakes  
The heart of man or woman, when it burns  
With jealousy's fever, stung by torturing pangs.  
So with souls filled with desperate hardihood  
In one night did they slaughter all their lords ;  
And on a widowed nation rose the sun.

To hallowed Lemnos came those heroes twain ;  
They marked the rocky cave where lay the son

δὴ τότε ἄρα σφίσι θάμβος ἐπήλυθεν, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο 355  
ἀνέρα λευγαλέησιν ἐπιστενάχοντ' ὀδύνησι  
κεκλιμένον στυφελοῖο κατ' οὔδεος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'  
αὐτῷ

οἶωνῶν πτερὰ πολλὰ περὶ λεχέεσσι κέχυντο·  
ἄλλα δέ οἱ συνέραπτο περὶ χροῦ, χεῖματος ἄλκαρ  
λευγαλέου· δὴ γάρ μιν ἐπὴν ἔλε λιμός ἀτερπής, 360  
βάλλεν ἀσχετον ἰόν, ὅπῃ νόος ἰθύνεσκε·  
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ κατέδαπτε, [τὰ δὲ πτερὰ οἱ περί-  
βαλλε.

φύλλα δέ οἱ παρέκειτο, τά θ']<sup>1</sup> ἔλκεος οὖλομένοιο  
ἀμφετίθει καθύπερθε μελαίνης ἄλκαρ ἀνίης.  
αὐαλέαι δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ κόμαι περὶ κρατὶ κέχυντο  
θηρὸς ὅπως ὀλοοῖο, τὸν ἀργαλέης δόλος ἄγρης 365  
μάρψῃ νυκτὸς ἰόντα θοοῦ ποδός, ὃς δ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης  
τειρόμενος ποδὸς ἄκρον ἀταρτηροῖσιν ὁδοῦσι  
κόψας εἰς ἐὼν ἄντρον ἀφίκεται, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κῆρ  
τείρει ὁμοῦ λιμός τε καὶ ἀργαλέαι μελεδῶναι·  
ὥς τὸν ὑπὸ σπέος εὐρὺ κακὴ περιδάμνατ' ἀνίη· 370  
καὶ οἱ πᾶν μεμάραντο δέμας, περὶ δ' ὅστέα μῶνον  
ρίνὸς ἔην, ὀλοὴ δὲ παρηίδας ἀμφέχυντ' αὐχμὴ  
λευγαλέου ῥυπόωντος· ἀνιηρὸν δέ μιν ἄλγος  
δάμνατο· κοῖλαι δ' ἔσκον ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν ἀνδρὸς  
ὀπωπαὶ

αἰνῶς τειρομένοιο· γόος δέ μιν οὔποτ' ἔλειπεν, 375  
οὔνεκά οἱ μέλαν ἔλκος, ἐς ὅστέον ἄχρῃς ἰκέσθαι,  
πυθόμενον καθύπερθε<sup>2</sup> λυγραὶ ὑπέρεπτον ἀνῖαι.  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐπὶ προβολῇσι πολυκλύστοιο θαλάσσης  
πέτρην παιπαλόεσσαν ἀπειρεσίης ἁλὸς ἄλμη  
δάμναθ' ὑποτμήγουσα μάλα στερεήν περ ἐοῦσαν, 380  
θεινομένης δ' ἄρα τῆς ἀνέμῳ καὶ χεῖματι λάβρῳ  
χηραμὰ κοιλαίνονται ὑποβρωθέντα θαλάσση·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann's suggested supplementum of lacuna.

<sup>2</sup> Zimmermann's punctuation and om. of δ' after λυγραί.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Of princely Poeas. Horror came on them  
When they beheld the hero of their quest  
Groaning with bitter pangs, on the hard earth  
Lying, with many feathers round him strewn,  
And others round his body, rudely sewn  
Into a cloak, a screen from winter's cold.  
For, oft as famine stung him, would he shoot  
The shaft that missed no fowl his aim had doomed :  
Their flesh he ate, their feathers vested him.  
And there lay herbs and healing leaves, the which,  
Spread on his deadly wound, assuaged its pangs.  
Wild tangled elf-locks hung about his head.  
He seemed a wild beast, that hath set its foot,  
Prowling by night, upon a hidden trap,  
And so hath been constrained in agony  
To bite with fierce teeth through the prisoned limb  
Ere it could win back to its cave, and there  
In hunger and torturing pains it languisheth.  
So in that wide cave suffering crushed the man ;  
And all his frame was wasted ; naught but skin  
Covered his bones. Unwashen there he crouched  
With famine-haggard cheeks, with sunken eyes  
Glaring his misery 'neath cavernous brows.  
Never his groaning ceased, for evermore  
The ulcerous black wound, eating to the bone,  
Festered with thrills of agonizing pain.  
As when a beetling cliff, by seething seas  
Aye buffeted, is carved and underscooped,  
For all its stubborn strength, by tireless waves,  
Till, scourged by winds and lashed by tempest-flails,  
The sea into deep caves hath gnawed its base ;

ὥς τοῦ ὑπὶ χνιον ἔλκος ἀέξετο πυθομένοιο  
 ἰοῦ ἄπο, στυφελοῖς τόν οἱ ἐνομόρξατ' ὁδοῦσι  
 λυγρὸς ὕδρος, τόν φασιν ἀναλθέα τε στυγερόν τε 385  
 ἔμμεναι, ὁππότε μιν τέρση περὶ χέρσον ἰόντα  
 ἠελίοιο μένος· τῷ καὶ μέγα φέρτατον ἄνδρα  
 τεῖρε δυσαλθήτοισιν ὑποδμηθέντ' ὀδύνησιν·  
 ἐκ δέ οἱ ἔλκος αἰὲν ἐπὶ χθόνα λειβομένοιο  
 ἰχώρος πεπάλακτο πέδον πολυχανδέος ἄντρου 390  
 θαῦμα μέγ' ἀνθρώποισι καὶ ὕστερον ἐσσομένοισι.  
 καὶ οἱ πὰρ κλισίην φαρέτρη παρεκέκλιτο μακρὴ  
 ἰὼν πεπληθυῖα· πέλοντο δ' ἄρ' οἱ μὲν ἐπ' ἄγρην,  
 οἱ δ' ἐς δυσμενέας, τοὺς ἄμφεχε λοίγιον ὕδρου  
 φάρμακον αἰνομόροιο· πάροιθε δέ οἱ μέγα τόξον 395  
 κεῖτο πέλας, γναμπτοῖσιν ἀρηράμενον κεράεσσι  
 χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτησι τετυγμένον Ἡρακλῆος.

Τοὺς δ' ὁπότε εἰσενόησε ποτὶ σπέος εὐρὺ κιόντας,  
 ἐσσυμένως οἴμησεν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι ταυύσσαι  
 ἀλγινόεντα βέλεμνα χόλου μεμνημένος αἰνοῦ, 400  
 οὐνεκά μιν τὸ πάροιθε μέγα στενάχοντα λίποντο  
 μοῦνον ἐρημαίοισιν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσι θαλάσσης.  
 καὶ νύ κεν αἰψ' ἐτέλεσεν, ἃ οἱ θρασὺς ἤθελε  
 θυμός,

εἰ μὴ οἱ στονόεντα χόλον διέχευεν Ἀθήνη  
 ἀνέρας εἰσορόωντος ὀμήθεας· οἱ δέ οἱ ἄγχι 405  
 ἤλυθον ἀχνυμένοισιν εἰκότε· καὶ ῥά μιν ἄμφω  
 ἄντρου ἔσω κοίλοιο παρεζόμενοι ἐκάτερθεν  
 ἔλκος ἀμφ' ὀλοοῖο καὶ ἀργαλέων ὀδυνάων  
 εἵροντ'· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσιν εἰς διεπέφραδ' ἀνίας.  
 οἱ δέ ἐθαρσύνεσκον· ἔφαντο δέ οἱ λυγρὸν ἔλκος 410  
 ἐξ ὀλοοῖο μόγοιο καὶ ἄλγεος ἰήσασθαι,  
 ἣν στρατὸν εἰσαφίκηται Ἀχαικόν, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

So greater 'neath his foot grew evermore  
The festering wound, dealt when the envenomed  
fangs

Tare him of that fell water-snake, which men  
Say dealeth ghastly wounds incurable,  
When the hot sun hath parched it as it crawls  
Over the sands ; and so that mightiest man  
Lay faint and wasted with his cureless pain ;  
And from the ulcerous wound aye streamed to earth  
Fetid corruption fouling all the floor  
Of that wide cave, a marvel to be heard  
Of men unborn. Beside his stony bed  
Lay a long quiver full of arrows, some  
For hunting, some to smite his foes withal ;  
With deadly venom of that fell water-snake  
Were these besmeared. Before it, nigh to his hand,  
Lay the great bow, with curving tips of horn,  
Wrought by the mighty hands of Hercules.

Now when that solitary spied these twain  
Draw nigh his cave, he sprang to his bow, he laid  
The deadly arrow on the string ; for now  
Fierce memory of his wrongs awoke against  
These, who had left him years ago, in pain  
Groaning upon the desolate sea-shore.  
Yea, and his heart's stern will he had swiftly  
wrought,

But, even as upon that godlike twain  
He gazed, Athena caused his bitter wrath  
To melt away. Then drew they nigh to him  
With looks of sad compassion, and sat down  
On either hand beside him in the cave,  
And of his deadly wound and grievous pangs  
Asked ; and he told them all his sufferings.  
And they spake hope and comfort ; and they said :  
“ Thy woeful wound, thine anguish, shall be healed,  
If thou but come with us to Achaea's host—

φάντο μέγ' ἀσχαλάαν παρὰ νήεσιν ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοὺς  
 Ἀτρεΐδας ἅμα τοῖσι· κακῶν δέ οἱ οὔτιν' Ἀχαιῶν  
 αἴτιον ἔμμεν' ἔφαντο κατὰ στρατόν, ἀλλ' ἀλεγεινὰς 415  
 Μοίρας, ὧν ἑκάς οὔτις ἀνὴρ ἐπινίσσεται αἶαν,  
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ μογεροῖσιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἀπροτίοπτοι  
 στρωφῶντ' ἤματα πάντα, βροτῶν γένος<sup>1</sup> ἄλλοτε  
 μέν που

βλάπτουσαι κατὰ θυμὸν ἀμείλιχον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
 ἔκποθι κυδαίνουσαι· ἐπεὶ μάλα πάντα βροτοῖσι 420  
 κεῖναι καὶ στονόνετα καὶ ἥπια μηχανώνονται  
 αὐταὶ ὅπως ἐθέλουσιν. ὁ δ' εἰσαΐων Ὀδυσῆος  
 ἡδὲ καὶ ἀντιθέου Διομήδεος αὐτίκα θυμὸν  
 ῥηιδίως κατέπανσεν ἀνιηροῖο χόλοιο,  
 ἔκπαγλον τὸ πάροιθε χολούμενος, ὅσσο' ἐπεπόνθει. 425

Οἱ δέ μιν αἰψ' ἐπὶ νῆα καὶ ἡϊόνας βαρυδούπους  
 καγχαλόωντες ἔνεικαν ὁμῶς σφετέροισι βελέμνοισ·  
 καὶ ρά οἱ ἀμφεμάσαντο δέμας καὶ ἀμείλιχον ἔλκος  
 σπύγγῳ εὐτρήτῳ, κατὰ δ' ἔκλυσαν ὕδατι πολλῷ.  
 ἀμπνύνθη δ' ἄρα τυτθόν· ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἐγκονέοντες 430  
 δόρπον ἐὺν τεύξαντο μεμαότι· σὺν δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 δαίνυντ' ἔνδοθι νηός. ἐπήλυθε δ' ἀμβροσίη νύξ,  
 τοῖσι δ' ἐφ' ὕπνος ὄρουσε· μένον δ' ἄχρις

Ἥριγενείης

ἀμφιάλου Λήμνοιο παρ' ἡόσιν· αὐτὰρ ἄμ' ἡοῖ  
 πείσμαθ' ὁμῶς εὐνῆσιν εὐγνάμπτοισιν ἄειραν 435  
 ἔκτοθεν ἐγκονέοντες· ἐπιπροέηκε δ' Ἀθήνη  
 ἐξόπιθεν πνεύοντα τανυπρώρου νεὸς οὔρον.  
 ἰστία δ' αἰψ' ἐτάνυσσαν ὑπ' ἀμφοτέροισι πόδεσσι,  
 νῆα κατιθύνοντες εὐζυγον· ἡ δ' ὑπ' ἰωῇ  
 ἔσσυτ' ἐπὶ πλατὺ χεῦμα· μέλαν δ' ἀμφέστενε κύμα 440  
 ῥηγνύμενον· πολίος δὲ περίζεε πάντοθεν ἀφρός·  
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ δελφῖνες ἀολλέες ἐσσεύοντο  
 ῥίμφα διαπρήσσοντες ἀλὸς πολιοῖο κέλευθα.

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for μένος of π.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

The host that now is sorrowing after thee  
With all its kings. And no man of them all  
Was cause of thine affliction, but the Fates,  
The cruel ones, whom none that walk the earth  
Escape, but aye they visit hapless men  
Unseen; and day by day with pitiless hearts  
Now they afflict men, now again exalt  
To honour—none knows why; for all the woes  
And all the joys of men do these devise  
After their pleasure." Harkening he sat  
To Odysseus and to godlike Diomedes;  
And all the hoarded wrath for olden wrongs  
And all the torturing rage, melted away.

Straight to the strand dull-thundering and the  
ship,  
Laughing for joy, they bare him with his bow.  
There washed they all his body and that foul wound  
With sponges, and with plenteous water bathed:  
So was his soul refreshed. Then hasted they  
And made meat ready for the famished man,  
And in the galley supped with him. Then came  
The balmy night, and sleep slid down on them.  
Till rose the dawn they tarried by the strand  
Of sea-girt Lemnos, but with dayspring cast  
The hawsers loose, and heaved the anchor-stones  
Out of the deep. Athena sent a breeze  
Blowing behind the galley taper-prowed.  
They strained the sail with either stern-sheet taut;  
Seaward they pointed the stout-girdered ship;  
O'er the broad flood she leapt before the wind;  
Broken to right and left the dark wave sighed,  
And seething all around was hoary foam,  
While thronging dolphins raced on either hand  
Flashing along the paths of silver sea.

Οἱ δ' ἄφαρ Ἑλλήσποντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντ' ἀφί-  
κοντο,

ἦχι καὶ ἄλλαι νῆες ἔσαν· κεχάροντο δ' Ἀχαιοί, 445  
ὥς ἴδον οὓς ποθέεσκον ἀνὰ στρατόν. οἱ δ' ἄρα νηὸς  
ἀσπασίως ἀπέβησαν· ἔχεν δ' ἄρα χεῖρας ἀραιὰς  
Ποίαντος θρασὺς υἱὸς ἐπ' ἀνέρας, οἳ ρά μιν ἄμφω  
λυγρὸν ἐπισκάζοντα ποτὶ χθόνα διὰν ἄγεσκον  
ἀμφοτέρων κρατερῆσιν ἐπικλινθέντα χέρεσσιν· 450  
ἥ ὕτ' ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισιν ἐς ἡμισυ μέχρι κοπεῖσαν  
φηγὸν ὑφ' ὑλοτόμοιο βίης ἢ πύονα πεύκη  
τυτθὸν ἔθ' ἐστηνύϊαν, ὅσον λίπε δρυτόμος ἀνὴρ  
πρέμνου ὑποτμήγων λιπαρόν, δάος ὄφρα πέληται  
πίσσα πυρὶ δμηθεῖσα κατ' οὖρεα, τὴν δ' ἀλεγεινῶς 455  
ἀχθομένην ἀνεμὸς τε καὶ ἀδρανὴ ποτικλίνη  
ἔρνεσιν εὐθαλέεσσι, φέρουσι δέ μιν βαρέουσιν·<sup>1</sup> 456a  
ὥς ἄρ' ὑπ' ἀτλήτῳ βεβαρημένον ἄλγעי φῶτα  
θαρσαλέοι ἥρωες ἐπικλινθέντα φέρεσκον  
'Αργείων ἐς ὄμιλον ἀρήιον· οἱ δ' ἐσιδόντες  
ὦκτειραν μάλα πάντες ἐκηβόλον ἀνέρα λυγρῷ 460  
ἐλκεῖ τειρόμενον· τὸν δὲ στερεὸν καὶ ἄνουσον  
ὠκύτερον ποίησε νοήματος αἰψηροῖο  
ἶσος ἐπουρανίοις Ποδαλείριος, εὖ μὲν ὑπερθε  
πάσων φάρμακα πολλὰ καθ' ἔλκεος, εὖ δὲ κικ-  
λήσκων

οὔνομα πατρὸς ἐοῖο· θοῶς δ' ἰάχησαν Ἀχαιοὶ 465  
πάντες κυδαίνοντες ὁμῶς Ἀσκληπιοῦ νῖα.  
καὶ μιν φαιδρύναντο καὶ ἀμφὶ ἐχρίσαν ἐλαίῳ  
προφρονέως· ὅλοη δὲ κατηφείη καὶ οἰζὺς  
ἀθανάτων ἰότητι κατέφθιτο· τοὶ δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν  
τέρποντ' εἰσορόωντες· ὁ δ' ἄμπνυεν ἐκ κακότητος· 470  
ἀχροῖη δ' ἄρ' ἔρευθος ἐπήλυθεν, ἀργαλέη δὲ  
ἀδρανὴ μέγα κάρτος· ἀέξετο δ' ἄψα πάντα.  
ὥς δ' ὁπότε Ἀλδαίνηται ἐπὶ σταχύεσσιν ἄρουρα,

<sup>1</sup> Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Full soon to fish-fraught Hellespont they came  
And the far-stretching ships. Glad were the Greeks  
To see the longed-for faces. Forth the ship  
With joy they stepped; and Poeas' valiant son  
On those two heroes leaned thin wasted hands,  
Who bare him painfully halting to the shore  
Staying his weight upon their brawny arms.  
As seems mid mountain-brakes an oak or pine  
By strength of the woodcutter half hewn through,  
Which for a little stands on what was left  
Of the smooth trunk by him who hewed thereat  
Hard by the roots, that its slow-smouldering wood  
Might yield him pitch—now like to one in pain  
It groans, in weakness borne down by the wind,  
Yet is upstayed upon its leafy boughs  
Which from the earth bear up its helpless weight;  
So by pain unendurable bowed down  
Leaned he on those brave heroes, and was borne  
Unto the war-host. Men beheld, and all  
Compassionated that great archer, crushed  
By anguish of his hurt. But one drew near,  
Podaleirius, godlike in his power to heal.  
Swifter than thought he made him whole and sound;  
For deftly on the wound he spread his salves,  
Calling on his physician-father's name;  
And soon the Achaeans shouted all for joy,  
All praising with one voice Aesclepius' son.  
Lovingly then they bathed him, and with oil  
Anointed. All his heaviness of cheer  
And misery vanished by the Immortals' will;  
And glad at heart were all that looked on him;  
And from affliction he awoke to joy.  
Over the bloodless face the flush of health  
Glowed, and for wretched weakness mighty strength  
Thrilled through him: goodly and great waxed all  
his limbs.

ἦν τὸ πάρος φθινύθουσαν ἐπέκλυσε χείματος αἰνοῦ  
 ὄμβρος ἐπιβρίσας, ἥ δ' ἀλδομένη ἀνέμοισι 475  
 μειδιῖα τεθαλυῖα πολυκμήτῳ ἐν ἄλῳῃ·

ὥς ἄρα τειρομένοιο Φιλοκτῆταο πάροιθε  
 πᾶν δέμας αἰψ' ἀνέθηλεν· εὐτροχάλῳ δ' ἐνὶ κοίλῃ  
 κάλλιπε κήδεα πάντα, τά οἱ περιδάμνατο θυμόν.

Ἀτρεῖδαι δ' ὀρόωντες ἅτ' ἐκ θανάτου ἀνιόντα 480  
 ἀνέρα θαυμάζεσκον· ἔφαντο γὰρ ἔμμεναι ἔργον  
 ἀθανάτων· τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἦεν ἐτήτυμον, ὥς ἐνόησαν·  
 καὶ γάρ οἱ μέγεθός τε καὶ ἀγλαΐην κατέχευεν  
 ἐσθλὴ Τριτογένεια· φάνη δ' ἄφαρ, οἷος ἦεν περ  
 τὸ πρὶν ἐν Ἀργείοισι πάρος κακότητι δαμῆναι. 485

καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἐς κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀφνειοῖο  
 πάντες ὁμῶς οἱ ἄριστοι ἄγον Ποιάντιον νῖα·  
 καὶ μιν κυδαίνοντες ἐπ' εἰλαπίνῃσι γέραιον.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κορέσαντο ποτοῦ καὶ ἐδητύος ἐσθλῆς,  
 δὴ τότε μιν προσέειπεν εὐμμελῆς Ἀγαμέμνων· 490

“ὦ φίλ', ἐπειδὴ περ σὲ θεῶν ἰότητι πάροιθε  
 Λήμνῳ ἐν ἀμφιάλῳ λίπομεν, βλαφθέντε νόημα,  
 μὴ δὴ νῦν<sup>1</sup> χόλον αἰνὸν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῇσι βαλέσθαι·  
 οὐ γάρ ἄνευ μακάρων τάδ' ἐρέξαμεν, ἀλλὰ που  
 αὐτοὶ

ἤθελον ἀθάνατοι νῶιν κακὰ πολλὰ βαλέσθαι 495  
 σεῦ ἀπὸ νόσφιν ἐόντος, ἐπεὶ περίοιδας οἷστοις  
 δυσμενέας δάμνασθαι, ὅτ' ἀντία σεῖο μάχονται.  
 [ἀνδράσι γὰρ βιότοιο πολυπλάγκτοιο κέλευθαι]  
 πᾶσαν ἄν' ἡπειρον πέλαγός τ' ἀνὰ μακρὸν αἷστοι  
 Μοιράων ἰότητι πολυσχιδέες τε πέλονται, 500

πυκναί τε σκολιαί τε, τετραμμέναι ἄλλυδις ἄλλῃ·  
 τῶν δὲ δι' αἰζήνοι φορέονθ' ὑπὸ δαίμονος Αἴσῃ  
 εἰδόμενοι φύλλοισιν ὑπὸ πνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for μηδ' ἡμῖν of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

As when a field of corn revives again  
Which erst had drooped, by rains of ruining storm  
Down beaten flat, but by warm summer winds  
Requicken'd, o'er the labour'd land it smiles ;  
So Philoctetes' erstwhile wasted frame  
Was all requicken'd :—in the galley's hold  
He seem'd to have left all cares that crush'd his  
soul.

And Atreus' sons beheld him marvelling  
As one re-risen from the dead : it seem'd  
The work of hands immortal. And indeed  
So was it verily, as their hearts divin'd ;  
For 'twas the glorious Triton-born that shed  
Stature and grace upon him. Suddenly  
He seem'd as when of old mid Argive men  
He stood, before calamity struck him down.  
Then unto wealthy Agamemnon's tent  
Did all their mightiest men bring Poeas' son,  
And set him chief in honour at the feast,  
Extolling him. When all with meat and drink  
Were fill'd, spake Agamemnon lord of spears :  
“ Dear friend, since by the will of Heaven our souls  
Were once perverted, that in sea-girt Lemnos  
We left thee, harbour not thine heart within  
Fierce wrath for this : by the blest Gods constrained  
We did it ; and, I trow, the Immortals willed  
To bring much evil on us, bereft of thee,  
Who art of all men skilfullest to quell  
With shafts of death all foes that face thee in fight.  
For all the tangled paths of human life,  
By land and sea, are by the will of Fate  
Hid from our eyes, in many and devious tracks  
Are cleft apart, in wandering mazes lost.  
Along them men by Fortune's dooming drift  
Like unto leaves that drive before the wind.

σευομένοις· ἀγαθὸς δὲ κακῇ ἐνέκυρσε κελεύθῳ  
πολλάκις, οὐκ ἐσθλὸς δ' ἀγαθῇ· τὰς δ' οὔτ'  
ἀλέασθαι

505

οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐκὼν τις ἐλέσθαι ἐπιχθόνιος δύνατ' ἀνὴρ·  
χρὴ δὲ σαόφρονα φῶτα, καὶ ἦν φορέηθ' ὑπ' ἀέλλαις  
οἴμην ἀργαλέην, στερεῇ φρενὶ τλῆναι οἰζύν.  
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀασάμεσθα καὶ ἡλίτομεν τόδε ἔργον,  
ἐξαὔτις δώροισιν ἀρεσσόμεθ' ἀπλήτοισι,  
Τρώων ἦν ποθ' ἔλωμεν ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον·  
νῦν δὲ λάβ' ἐπτὰ γυναῖκας εἰκοσί τ' ὠκείας ἵππους  
ἀθλοφόρους τρίποδάς τε δυνώδεκα, τοῖς ἐπὶ θυμὸν  
τέρψεις ἡματα πάντα· καὶ ἐν κλισίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν  
αἰεὶ τοι παρὰ δαιτὶ γέρας βασιλῆιον ἔσται.”

510

515

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἥρωι πόρεν περικαλλέα δῶρα.  
τὸν δ' ἄρα Ποίαντος προσέφη κρατερόφρονος υἱός·  
“ὦ φίλος, οὗ τοι ἐγὼν ἔτι χῶομαι, οὐδὲ μὲν  
ἄλλῳ

Ἀργείων, τῶν εἴ τις ἔτ' ἤλιτεν εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο·  
οἶδα γάρ, ὥς στρεπτός νόος ἀνδράσι γίνεται  
ἐσθλοῖς,

520

οὐδ' αἰεὶ χαλεπὸν θέμις ἔμμεναι οὐδ' ἀσύφηλον,  
ἀλλ' ὅτε μὲν σμερδνὸν τελέθειν, ὅτε δ' ἥπιον εἶναι.  
νῦν δ' ἴομεν ποτὶ κοῖτον, ἐπεὶ χατέοντι μάχεσθαι  
βέλτερον ὑπνώειν ἢ ἐπὶ πλέον εἰλαπινάζειν.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπόρουσε καὶ ἐς κλισίην ἀφίκανε  
σφῶν ἐτάρων· οἱ δ' αἶψα φιλοπτολέμῳ βασιλῆϊ  
εὐνὴν ἐντύνοντο μέγα φρεσὶ καγχαλόωντες·  
αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἀσπασίως κατελέξατο μέχρ' ἐπ' ἡώ.

525

Νύξ δ' ἀνεχάσσατο δία· φάος δ' ἐρύθηνε  
κολῶνας

ἡελίου, καὶ πάντα βροτοὶ περιποιίπνυνον ἔργα.

530

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὀλοοῖο μέγ' ἰέμενοι πολέμοιο  
οἱ μὲν δούρατα θῆγον ἐϋξοα, τοὶ δὲ βέλεμνα,  
ἄλλοι δ' αἰγανέας· ἅμα δ' ἡοῖ δαῖτα πένοντο



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Oft on an evil path the good man's feet  
Stumble, the brave finds not a prosperous path ;  
And none of earth-born men can shun the Fates,  
And of his own will none can choose his way.  
So then doth it behove the wise of heart—  
Though on a troublous track the winds of fate  
Sweep him away—to suffer and be strong.  
Since we were blinded then, and erred herein,  
With rich gifts will we make amends to thee  
Hereafter, when we take the stately towers  
Of Troy : but now receive thou handmaids seven,  
Fleet steeds two-score, victors in chariot-race,  
And tripods twelve, wherein thine heart may joy  
Through all thy days ; and always in my tent  
Shall royal honour at the feast be thine."

He spake, and gave the hero those fair gifts.  
Then answered Poeas' mighty-hearted son ;  
" Friend, I forgive thee freely, and all beside  
Whoso against me haply hath transgressed.  
I know how good men's minds sometimes be warped :  
Nor meet it is that one be obdurate  
Ever, and nurse mean rancours : sternest wrath  
Must yield anon unto the melting mood.  
Now pass we to our rest ; for better is sleep  
Than feasting late, for him who longs to fight."

He spake, and rose, and came to his comrades' tent ;  
Then swiftly for their war-fain king they dight  
The couch, while laughed their hearts for very joy.  
Gladly he laid him down to sleep till dawn.

So passed the night divine, till flushed the hills  
In the sun's light, and men awoke to toil.  
Then all athirst for war the Argive men  
'Gan whet the spear smooth-shafted, or the dart,  
Or javelin, and they brake the bread of dawn,  
And foddered all their horses. Then to these

αὐτοῖς ἡδ' ἵπποισι· πάσαντο δὲ πάντες ἐδωδὴν.  
 τοῖσιν δὲ Ποίαντος ἀνύμονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς 535  
 τοῖον ἔπος μετέειπεν ἐποτρύνων πονέεσθαι·  
 “εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν πολέμοιο μεδώμεθα· μηδέ τις ἡμέων  
 μιμνέτω ἐν νήεσσι, πάρος κλυτὰ τείχεα λῦσαι  
 Τροίης εὐπύργοιο, καταπρῆσαί τε πόλιν.”  
 ὣς φάτο· τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸς ὑπὸ κραδίῃ μέγ' ἰάνθη· 540  
 δῦσαν δ' ἐν τεύχεσσι καὶ ἀσπίσιν· ἐκ δ' ἄρα νηῶν  
 πανσυδίῃ μελίησι κεκασμένοι ἐσσεύοντο  
 καὶ βοέοις σακέεσσι καὶ ἀμφιφάλοις κορύθεσιν·  
 ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἔρειδε κατὰ στίχας· οὐδέ κε φαίης  
 κείνων ἐσσυμένων ἐκὰς ἔμμεναι ἄλλον ἀπ' ἄλλον· 545  
 ὥς ἄρ' ἴσαν θαμινοὶ καὶ ἀρηρότες ἀλλήλοισι.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Spake Pœas' son with battle-kindling speech :

“Up ! let us make us ready for the war !

Let no man linger mid the galleys, ere

The glorious walls of Ilium stately-towered

Be shattered, and her palaces be burned !”

Then at his words each heart and spirit glowed :

They donned their armour, and they grasped their  
shields.

Forth of the ships in one huge mass they poured

Arrayed with bull-hide bucklers, ashen spears,

And gallant-crested helms. Through all their ranks

Shoulder to shoulder marched they : thou hadst  
seen

No gap 'twixt man and man as on they charged ;

So close they thronged, so dense was their array.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ.

Τρῶες δ' αὐτ' ἔκτοσθεν ἔσαν Πριάμοιο πόλῃος  
πάντες σὺν τεύχεσσι καὶ ἄρμασιν ἠδὲ καὶ ἵπποις  
ᾠκυτάτοις· καίον γὰρ ἀποκταμένους ἐνὶ χάρμῃ  
δειδιότες, μὴ λαὸς ἐπιβρίσειεν Ἀχαιῶν.

τοὺς δ' ὥς οὖν ἐσίδοντο ποτὶ πτόλιν ἀΐσσοντας,  
ἔσσυμένως κταμένοισι χυτὸν περὶ σῆμα βάλλοντο  
σπερχόμενοι· δεινὸν γὰρ ὑποτρομέεσκον ἰδόντες.  
τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' ἀχυνμένοισιν ὑπὸ φρεσὶ μῦθον ἔειπε  
Πουλυδάμας, ὃ γὰρ ἔσκε λίην πινυτὸς καὶ ἐχέ-  
φρων·

“ὦ φίλοι, οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτὸς ἐφ' ἡμῖν μαίνεται Ἄρης· 10  
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ φραζώμεθ', ὅπως πολέμοιό τι μῆχος  
εὕρωμεν· Δαναοὶ γὰρ ἐπικρατέουσι μένοντες.

νῦν δ' ἄγε δὴ πύργοισιν ἐϋδμήτοις ἐπιβάντες  
μίμνωμεν νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμέρας δηριόωντες,  
εἰσόκε δὴ Δαναοὶ Σπάρτην ἐρίβωλον ἔκωνται, 15  
ἢ αὐτοῦ παρὰ τεῖχος ἀκηδήσωσι μένοντες

ἀκλεῆς ἐξόμενοι· ἐπεὶ οὐ σθένος ἔσσεται αὐτοῖς  
ῥῆξαι τείχεα μακρά, καὶ εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμωσιν·  
οὐ γὰρ ἀβληχρὰ θεοῖσι τετεύχεται ἄφθιτα ἔργα.  
οὐδὲ τί που βρώμης ἐπιδευόμεθ' οὐδὲ ποτήτος· 20  
πολλὰ γὰρ ἐν Πριάμοιο πολυχρύσιοι μελάρθοις  
ἔμπεδον εἶδατα κεῖται, ἅπερ πολέεσσι καὶ ἄλλοις

## BOOK X

*How Paris was stricken to death, and in vain sought  
help of Oenone.*

Now were the Trojans all without the town  
Of Priam, armour-clad, with battle-cars  
And chariot-steeds ; for still they burnt their dead,  
And still they feared lest the Achæan men  
Should fall on them. They looked, and saw them  
come

With furious speed against the walls. In haste  
They cast a hurried earth-mound o'er the slain,  
For greatly trembled they to see their foes.  
Then in their sore disquiet spake to them  
Polydamas, a wise and prudent chief :  
“ Friends, unendurably against us now  
Maddens the war. Go to, let us devise  
How we may find deliverance from our strait.  
Still bide the Danaans here, still gather strength :  
Now therefore let us man our stately towers,  
And thence withstand them, fighting night and day,  
Until yon Danaans weary, and return  
To Sparta, or, renownless lingering here  
Beside the wall, lose heart. No strength of theirs  
Shall breach the long walls, howsoe'er they strive,  
For in the imperishable work of Gods  
Weakness is none. Food, drink, we shall not lack,  
For in King Priam's gold-abounding halls  
Is stored abundant food, that shall suffice

πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἔσσετ' ἀγειρομένοισιν ἔδωδὴ  
 ἐς κόρον, εἰ καὶ ἔτ' ἄλλος ἐελδομένοισιν ἵκηται  
 τρὶς τόσος ἐνθάδε λαὸς ἀρηγέμεναι μενεαίνων." 25

Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἐνέειπε θρασὺς πᾶις Ἀγ-  
 χίσαιο·

“ Πουλυδάμα, πῶς γάρ σε σαόφρονά φασι τε-  
 τύχθαι,

ὃς κέλεαι ποτὶ δηρὸν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ἄλγεα πάσχειν;  
 οὐ γὰρ ἀκηδήσουσι πολὺν χρόνον ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιοί,  
 ἀλλ' ἄρ' ἐπιβρίσουσιν ἀλευομένους ἐσιδόντες· 30

νῶιν δ' ἔσσεται ἄλγος ἀποφθιμένων ἐνὶ πάτρῃ,  
 ἣν πως ἐνθάδε πουλὺν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἀμφιμάχωνται·  
 οὐ γάρ τις Θήβηθε μελίφρονα σῖτον ὀπάσσει  
 ἡμιν, ἐπὴν εἰρχθῶμεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν, οὐδέ τις οἴσει  
 οἶνον Μαιονίηθεν· ἀνιηρῶ δ' ὑπὸ λιμῷ 35

φθισόμεθ' ἀργαλέως, εἰ καὶ μάλα τεῖχος ἀμύνει.  
 ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν θάνατόν τε κακὸν καὶ Κῆρας ἀλύξαι,  
 μῆδ' ἄρ' οἴζυρῳς θανέειν πολυαχθεὶ λιμῷ  
 μέλλομεν, εἴν ἔντεσσι σὺν ἡμετέροις τεκέεσσι  
 καὶ γεραροῖς πατέρεσσι μαχώμεθα· καὶ ῥά ποθι  
 Ζεὺς 40

χραιοσμήσει· κείνου γὰρ ἀφ' αἵματός εἵμεν ἀγανού·  
 εἰ δέ κεν ἄρ καὶ κείνῳ ἀπεχθόμενοι τελέθωμεν,  
 εὐκλειῶς τάχ' ὀλέσθαι ἀμυνομένους περὶ πάτρης  
 βέλτερον, ἢ ἐμένοντας οἴζυρῳς ἀπολέσθαι.”

Ὡς φάτο· τῷ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίαχον εἰσαῖοντες· 45  
 αἶψα δὲ δὴ κορύθεσσι καὶ ἀσπίσι καὶ δοράτεσσι  
 φράχθεν ἐπ' ἀλλήλους· ἐπὶ δ' ἀκαμάτου Διὸς  
 ὄσσε

δέρκετ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο κορυσσομένους ἐς Ἄρηα  
 Τρῶας ἐπ' Ἀργείοισιν· ἔγειρε δὲ θυμὸν ἐκάιστου,  
 ὄφρα μάχην ἀλίαςτον ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι τανύσση 50  
 λαοῖς· ἣ γὰρ ἔμελλεν Ἀλέξανδρος θανέεσθαι  
 χερσὶ Φιλοκτήταο πονεύμενος ἀμφ' ἰλόχοιο.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

For many more than we, through many years,  
Though thrice so great a host at our desire  
Should gather, eager to maintain our cause."

Then chode with him Anchises' valiant son :  
" Polydamas, wherefore do they call thee wise,  
Who biddest suffer endless tribulations  
Cooped within walls ? Never, how long soe'er  
The Achaeans tarry here, will they lose heart ;  
But when they see us skulking from the field,  
More fiercely will press on. So ours shall be  
The sufferance, perishing in our native home,  
If for long season they beleaguer us.  
No food, if we be pent within our walls,  
Shall Thebe send us, nor Maeonia wine,  
But wretchedly by famine shall we die,  
Though the great wall stand firm. Nay, though our  
lot

Should be to escape that evil death and doom,  
And not by famine miserably to die ;  
Yet rather let us fight in armour clad  
For children and grey fathers ! Haply Zeus  
Will help us yet ; of his high blood are we.  
Nay, even though we be abhorred of him,  
Better straightway to perish gloriously  
Fighting unto the last for fatherland,  
Than die a death of lingering agony ! "

Shouted they all who heard that gallant rede.  
Swiftly with helms and shields and spears they stood  
In close array. The eyes of mighty Zeus  
From heaven beheld the Trojans armed for fight  
Against the Danaans : then did he awake  
Courage in these and those, that there might be  
Strain of unflinching fight 'twixt host and host.  
That day was Paris doomed, for Helen's sake  
Fighting, by Philoctetes' hands to die.

Τοὺς δ' ἄγεν εἰς ἓνα χῶρον Ἑρὶς μεδέουσα  
κυδοιμὸν

οὔτινι φαινομένη· περὶ γὰρ νέφος ἄμφεχεν ὤμους  
αἵματόεν· φοίτα δὲ μέγαν κλονέουσα κυδοιμὸν 55  
ἄλλοτε μὲν Τρώων ἐς ὁμήγυριν, ἄλλοτ' Ἀχαιῶν·  
τὴν δὲ Φόβος καὶ Δεῖμος ἀταρβέες ἀμφεπένοντο  
πατροκασιγνήτην κρατερόφρονα κυδαίνοντες·  
ἡ δὲ μέγ' ἐξ ὀλίγοιο κορύσσετο μαιμώωσα·  
τεύχεα δ' ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἔχεν πεπαλαγμένα λύθρῳ· 60  
πάλλε δὲ λοίγιον ἔγχος ἐς ἡέρα· τῆς δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶ  
κίνντο γαῖα μέλαινα· πυρὸς δ' ἄμπνυεν αὐτμῆν  
σμερδαλέον· μέγα δ' αἰὲν αὐτεεν ὀτρύνουσα  
αἰζηούς· οἱ δ' αἶψα συνήιον ἀρτύνοντες  
ὑσμίνην· δεινὴ γὰρ ἄγεν θεὸς ἐς μέγα ἔργον. 65  
τῶν δ' ὥς ἡ ἀνέμων ἰαχὴ πέλε λάβρον ἀέντων  
εἶαρος ἀρχομένου, ὅτε δένδρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη  
φύλλα φύει, ἡ ὥς ὅτ' ἀν' ἀζαλέην ξύλοχον πῦρ  
αἰθόμενον βρομέει, ἡ ὥς μέγα πόντος ἀπείρων  
μαίνεται ἐξ ἀνέμοιο δυσηχέος, ἀμφὶ δὲ ροῖβδος 70  
γίνετ' ἀπειρέσιος, τρόμει δ' ὑπο γούνατα ναυτέων·  
ὥς τῶν ἐσσυμένων μέγ' ὑπέβραχε γαῖα πελώρη·  
ἐν δέ σφιν πέσε δῆρις· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ὄρουσε.

Πρῶτος δ' Αἰνείας Δαναῶν ἔλεν Ἀρπαλίωνα  
υἱὸν Ἀριζήλοιο, τὸν Ἀμφινόμη τέκε μήτηρ 75  
γῇ ἐνι Βοιωτῶν, ὁ δ' ἅμα Προθοήνορι δίῳ  
ἐς Τροίην ἵκανε ἀμυνέμεν Ἀργείοισι·  
τόν ῥα τότε Αἰνείας ἀπαλὴν ὑπὸ νηδύα τύψας  
νοσφίσατ' ἐκ θυμοῖο καὶ ἡδέος ἐκ βιότοιο.  
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Θερσάνδροιο δαΐφρονος νῖα δάμασσευ 80  
Ἰλλον εὐγλώχινι βαλὼν κατὰ λαιμὸν ἄκοντι,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

To one place Strife incarnate drew them all,  
The fearful Battle-queen, beheld of none,  
But cloaked in clouds blood-raining : on she stalked  
Swelling the mighty roar of battle, now  
Rushed through Troy's squadrons, through Achaea's  
now :

Panic and Fear still waited on her steps  
To make their father's sister glorious.  
From small to huge that Fury's stature grew ;  
Her arms of adamant were blood-besprent ;  
The deadly lance she brandished reached the sky.  
Earth quaked beneath her feet : dread blasts of fire  
Flamed from her mouth : her voice pealed thunder-  
like

Kindling strong men. Swift closed the fronts of  
fight

Drawn by a dread Power to the mighty work.  
Loud as the shriek of winds that madly blow  
In early spring, when the tall woodland trees  
Put forth their leaves—loud as the roar of fire  
Blazing through sun-scorched brakes—loud as the  
voice

Of many waters, when the wide sea raves  
Beneath the howling blast, with thunderous crash  
Of waves, when shake the fearful shipman's knees ;  
So thundered earth beneath their charging feet.  
Strife swooped on them : foe hurled himself on foe.

First did Aeneas of the Danaans slay  
Harpalion, Arizelus' scion, born  
In far Boeotia of Amphinome,  
Who came to Troy to help the Argive men  
With godlike Prothoënor. 'Neath his waist  
Aeneas stabbed, and reft sweet life from him.  
Dead upon him he cast Thersander's son,  
For the barbed javelin pierced through Hyllus'  
throat

ὃν τέκε δι' Ἀρέθουσα παρ' ὕδασι Ληθαίοιο  
Κρήτη ἐν ἀμφιάλῳ· μέγα δ' ἤκαχεν Ἰδομενῆα.

Αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐδαο πάϊς δυοκαίδεκα φῶτας  
Τρώων αὐτίκ' ὄλεσσε· ὑπ' ἔγχρῃ πατὴρ ἑοῖο· 85

Κέβρον μὲν πρῶτιστα καὶ Ἄρμονα Πασίθεόν τε  
Ἵσμινόν τε καὶ Ἰμβράσιον Σχέδιόν τε Φλέγην τε  
Μνήσαιόν τ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι καὶ Ἐννομον Ἀμφινόον τε  
καὶ Φάσιν ἠδὲ Γαληνόν, ὃς οἰκία ναιετάασκε

Γαργάρῳ αἰπεινῇ, μετὰ δ' ἔπρεπε μαρναμένοισι 90  
Τρωσὶν ἐϋσθενέεσσι, κίεν δ' ἅμ' ἀπείρου λαῶ

ἔς Τροίην· μάλα γάρ οἱ ὑπέσχετο πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ  
Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος δώσειν περικαλλέα δῶρα,  
νῆπιος· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐφράσσαθ' ἐὼν μόρον· ἦ γὰρ  
ἔμελλεν

ἔσσυμένως ὀλέεσθαι ὑπ' ἀργαλέου πολέμοιο, 95  
πρὶν δόμον ἐκ Πριάμοιο περικλυτὰ δῶρα φέρε-  
σθαι.

Καὶ τότε Μοῖρ' αἰδηλὸς ἐπέτραπεν Ἀργείοισιν  
Εὐρυμένην, ἔταρον κρατερόφρονος Αἰνείαιο.

ᾧρσε δέ οἱ μέγα θάρσος ὑπὸ φρένας, ὄφρα  
δαμάσσας

πολλοὺς αἵσιμον ἦμαρ ἀναπλήσῃ ὑπ' ὀλέθρῳ. 100  
δάμνατο δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον ἀνηλέϊ θηρὶ ἐοικώς·  
οἱ δέ μιν οὐχ ὑπέμειναν ἐφ' ὕστατὴν βιότοιο  
αἶνόν μαιμῶωντι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγοντι μόροιο·

καὶ νῦν κεν ἔργον ἔρεξεν ἀπείριτον ἐν δαΐ κείνῃ,  
εἰ μὴ οἱ χεῖρές τε κάμον καὶ δούρατος αἰχμὴ 105  
πάμπαν ἀνεγνάμφθη· ξίφεος δέ οἱ οὐκέτι κώπη  
ἔσθενεν· ἀλλὰ μιν Αἴσα διέκλασε· τὸν δ' ὑπ'  
ἄκοντι

τύψε κατὰ στομάχοιο Μέγης· ἀνὰ δ' ἔβλυσεν  
αἷμα

ἐκ στόματος· τῷ δ' αἶψα σὺν ἄλγῃ Μοῖρα  
παρέστη.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Whom Arethusa by Lethaeus bare  
In Crete : sore grieved Idomeneus for his fall.

By this Peleides' son had swiftly slain  
Twelve Trojan warriors with his father's spear.  
First Cebrus fell, Harmon, Pasitheus then,  
Hysminus, Schedius, and Imbrasius,  
Phleges, Mnesaeus, Ennomus, Amphinomus,  
Phasis, Galenus last, who had his home  
By Gargarus' steep—a mighty warrior he  
Among Troy's mighties : with a countless host  
To Troy he came : for Priam Dardanus' son  
Promised him many gifts and passing fair.  
Ah fool ! his own doom never he foresaw,  
Whose weird was suddenly to fall in fight  
Ere he bore home King Priam's glorious gifts.

Doom the Destroyer against the Argives sped  
Valiant Aeneas' friend, Eurymenes.  
Wild courage spurred him on, that he might slay  
Many—and then fill death's cup for himself.  
Man after man he slew like some fierce beast,  
And foes shrank from the terrible rage that burned  
On his life's verge, nor recked of imminent doom.  
Yea, peerless deeds in that fight had he done,  
Had not his hands grown weary, his spear-head  
Bent utterly : his sword availed him not,  
Snapped at the hilt by Fate. Then Meges' dart  
Smote 'neath his ribs ; blood spurted from his  
mouth,  
And in death's agony Doom stood at his side.

Τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀποκταμένοιο δύω θεράποντες  
Ἐπειοῦ

110

Δηιλέων τε καὶ Ἀμφίων ἀπὸ τεύχε' ἐλέσθαι  
ῥμαινον· τοὺς δ' αὖτε θρασὺ σθένος Αἰνείαιο  
δάμνατο μαιμῶντας οἷζυρῶς περὶ νεκρῷ.  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οἶνοπέδῳ τις ἐπαῖσσοντας ὀπώρῃ  
σφῆκας τερσομένησι περὶ σταφυλῇσι δαμάσση, 115  
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀποπνέουσιν πάρος γεύσασθαι ὀπώρης·  
ὥς τοὺς αἰψ' ἐδάμασσε πρὶν ἔντεα λήισσασθαι.

Τυδεΐδης δὲ Μένοντα καὶ Ἀμφίνοον κατέπεφνε  
ἄμφω ἀμύμονε φῶτε· Πάρις δ' ἔλε Δημολέοντα  
Ἴππασίδην, ὃς πρόσθε Λακωνίδα γαῖαν ἔναιε 120  
πὰρ προχοῆς ποταμοῖο βαθυρρόου Εὐρώταο,  
ἦλυθε δ' ἐς Τροίην ὑπ' ἀρηιθόφ Μενελάῳ·  
καὶ ἐ Πάρις κατέπεφνε τυχῶν ὑπὸ μαζὸν οἷστῳ  
δεξιόν, ἐκ δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἀπὸ μελέων ἐκέδασσε.

Τεῦκρος δὲ Ζέχιν εἶλε περικλυτὸν υἱά Μέδοντος, 125  
ὃς ῥά τε ναιετάασκεν ἐνὶ Φρυγίῃ πολυμήλῳ  
ἄντρον ὑπὸ ζάθεον καλλιπλοκάμων Νυμφάων,  
ἦχί ποτ' Ἐνδυμίωνα παρυπνῶντα βόεσσιν  
ὑψόθεν ἀθρήσασα κατήλυθε δία Σελήνη  
οὐρανόθεν· δριμύς γὰρ ἄγεν πόθος ἡιθέοιο 130  
ἀθανάτην περ εἰούσαν ἀκήρατον,<sup>1</sup> ἥς ἔτι νῦν περ  
εὐνῆς σῆμα τέτυκται ὑπὸ δρυσίν· ἀμφὶ γὰρ αὐτῇ  
ἐκκέχυτ' ἐν ξυλόχοισι βοῶν γλάγος· οἱ δέ νυ φῶτες  
θηεύντ' εἰσέτι κείνο· τὸ γὰρ μάλα τηλόθι φαίης  
ἔμμεναι εἰσορόων πολιὸν γάλα, κείνο δ' ἴησι 135  
λευκὸν ὕδωρ, καὶ βαιὸν ἀπόπροθεν ὀππόθ' ἴκηται,  
πήγνυται ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα, πέλει δ' ἄρα λάϊνου οὐδας.

Ἀλκαίῳ δ' ἐπόρουσε Μέγης Φυλῆιος υἱός·  
καὶ ῥά μιν ἀσπαίρουσαν ὑπὸ κραδίην ἐπέρησεν  
ἐγχείῃ· τοῦ δ' ὦκα λύθη πολυήρατος αἰών· 140  
οὐδέ μιν ἐκ πολέμοιο πολυκλαύτοιο μολόντα

<sup>1</sup> Zimmerman, ex P, for *πονέουσαν* with lacuna.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Even as he fell, Epeius' henchmen twain,  
Deileon and Amphion, rushed to strip  
His armour; but Aeneas brave and strong  
Chilled their hot hearts in death beside the dead.  
As one in latter summer 'mid his vines  
Kills wasps that dart about his ripening grapes,  
And so, ere they may taste the fruit, they die;  
So smote he them, ere they could seize the arms.

Menon and Amphinous Tydeides slew,  
Both goodly men. Paris slew Hippasus' son  
Demoleon, who in Laconia's land  
Beside the outfall of Eurotas dwelt,  
The stream deep-flowing, and to Troy he came  
With Menelaus. Under his right breast  
The shaft of Paris smote him unto death,  
Driving his soul forth like a scattering breath.

Teucer slew Zechis, Medon's war-famed son,  
Who dwelt in Phrygia, land of myriad flocks,  
Below that haunted cave of fair-haired Nymphs  
Where, as Endymion slept beside his kine,  
Divine Selene watched him from on high,  
And slid from heaven to earth; for passionate love  
Drew down the immortal stainless Queen of Night.  
And a memorial of her couch abides  
Still 'neath the oaks; for mid the copses round  
Was poured out milk of kine; and still do men  
Marvelling behold its whiteness. Thou wouldst say  
Far off that this was milk indeed, which is  
A well-spring of white water: if thou draw  
A little nigher, lo, the stream is fringed  
As though with ice, for white stone rims it round.

Rushed on Alcaeus Meges, Phyleus' son,  
And drave his spear beneath his fluttering heart.  
Loosed were the cords of sweet life suddenly,  
And his sad parents longed in vain to greet

καίπερ ἐελδόμενοι μογεροὶ δέξαντο τοκῆς,  
 Φύλλις ἐϋζωνος καὶ Μάργασος, οἳ ῥ' ἐνέμοντο  
 Ἀρπάσου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα διειδέος, ὅς τ' ἀλεγεινῶς <sup>1</sup>  
 Μαιάνδρῳ κελάδοντα ῥόον καὶ ἀπείριτον οἶδμα 145  
 συμφέρετ' ἤματα πάντα λάβρῳ περὶ χεύματι  
 θύων.

Γλαύκου δ' ἐσθλὸν ἐταῖρον ἐϋμμελίην Σκυλακῆα  
 υἱὸς Ὀϊλῆος σχεδὸν οὔτασεν ἀντιόωντα  
 βαιὸν ὑπὲρ σάκεος· διὰ δὲ πλατὺν ἤλασεν ὦμον <sup>est</sup>  
 αἰχμὴ ἀνιηρή· περὶ δ' ἔβλυσεν αἷμα βοεΐη. 150  
 ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι δάμασσεν· ἐπεὶ ῥά ἐ μόρσιμον ἡμαρ  
 δέχυντο νοστήσαντα φίλης παρὰ τείχεσι πάτρης·  
 εὔτε γὰρ Ἴλιον αἰπὺ θοοὶ διέπερσαν Ἀχαιοί,  
 δὴ τότε ἄρ' ἐκ πολέμοιο φυγὼν Λυκίην ἀφίκανεν  
 οἷος ἀνευθ' ἐτάρων· τὸν δ' ἄστεος ἄγχι γυναῖκες 155  
 ἀγρόμεναι τεκέων σφετέρων ὕπερ ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν  
 εἵρουθ'· ὅς δ' ἄρα τῇσι μόρον κατέλεξεν ἀπάντων·  
 αἱ δ' ἄρα χερμαδίοισι περισταδὸν ἀνέρα κείνον  
 δάμναντ', οὐδ' ἀπόνητο μολῶν ἐς πατρίδα νόστου,  
 ἀλλὰ ἐ λᾶες ὕπερθε μέγα στενάχοντα κάλυψαν· 160  
 καὶ ῥά οἱ ἐκ βελέων ὀλοὸς περὶ τύμβος ἐτύχθη  
 παρ τέμενος καὶ σῆμα κραταιοῦ Βελλεροφόντου,  
 τῷ ἔνι κυδαλίμης Τιτηνίδος ἀγχόθι πέτρης·  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν αἴσιμον ἡμαρ ἀναπλήσας ὑπ' ὀλέθρῳ  
 ὕστερον ἐννεσίησιν ἀγανοῦ Λητοῖδ' αὖ 165  
 τίεται ὥς τε θεός, φθινύθει δέ οἱ οὔποτε τιμή.

Ποίαντος δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι πάϊς κτάνε Δηιονῆα  
 ἡδ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὸν ἐϋμμελίην Ἀκάμαντα·  
 ἄλλων δ' αἰζήων ὑπεδάμνατο πουλὺν ὄμιλον·  
 θῦνε γὰρ ἐν δηίοισιν ἀτειρέϊ ἴσος Ἀρηι 170  
 ἡ ποταμῷ κελάδοντι, ὅς ἔρκεα μακρὰ δαΐζει  
 πλημμύρων, ὅτε λάβρον ὀρινόμενος περὶ πέτραις

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for οὐ ἀλεγεινῶ of Koechly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

That son returning from the woeful war  
To Margasus and Phyllis lovely-girt,  
Dwellers by lucent streams of Harpasus,  
Who pours the full blood of his clamorous flow  
Into Maeander madly rushing aye.

With Glaucus' warrior-comrade Scylaceus  
Oileus' son closed in the fight, and stabbed  
Over the shield-rim, and the cruel spear  
Passed through his shoulder, and drenched his shield  
with blood.

Howbeit he slew him not, whose day of doom  
Awaited him afar beside the wall  
Of his own city; for when Ilium's towers  
Were brought low by that swift avenging host  
Fleeing the war to Lycia then he came  
Alone; and when he drew nigh to the town,  
The thronging women met and questioned him  
Touching their sons and husbands; and he told  
How all were dead. They compassed him about,  
And stoned the man with great stones, that he died.  
So had he no joy of his winning home,  
But the stones muffled up his dying groans,  
And of the same his ghastly tomb was reared  
Beside Bellerophon's grave and holy place  
In Tlos, nigh that far-famed Chimaera's Crag.  
Yet, though he thus fulfilled his day of doom,  
As a God afterward men worshipped him  
By Phoebus' hest, and never his honour fades.

Now Poeas' son the while slew Deioneus  
And Acamas, Antenor's warrior son:  
Yea, a great host of strong men laid he low.  
On, like the War-god, through his foes he rushed,  
Or as a river roaring in full flood  
Breaks down long dykes, when, maddening round its  
rocks,

ἐξ ὀρέων ἀλεγεινὰ μεμιγμένος ἔρχεται ὄμβρῳ,  
 ἀέναός περ ἐὼν καὶ ἀγάρροος, οὐδέ νυ τὸν γε  
 εἵργουσιν προβλήτες ἀάσπετα παφλάζοντα· 175  
 ὥς οὔτις Ποίαντος ἀγακλειτοῦ θρασὺν νῆα  
 ἔσθενεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδὼν καὶ ἄπωθε πελάσσαι·  
 ἐν γάρ οἱ στέρνοισι μένος περιώσιον ἦεν.  
 τεύχεσι δ' ἀμφεκέκαστο δαΐφρονος Ἡρακλῆος  
 δαιδαλέοις· περὶ γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ ζωστήρι φαεινῷ 180  
 ἄρκοι ἔσαν βλοσυραὶ καὶ ἀναιδέες· ἀμφὶ δὲ θῶες  
 σμερδαλέοι, καὶ λυγρὸν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι μειδιόωσαι  
 πορδάλιες· τῶν δ' ἄγχι λύκοι ἔσαν ὀβριμόθυμοι  
 καὶ σύες ἀργιόδοντες εὐσθενέες τε λέοντες  
 ἐκπάγλως ζωοῖσιν ἐοικότες· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ 185  
 ὑσμῖναι ἐνέκειντο μετ' ἀργαλέοιο φόνοιο·  
 δαίδαλα μὲν οἱ τόσσα περὶ ζωστήρα τέτυκτο.  
 ἄλλα δέ οἱ γωρυτὸς ἀπείριτος ἀμφεκέκαστο·  
 ἐν μὲν ἔην Διὸς υἱὸς ἀελλοπόδης Ἑρμείης  
 Ἰνάχου ἀμφὶ ρέεθρα κατακτείνων μέγαν Ἄργον, 190  
 Ἄργον, ὃς ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἀμοιβαδὸν ὑπνώεσκεν·  
 ἐν δὲ βίῃ Φαέθοντος ἀνὰ ῥόον Ἡριδανοῖο  
 βλήμενος ἐκ δίφροιο· καταιθομένης δ' ἄρα γαίης  
 ὥς ἐτεόν περ ἄητο μέλας ἐνὶ ἡέρι καπνός·  
 Περσεὺς δ' ἀντίθεος βλοσυρὴν ἐδάϊζε Μέδουσαν, 195  
 ἄστρον ἦχι λοετρὰ πέλει καὶ τέρματα γαίης  
 πηγαί τ' ὠκεανοῖο βαθυρρόου, ἔνθ' ἀκάμαντι  
 ἡελίῳ δύνοντι συνέρχεται ἑσπερίῃ νύξ·  
 ἐν δὲ καὶ ἀκαμάτοιο μέγας πάϊς Ἰαπετοῖο  
 Καυκάσου ἡλιβάτοιο παρῆώρητο κολώνῃ 200  
 δεσμῷ ἐν ἀρρήκτῳ· κεῖρεν δέ οἱ αἰετὸς ἦπαρ  
 αἰὲν ἀεξόμενον· ὃ δ' ἄρα στενάχοντι ἐφίκει.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ τεύξαντο κλυταὶ χέρες Ἠφαίστοιο  
 ὀβρίμῳ Ἡρακλῇ· ὃ δ' ὥπασε παιδὶ φορῆναι  
 Ποίαντος, μάλα γάρ οἱ ὁμωρόφιός φίλος ἦεν. 205  
 Αὐτὰρ ὁ κυδιόων ἐν τεύχεσι δάμνατο λαούς.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Down from the mountains swelled by rain it pours  
An ever-flowing mightily-rushing stream  
Whose foaming crests over its forelands sweep ;  
So none who saw him even from afar  
Dared meet renowned Poeas' valiant son,  
Whose breast with battle-fury was fulfilled,  
Whose limbs were clad in mighty Hercules' arms  
Of cunning workmanship ; for on the belt  
Gleamed bears most grim and savage, jackals fell,  
And panthers, in whose eyes there seems to lurk  
A deadly smile. There were fierce-hearted wolves,  
And boars with flashing tusks, and mighty lions  
All seeming strangely alive ; and, there portrayed  
Through all its breadth, were battles murder-rife.  
With all these marvels covered was the belt ;  
And with yet more the quiver was adorned.  
There Hermes was, storm-footed Son of Zeus,  
Slaying huge Argus nigh to Inachus' streams,  
Argus, whose sentinel eyes in turn took sleep.  
And there was Phaethon from the Sun-car hurled  
Into Eridanus. Earth verily seemed  
Ablaze, and black smoke hovered on the air.  
There Perseus slew Medusa gorgon-eyed  
By the stars' baths and utmost bounds of earth  
And fountains of deep-flowing Ocean, where  
Night in the far west meets the setting sun.  
There was the Titan Iapetus' great son  
Hung from the beetling crag of Caucasus  
In bonds of adamant, and the eagle tare  
His liver unconsumed—he seemed to groan !  
All these Hephaestus' cunning hands had wrought  
For Hercules ; and these to Poeas' son,  
Most near of friends and dear, he gave to bear.  
So glorying in those arms he smote the foe.

ὄψ' ἐ δὲ οἱ ἐπόρουσε Πάρις, στονούοντας οἷστους  
 νωμῶν ἐν χείρεσσι μετὰ γναμπτοῖο βιοῖο  
 θαρσαλέως· τῷ γάρ ῥα συνήιεν ὕστατον ἡμαρ.  
 ἦκε δ' ἀπὸ νευρήφι θοὸν βέλος· ἡ δ' ἰάχησεν 210  
 ἰοῦ ἀπεσσυμένοιο· τὸ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον φύγε χειρῶν·  
 καὶ ῥ' αὐτοῦ μὲν ἄμαρτεν ἀλευαμένου μάλα τυτθόν,  
 ἀλλ' ἔβαλεν Κλεόδωρον ἀγακλειτόν περ ἐόντα  
 βαιὸν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο, διήλασε δ' ἄχρ' ἐς ὦμον·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἔχεν σάκος εὐρύ, τό οἱ λυγρὸν ἔσχεν  
 ὄλεθρον· 215

ἀλλ' ὃ γε γυμνὸς ἐὼν ἀνεχάζετο· τοῦ γὰρ ἀπ' ὦμων  
 Πουλυδάμας ἀπάραξε σάκος τελαμῶνα δαΐξας  
 βουπλήγι στιβαρῷ· ὃ δ' ἐχάσματο μαρνάμενός περ  
 αἰχμῇ ἀνιρῇ· στονόεις δὲ οἱ ἔμπεσεν ἰὸς  
 ἄλλοθεν ἀΐξας· ὥς γάρ νύ που ἠθελε δαίμων 220  
 θήσειν αἶνόν ὄλεθρον ἐϋφρονος νιέει Λέρνου,  
 ὃν τέκετ' Ἀμφιάλη Ῥοδίῳ ἐν πίοι γαίῃ.

Τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐδάμασσε Πάρις στονόεντι  
 βελέμνῳ,

δὴ τότε που Ποίαντος ἀμύμονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς  
 ἐμμεμαῶς θοὰ τόξα τιταίνων οἱ μέγ' αὐτεῖ· 225  
 “ὦ κύον, ὥς σοὶ ἔγωγε φόνον καὶ κῆρ' ἀΐδηλον  
 δώσω, ἐπεὶ νύ μοι ἅντα λιλαίεαι ἰσοφαρίζειν·  
 καὶ κεν ἀναπνεύσουσιν, ὅσοι σέθεν εἵνεκα λυγροῦ  
 τείροντ' ἐν πολέμῳ· τάχα γὰρ λύσις ἔσσειτ'  
 ὄλεθρου

ἐνθάδε σεῖο θανόντος, ἐπεὶ σφισι πῆμα τέτυξαι.” 230

“Ὡς εἰπὼν νευρὴν μὲν ἐϋστροφον ἀγχόθι μαζοῦ  
 εἵρυσσε, κυκλώθη δὲ κέρας, καὶ ἀμείλιχος ἰὸς  
 ἰθύνη, τόξον δ' αἰνὴ ὑπερέσχεν ἀκωκῇ  
 τυτθὸν ὑπ' αἰζοῖο βίῃ· μέγα δ' ἔβραχε νευρὴ  
 ἰοῦ ἀπεσσυμένοιο δυσηχέος· οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε 235  
 δίος ἀνὴρ· τοῦ δ' οὔτι λύθη κέαρ, ἀλλ' ἔτι θυμῷ



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

But Paris at the last to meet him sprang  
Fearlessly, bearing in his hands his bow  
And deadly arrows—but his latest day  
Now met himself. A flying shaft he sped  
Forth from the string, which sang as leapt the dart,  
Which flew not vainly : yet the very mark  
It missed, for Philoctetes swerved aside  
A hair-breadth, and it smote above the breast  
Cleodorus war-renowned, and cleft a path  
Clear through his shoulder ; for he had not now  
The buckler broad which wont to fence from death  
Its bearer, but was falling back from fight,  
Being shieldless ; for Polydamas' massy lance  
Had cleft the shoulder-belt whereby his targe  
Hung, and he gave back therefore, fighting still  
With stubborn spear. But now the arrow of death  
Fell on him, as from ambush leaping forth.  
For so Fate willed, I trow, to bring dread doom  
On noble-hearted Lernus' scion, born  
Of Amphiale, in Rhodes the fertile land.

But soon as Poeas' battle-eager son  
Marked him by Paris' deadly arrow slain,  
Swiftly he strained his bow, shouting aloud :  
“ Dog ! I will give thee death, will speed thee down  
To the Unseen Land, who darest to brave me !  
And so shall they have rest, who travail now  
For thy vile sake. Destruction shall have end  
When thou art dead, the author of our bane.”

Then to his breast he drew the plaited cord.  
The great bow arched, the merciless shaft was  
aimed

Straight, and the terrible point a little peered  
Above the bow, in that constraining grip.  
Loud sang the string, as the death-hissing shaft  
Leapt, and missed not : yet was not Paris' heart  
Stilled, but his spirit yet was strong in him ;

ἔσθενεν· οὐ γάρ οἱ τότε καίριος ἔμπεσεν ἰός,  
 ἀλλὰ παρέθρισε χειρὸς ἐπιγράβδην χροῶα καλόν.  
 ἐξαὐτίς δ' ὃ γε τόξα τιτύσκετο· τὸν δὲ παραφθὰς  
 ἰῶ ἐϋγλώχινι βάλεν βουβῶνος ὑπερθε 240  
 Ποίαντος φίλος υἱός· ὁ δ' οὐκέτι μίμνε μάχεσθαι,  
 ἀλλὰ θοῶς ἀπόρουσε, κύων ὥς, ὅς τε λέοντα  
 ταρβήσας χάσσηται ἐπεσσύμενος τὸ πάροιθεν·  
 ὥς ὃ γε λευγαλέησι πεπαρμένος ἦτορ ἀνῆς  
 χάζετ' ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο. συνεκλονέοντο δὲ λαοὶ 245  
 ἀλλήλους ὀλέκοντες· ἐν αἵματι δ' ἔπλετο δῆρις  
 κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε· νεκροὶ δ' ἐπέκειντο νέκυσι  
 πανσυδίῃ ψεκάδεσσιν ἐοικότες ἢ χαλάζῃ  
 ἢ χιόνος νιφάδεσσιν, ὅτ' οὔρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην  
 Ζηνὸς ὑπ' ἐννεσίης ζέφυρος καὶ χεῖμα παλύνει· 250  
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἀνηλέϊ Κηρὶ δαμέντες  
 ἀθρόοι ἀλλήλοισι δεδουπότες ἀμφεχέοντο.

Αἰνὰ δ' ἀνεστενάχιζε Πάρις· περὶ δ' ἔλκει  
 θυμὸν

τείρετο· τὸν δ' ἀλύοντα τάχ' ἄμφεπον ἰητῆρες.  
 Τρῶες δ' εἰς ἐὸν ἄστν κίον· Δαναοὶ δ' ἐπὶ νῆας 255  
 κυανέας ἀφίκοντο θοῶς· τοὺς γάρ ῥα κυδοιμοῦ  
 νύξ ἀπέπαυσε μέλαινα, μόγον δ' ἐξείλετο γυίων  
 ὕπνου ἐπὶ βλεφάροισι πόνου ἀλκτῆρα χέασα.  
 ἀλλ' οὐχ ὕπνος ἔμαρπτε θοὸν Πάριν ἄχρις ἐς ἡώ·  
 οὐ γάρ οἱ τις ἄλαλκε λιλαιομένων περ ἀμύνειν 260  
 παντοίοις ἀκέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ αἷσιμον ἦεν  
 Οἰνῶνης ὑπὸ χερσὶ μόρον καὶ κῆρας ἀλύξαι,  
 ἣν ἐθέλη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' αἶψα θεοπροπίησι πιθήσας  
 ἦεν οὐκ ἐθέλων· ὀλοή δέ μιν ἦγεν ἀνάγκη  
 κουριδίης εἰς ὦπα· λυγροὶ γε μὲν ἀντιόωντες 265  
 κακὸν κορυφῆς ὄρνιθες αὖτεον, οἱ δ' ἀνὰ χεῖρα

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

For that first arrow was not winged with death :  
It did but graze the fair flesh by his wrist.  
Then once again the avenger drew the bow,  
And the barbed shaft of Poeas' son had plunged,  
Ere he could swerve, 'twixt flank and groin. No  
more

He abode the fight, but swiftly hasted back  
As hastes a dog which on a lion rushed  
At first, then fleeth terror-stricken back.  
So he, his very heart with agony thrilled,  
Fled from the war. Still clashed the grappling  
hosts,

Man slaying man : aye bloodier waxed the fray  
As rained the blows : corpse upon corpse was flung  
Confusedly, like thunder-drops, or flakes  
Of snow, or hailstones, by the wintry blast  
At Zeus' behest strewn over the long hills  
And forest-boughs ; so by a pitiless doom  
Slain, friends with foes in heaps on heaps were  
strown.

Sorely groaned Paris ; with the torturing wound  
Fainted his spirit. Leeches sought to allay  
His frenzy of pain. But now drew back to Troy  
The Trojans, and the Danaans to their ships  
Swiftly returned, for dark night put an end  
To strife, and stole from men's limbs weariness,  
Pouring upon their eyes pain-healing sleep.

But through the livelong night no sleep laid hold  
On Paris : for his help no leech availed,  
Though ne'er so willing, with his salves. His weird  
Was only by Oenone's hands to escape  
Death's doom, if so she willed. Now he obeyed  
The prophecy, and he went -- exceeding loth,  
But grim necessity forced him thence, to face  
The wife forsaken. Evil-boding fowl  
Shrieked o'er his head, or darted past to left,

σκαίην αἵσσοντες· ὁ δὲ σφεας ἄλλοτε μὲν που  
 δείδιεν εἰσορόων, ὅτε δ' ἀκράαντα πέτεσθαι  
 ἔλπετο· τοὶ δὲ οἱ αἶνόν ὑπ' ἄλγεσι φαῖνον ὄλεθρον.  
 Ἰξε δ' ἐς Οἰνώνην ἐρικυδέα· τὸν δ' ἐσιδούσαι 270  
 ἀμφίπολοι θάμβησαν ἀολλέες ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ  
 Οἰνώνη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' αἶψα πέσεν παρὰ ποσσὶ γυναικὸς,  
 [λυγρῇ ὑπ' ὠτειλῇ δεδμημένος, ἣ οἱ ἄεξεν |  
 ἀμφὶ μέλαιν' ἐφύπερθε καὶ ἔνδοθι μέχρ' ἰκέσθαι  
 μυελὸν ἐς λιπόωντα δι' ὀστέου, οὐνεκα νηδὺν  
 φάρμακον αἶνόν ἔπυθε κατ' οὐτάμενον χροά  
 φωτός. 275

τείρετο δὲ στυγερῇ βεβολημένος ἦτορ ἀνίη·  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις νούσῳ τε καὶ ἀργαλέῃ μέγα δίψῃ  
 αἰθόμενος κραδίην ἀδινὸν κέαρ ἀναΐνηται,  
 ὃν τε περιζείουσα χολὴ φλέγει, ἀμφὶ δὲ νωθῆς  
 ψυχὴ οἱ πεπότητ' ἐπὶ χεῖλεσιν ἀναλέοισιν 280  
 ἀμφοτέρων βιότου τε καὶ ὕδατος ἰμείρουσα·  
 ὥς τοῦ ὑπὸ στέρνοισι καταίθετο θυμὸς ἀνίη·  
 καὶ ῥ' ὀλιγοδρανέων τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·  
 “ὦ γύναι αἰδοίη, μὴ δὴ νῦν με τειρόμενόν περ  
 ἐχθήρης, ἐπεὶ ἄρ' σε πάρος λίπον ἐν μεγάροισι 285  
 χήρην, οὐκ ἐθέλων περ' ἄγον δέ με Κῆρες ἄφυκτοι  
 εἰς Ἑλένην, ἥς εἶθε πάρος λεχέεσσι μιγῆναι  
 σῆσιν ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσι θανὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὄλεσσα.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε, πρὸς τε θεῶν, οἳ τ' οὐρανὸν ἀμφινέ-  
 μονται,

πρὸς τε τεῶν λεχέων καὶ κουριδίης φιλότητος, 290  
 ἥπιον ἔνθεο θυμῷ, ἄχος δ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἄλαλκε  
 φάρμακ' ἀλεξήσοντα καθ' ἑλκεος οὐλομένοιο  
 θεῖσα, τά μοι μεμόρηται ἀπωσέμεν ἄλγεα θυμοῦ,  
 ἣν ἐθέλῃς· σῆσιν γὰρ ἐπὶ φρεσίν, εἴτε σαῶσαι  
 μῆδεαι ἐκ θανάτοιο δυσσηχέος, εἴτε καὶ οὐκί· 295  
 ἀλλ' ἐλέαιρε τάχιστα καὶ ὠκυμόρων σθένος ἰῶν  
 ἐξάκεσ', ἕως μοι ἔτ' ἀμφὶ μένος καὶ γυνὴ τέθληε·  
 438

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Still as he went. Now, as he looked at them,  
His heart sank ; now hope whispered, " Haply vain  
Their bodings are ! "—but on their wings were  
borne

Visions of doom that blended with his pain.  
Into Oenone's presence thus he came.  
Amazed her thronging handmaids looked on him  
As at the Nymph's feet that pale suppliant fell  
Faint with the anguish of his wound, whose pangs  
Stabbed him through brain and heart, yea, quivered  
through

His very bones, for that fierce venom crawled  
Through all his inwards with corrupting fangs ;  
And his life fainted in him agony-thrilled.  
As one with sickness and tormenting thirst  
Consumed, lies parched, with heart quick-shud-  
dering,

With liver seething as in flame, the soul,  
Scarce conscious, fluttering at his burning lips,  
Longing for life, for water longing sore ;  
So was his breast one fire of torturing pain.  
Then in exceeding feebleness he spake :  
" O revered wife, turn not from me in hate  
For that I left thee widowed long ago !  
Not of my will I did it : the strong Fates  
Dragged me to Helen—oh that I had died  
Ere I embraced her—in thine arms had died !  
Ah, by the Gods I pray, the Lords of Heaven,  
By all the memories of our wedded love,  
Be merciful ! Banish my bitter pain :  
Lay on my deadly wound those healing salves  
Which only can, by Fate's decree, remove  
This torment, if thou wilt. Thine heart must speak  
My sentence, to be saved from death or no.  
Pity me—oh, make haste to pity me !  
This venom's might is swiftly bringing death !

μηδέ τί με ζήλοιο λυγροῦ μεμνημένη ἔμπης  
καλλείψης θανέεσθαι ἀμειλίκτῳ ὑπὸ πότμῳ  
πὰρ ποσὶ σοῖσι πεσόντα· Λιταῖς δ' ἀποθύμια  
ῥέξεις,

300

αἶ ῥα καὶ αὐταὶ Ζηνὸς ἐριγδούποιο θύγατρες  
εἰσί, καὶ ἀνθρώποισιν ὑπερφιάλοις κοτέουσai  
ἐξόπιθε στουδέεσαν ἐπιθύνουσιν Ἑριννὺν  
καὶ χόλον, ἀλλὰ σύ, πότνα, κακὰς ἀπὸ Κῆρας  
ἔρυκε

ἐσσυμένως, εἰ καὶ τι παρήλιτον ἀφραδίῃσιν.”

305

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· τῆς δ' οὔτι φρένας παρέπεισε  
κελαινάς,

ἀλλὰ ἐκερτομέουσα μέγ' ἀχνύμενον προσέειπε·

“τίπτε μοι εἰλήλουθας ἐναντίον, ἦν ῥα πάροιθεν  
κάλλιπες ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀάσπετα κωκύουσαν

310

εἵνεκα Τυνδαρίδος πολυκηδέος, ἧ παριαύων  
τέρπεο καγχαλῶν, ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺ φερτέρη ἐστὶν  
τῆς σέο κουριδῆς· τὴν γὰρ φάτις ἔμμεν ἀγήρῳ·  
κείνην ἐσσυμένως γουνάζεο, μηδέ νύ μοί περ  
δακρυόεις ἐλεεινὰ καὶ ἀλγινόεντα παραύδα·

αἶ γάρ μοι μέγα θηρὸς ὑπὸ κραδίῃ μένος εἶη

315

δαρδάψαι σέο σάρκας, ἔπειτα δέ θ' αἶμα λαφύξαι,  
οἶά με πῆματ' ἔοργας ἀτασθαλίῃσι πιθήσας.

σχέτλιε, ποῦ νύ τοί ἐστὶν εὐστέφανος Κυθήρεια;

πῇ δὲ πέλει γαμβροῖο λελασμένος ἀκάματος Ζεὺς;

τοὺς ἔχ' ἀοσητήρας· ἐμῶν δ' ἀπὸ τῆλε μελά-

θρων

320

χάζεο, καὶ μακάρεσσι καὶ ἀνδράσι πῆμ' ἰλεγεινόν·

σεῖο γὰρ εἵνεκ', ἀλιτρέ, καὶ ἀθανάτους ἔλε πένθος,

τοὺς μὲν ἐφ' υἱωνοῖς, τοὺς δ' υἱάσιν ὀλλυμένοισιν.

ἀλλὰ μοι ἔρρε δόμοιο καὶ εἰς Ἑλένην ἀφίκανε,

ἧς σε χρεῶν νυκτὸς τε καὶ ἡματος ἀσχαλῶντα

325

τρύζειν πὰρ λεχέεσσι πεπαρμένον ἄλγει λυγρῷ,

εἰσόκε σ' ἰήνειεν ἀνιηρῶν ὀδυνάων.”



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Heal me, while life yet lingers in my limbs !  
Remember not those pangs of jealousy,  
Nor leave me by a cruel doom to die  
Low fallen at thy feet ! This should offend  
The Prayers, the Daughters of the Thunderer Zeus,  
Whose anger followeth unrelenting pride  
With vengeance, and the Erinnys executes  
Their wrath. My queen, I sinned, in folly sinned ;  
Yet from death save me—oh, make haste to save ! ”

So prayed he ; but her darkly-brooding heart  
Was steeled, and her words mocked his agony :  
“ Thou comest unto me !—thou, who didst leave  
Erewhile a wailing wife in a desolate home !—  
Didst leave her for thy Tyndarid darling ! Go,  
Lie laughing in her arms for bliss ! She is better  
Than thy true wife—is, rumour saith, immortal !  
Make haste to kneel to her—but not to me !  
Weep not to me, nor whimper pitiful prayers !  
Oh that mine heart beat with a tigress’ strength,  
That I might tear thy flesh and lap thy blood  
For all the pain thy folly brought on me !  
Vile wretch ! where now is Love’s Queen glory-  
crowned ?

Hath Zeus forgotten his daughter’s *paramour* ?  
Have them for thy deliverers ! Get thee hence  
Far from my dwelling, curse of Gods and men !  
Yea, for through thee, thou miscreant, sorrow came  
On deathless Gods, for sons and sons’ sons slain.  
Hence from my threshold !—to thine Helen go !  
Agonize day and night beside her bed :  
There whimper, pierced to the heart with cruel  
pangs,  
Until she heal thee of thy grievous pain.”

Ὡς φαμένη γοόοντα φίλων ἀπέπεμπε μελά-  
 θρων,  
 νηπίνη· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐφράσσαθ' ἐόν μόρον· ἦ γὰρ  
 ἔμελλον  
 κείνον ἀποφθιμένοιοι καὶ αὐτῇ Κῆρες ἔπεσθαι 330  
 ἐσσυμένως· ὥς γάρ οἱ ἐπέκλωσεν Διὸς Αἴσα.  
 τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἀπεσσύμενον λασίης ὑπὲρ ἄκριας Ἴδης  
 οἶμον ἐς ἐσχατιήν, ὅθι μιν μόρος αἰνὸς ἄγεσκε <sup>1</sup> 332a  
 λυγρὸν ἐπισκάζοντα καὶ ἀχνύμενον μέγα θυμῷ  
 Ἥρη τ' εἰσενόησε καὶ ἄμβροτον ἦτορ ἰάνθη,  
 ἐξομένη κατ' Ὀλυμπον, ὅπῃ Διὸς ἔπλετ' ἀλωή. 335  
 καί ῥά οἱ ἀμφίπολοι πίσυρες σχεδὸν ἐδριόωντο,  
 τάς ποτ' ἄρ' Ἡελίῳ χαροπὴ δμηθείσα Σελήνῃ  
 γείνατ' ἀν' οὐρανὸν εὐρύν ἀτειρέας, οὐδὲν ὁμοίας  
 ἀλλήλαις· μορφῇ δὲ διέκριθεν ἄλλη ἀπ' ἄλλης.  
 [πρώτῃ μὲν θέρεος καματώδεος ἔλλαχε μοῖραν,]  
 ἢ δ' ἑτέρῃ χειμῶνι καὶ αἰγοκερῇ μέμηλε· 340  
 [εἶαρι δ' αὖ τριτάτῃ, τετράτῃ δ' ἐπιτέρπετ' ὁπώρῃ·]  
 τέτρασι γὰρ μοίρησι βροτῶν διαμείβεται αἰών,  
 ἃς κεῖναι ἐφέπουσιν ἀμοιβαδόν· ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν που  
 αὐτῷ Ζηνὶ μέλοιτο κατ' οὐρανόν· αἱ δ' οὐρίζον  
 ὀππόσα λοίγιος Αἴσα περὶ φρεσὶν οὐλομένησι 345  
 μῆδετο, Τυνδαρίδος στυγερὸν γάμον ἐντύνουσα  
 Δηιφόβῳ, καὶ μῆνιν ἀνιερὴν Ἑλένοιο  
 καὶ χόλον ἀμφὶ γυναικός, ὅπως τέ μιν υἱὲς  
 Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἤμελλον μάρψαντες ἐν ὑψηλοῖσιν ὄρεσσι  
 χωόμενον Τρώεσσι θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἄγεσθαι,  
 ὥς τέ οἱ ἐννεσίησι κραταιοῦ Τυδέος υἱὸς 350  
 ἐσπομένου Ὀδυσῆος ὑπὲρ μέγα τεῖχος ὀρούσας  
 Ἀλκαθῶ στυγερὰ φέρειν ἤμελλεν ὄλεθρον  
 ἀρπάξας ἐθέλουσαν εὐφρονα Τριτογένειαν,  
 ἢ τ' ἔρυμα πτόλιός τε καὶ αὐτῶν ἔπλετο Τρώων·

<sup>1</sup> Verse supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

So from her doors she drave that groaning man—  
Ah fool! not knowing her own doom, whose weird  
Was straightway after him to tread the path  
Of death! So Fate had spun her destiny-thread.

Then, as he stumbled down through Ida's brakes,  
Where Doom on his death-path was leading him  
Painfully halting, racked with heart-sick pain,  
Hera beheld him, with rejoicing soul  
Throned in the Olympian palace-court of Zeus.  
And seated at her side were handmaids four  
Whom radiant-faced Selene bare to the Sun  
To be unwearying ministers in heaven,  
In form and office diverse each from each;  
For of these Seasons one was summer's queen,  
And one of winter and his stormy star,  
Of spring the third, of autumn-tide the fourth.  
So in four portions parted is man's year  
Ruled by these Queens in turn—but of all this  
Be Zeus himself the Overseer in heaven.  
And of those issues now these spake with her  
Which baleful Fate in her all-ruining heart  
Was shaping to the birth—the new espousals  
Of Helen, fatal to Deiphobus—  
The wrath of Helenus, who hoped in vain  
For that fair bride, and how, when he had fled,  
Wroth with the Trojans, to the mountain-height,  
Achaea's sons would seize him and would hale  
Unto their ships—how, by his counselling  
Strong Tydeus' son should with Odysseus scale  
The great wall, and should slay Alcathous  
The temple-warder, and should bear away  
Pallas the Gracious, with her free consent,  
Whose image was the sure defence of Troy;—

οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ θεῶν τις ἀπειρέσιον χαλεπήνας 355  
 ἔσθενεν ὄλβιον ἄστν διαπραθέειν Πριάμοιο  
 ἀθανάτης ἔμπροσθεν ἀκηδέος ἐμβεβανίης·  
 οὐδέ οἱ ἄμβροτον εἶδος ἐτεκτίναντο σιδήρῳ  
 ἄνερες, ἀλλὰ μιν αὐτὸς ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο Κρονίων  
 κάββαλεν ἐς Πριάμοιο πολυχρύσοιο πόλῃα. 360

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ὀάριζε Διὸς δάμαρ ἀμφιπόλοισιν,  
 ἄλλα τε πόλλ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι. Πάριν δ' ἄρα θυμὸς  
 ἐν Ἰδῇ

κάλλιπεν, οὐδ' Ἑλένη μιν ἐσέδρακε νοστήσαντα·  
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν Νύμφαι μέγ' ἐκώκουν, οὔνεκ' ἄρ'  
 αὐτοῦ

εἰσέτι που μέμνηντο κατὰ φρένας, ὅσσα πάροιθεν 365  
 ἐξέτι νηπιάχοιο συναγρομένης ὀάριζε·  
 σὺν δέ σφιν μύροντο βοῶν θοοὶ ἀγροῖῳται  
 ἰχνύμενοι κατὰ θυμόν· ἐπεστενάχοντο δὲ βῆσσαι.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Πριάμοιο πολυτλήτοιο γυναικὶ  
 δεινὸν Ἀλεξάνδροιο μόρον φάτο βουκόλος ἀνὴρ· 370  
 τῆς δ' ἄφαρ, ὥς ἐσάκουσε, τρόμῳ περιπάλλετο  
 θυμός,

γυῖα δ' ὑπεκλάσθησαν· ἔπος δ' ὀλοφύρατο τοῖον·  
 “ὦλεό μοι, φίλε τέκνον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπὶ πένθει  
 πένθος

κάλλιπες αἰὲν ἄφυκτον, ἐπεὶ πολὺν φέρτατος  
 ἄλλων

παίδων ἔσκες ἐμεῖο μεθ' Ἑκτορα· τῷ νῦ σε λυγρὴ 375  
 κλαύσομαι, εἰσόκε μοι κραδίῃ ἐνὶ πάλῃεται ἦτορ·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἄνευ μακάρων τάδε πάσχομεν, ἀλλὰ τις

Αἶσα

μήδετο λοίγια ἔργα, τὰ μὴ ὤφειλον ὀτλήσαι,  
 ἀλλ' ἔθανον τὸ πάροιθεν ἐν εἰρήνῃ τε καὶ ὄλβῳ·  
 [νῦν δ' ἐπὶ πῆματι πῆμα μετ' ὄμμασι δέρκομαι  
 αἰεὶ]

ἐλπομένη καὶ ἔτ' ἄλλα κακώτερα θηήσασθαι, 380

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Yea, for not even a God, how wroth soe'er,  
Had power to lay the City of Priam waste  
While that immortal shape stood warder there.  
No man had carven that celestial form,  
But Cronos' Son himself had cast it down  
From heaven to Priam's gold-abounding burg.

Of these things with her handmaids did the  
Queen

Of Heaven hold converse, and of many such,  
But Paris, while they talked, gave up the ghost  
On Ida : never Helen saw him more.  
Loud wailed the Nymphs around him ; for they still  
Remembered how their nursling wont to lisp  
His childish prattle, compassed with their smiles.  
And with them mourned the neatherds light of foot,  
Sorrowful-hearted ; moaned the mountain-glens.

Then unto travail-burdened Priam's queen  
A herdman told the dread doom of her son.  
Wildly her trembling heart leapt when she heard ;  
With failing limbs she sank to earth and wailed :  
“ Dead !—*thou* dead, O dear child ! Grief heaped on  
grief

Hast thou bequeathed me, grief eternal ! Best  
Of all my sons, save Hector alone, wast thou !  
While beats my heart, my grief shall weep for thee.  
The hand of Heaven is in our sufferings :  
Some Fate devised our ruin oh that I  
Had lived not to endure it, but had died  
In days of wealthy peace ! But now I see  
Woes upon woes, and ever look to see

παῖδας μὲν κταμένους, κεραϊζομένην δὲ πόλιν  
καὶ πυρὶ δαιομένην Δαναῶν ὑπὸ καρτεροθύμων,  
σύν τε νηοὺς θύγατράς τε μετὰ Τρωῆσι καὶ  
ἄλλαις

ἐλκομένας ἅμα παισὶ δορυκτῆτι ὑπ' ἀνάγκῃ."

"Ὡς φάτο κωκύουσα· πόσις δέ οἱ οὔ τι πέπυστο· 385  
ἄλλ' ὁ παρ' Ἑκτορος ἦστο τάφῳ ἐπὶ δάκρυα  
χεύων,

οὔνεκ' ἄριστος ἦν καὶ ἐρύετο δούρατι πάτρην·  
τοῦ πέρι πευκαλίμας ἀχέων φρένας οὔ τι πέπυστο.  
ἄλλ' Ἑλένη μάλα πολλὰ διηνεκέως γοῶσα  
ἄλλα μὲν ἐν Τρώεσσιν αὖτεεν, ἄλλα δέ οἱ κῆρ 390  
ἐν κραδίῃ μενέαινε· φίλον δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔειπεν·  
"ἄνερ, ἐμοὶ καὶ Τρωσὶ καὶ αὐτῷ σοὶ μέγα πῆμα,  
ὦλεο λευγαλέως· ἐμὲ δ' ἐν στυγερῇ κακότητι  
κάλλιπες ἐλπομένην ὀλοώτερα πῆματ' ἰδέσθαι.  
ὥς ὄφελόν μ' Ἀρπυιαὶ ἀνερείψαντο πάροιθεν, 395  
ὅπποτε σοίγ' ἐπόμην ὀλοῇ ὑπὸ δαίμονος Αἴσῃ·  
νῦν δ' ἄρα καὶ σοὶ πῆμα θεοὶ δόσαν ἥδ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῇ  
αἰνομόρῳ· πάντες δέ μ' ἀάσπετον ἐρρίγασι,  
πάντες δ' ἐχθαίρουσιν ἐμὸν κέαρ· οὐδέ πη οἶδα  
ἐκφυγέειν· εἰ γάρ κε φύγω Δαναῶν ἐς ὄμιλον, 400  
αὐτίκ' ἀεικίσσουσιν ἐμὸν δέμας· εἰ δέ κε μίμνω,  
Τρῶες καὶ Τρωαί με περισταδὸν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι  
αἶψα διαρραΐσουσι· νέκυν δ' οὐ γαῖα καλύψει,  
ἀλλὰ κύνες δάψουσι καὶ οἰωνῶν θοὰ φύλα·  
ὥς ὄφελόν μ' ἔλεν Αἴσα,<sup>1</sup> πάρος τάδε πῆματ'  
ἰδέσθαι." 405

"Ὡς ἔφατ', οὔτι γοῶσα πόσιν τόσον, ὅπποσον  
αὐτῆς  
μύρετ' ἀλιτροσύνης μεμνημένη· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρωαί  
ὥς κείνον στενάχοντο, μετὰ φρεσὶ δ' ἄλλα με-  
νοίνων,

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for μ' ἐδάμασσε of Koehly.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Worse things—my children slain, my city sacked  
And burned with fire by stony-hearted foes,  
Daughters, sons' wives, all Trojan women, haled  
Into captivity with our little ones !”

So wailed she ; but the King heard naught  
thereof,

But weeping ever sat by Hector's grave,  
For most of all his sons he honoured him,  
His mightiest, the defender of his land.  
Nothing of Paris knew that pierced heart ;  
But long and loud lamented Helen ; yet  
Those wails were but for Trojan ears ; her soul  
With other thoughts was busy, as she cried :  
“ Husband, to me, to Troy, and to thyself  
A bitter blow is this thy woeful death !  
In misery hast thou left me, and I look  
To see calamities more deadly yet.

Oh that the Spirits of the Storm had snatched  
Me from the earth when first I fared with thee  
Drawn by a baleful Fate ! It might not be ;  
The Gods have meted ruin to thee and me.  
With shuddering horror all men look on me,  
All hate me ! Place of refuge is there none  
For me ; for if to the Danaan host I fly,  
With torments will they greet me. If I stay,  
Troy's sons and daughters here will compass me  
And rend me. Earth shall cover not my corpse,  
But dogs and fowl of ravin shall devour.  
Oh had Fate slain me ere I saw these woes !”

So cried she : but for him far less she mourned  
Than for herself, remembering her own sin.  
Yea, and Troy's daughters but in semblance wailed  
For him : of other woes their hearts were full.

αἱ μὲν ὑπὲρ τοκέων μεμνημέναι, αἱ δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,  
αἱ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ παίδων, αἱ δὲ γνωτῶν ἐριτίμων. 410

Οἷη δ' ἐκ θυμοῖο δαΐζετο κυδαλίμοιο  
Οἰνῶνῃ· ἀλλ' οὔτι μετὰ Τρωῇσιν ἐοῦσα  
κώκυεν, ἀλλ' ὑπάνευθεν ἐνὶ σφετέροισι μελάθροισι  
κεῖτο βαρυστενάχουσα παλαιοῦ λέκτρῳ<sup>1</sup> ἀκοίτεω. 415  
οἷη δ' ἐν ξυλόχοισι περιτρέφεται κρύσταλλος  
αἰπυτάτων ὀρέων, ἥ τ' ἄγkea πολλὰ παλύνει  
χεναμένη ζεφύροιο καταγίγισιν· [ἥ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' Εὐρῳ  
Ἡελίῳ τε χιῶν κατατήκεται] ἀμφὶ δὲ μακραὶ  
ἄκριες ὑδρηλήσι κατειβόμεναι λιβάδεσσι  
δεύονθ', ἥ δὲ νάπησιν ἀπειρεσίῃ περ ἐοῦσα  
πίδακος ἐσσυμένης κρυερὸν περιτήκεται ὕδωρ· 420  
ὥς ἡ γ' ἀσχαλόωσα μέγα στυγερῇ ὑπ' ἀνίῃ  
τήκετ' ἀκηχεμένη πόσιος περὶ κουριδίοιο.  
αἰνὰ δ' ἀναστενάχουσα φίλον προσελέξατο θυμόν·  
“ὦ μοι ἀτασθαλῆς, ὦ μοι στυγεροῦ βιότοιο,  
ἡ πόσιν ἀμφαγάπησα δυσάμμορον, ᾧ σὺν ἐώλπειν 425  
γῆραϊ τειρομένη βιότου κλυτὸν οὐδὸν ἰκέσθαι  
αἰὲν ὁμοφρονέουσα· θεοὶ δ' ἐτέρωσε βάλουντο·  
ὥς μ' ὄφελόν ποτε Κῆρες ἀνηρείψαντο μέλαιnai,  
ὅππότε νόσφιν ἔμελλον Ἀλεξάνδροιο πέλεσθαι·  
ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰ ζωὸς μ' ἔλιπεν, μέγα τλήσομαι ἔργον 430  
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θανέειν, ἐπεὶ οὔτι μοι εὐαδεν ἡώς.”

Ὡς φαμένης ἐλεεινὰ κατὰ βλεφάρουιν ἔχυντο  
δάκρυα, κουριδίοιο δ' ἀναπλήσαντος ὄλεθρον  
μνωομένη, ἅτε κηρὸς ὑπαὶ πυρί, τήκετο λάθρῃ,  
ἄζετο γὰρ πατέρα σφὸν ἰδ' ἀμφιπόλους εὐπέπλους, 435  
μέχρις ἐπὶ χθόνα διὰν ἀπ' εὐρέος ὠκεανοῖο  
νύξ ἐχύθη, μερόπεσσι λύσιν καμάτοιο φέρουσα.  
καὶ ῥα τόθ' ὑπνώοντος ἐνὶ μεγάροισι τοκῆος  
καὶ δμῶων, πυλεῶνας ἀναρρήξασα μελάθρων  
ἐκθορεν, ἡὔτ' ἄελλα· φέρον δέ μιν ὠκέα γυῖα· 440

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for λέκτρον of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Some thought on parents, some on husbands slain,  
These on their sons, on honoured kinsmen those.

One only heart was pierced with grief unfeigned,  
Oenone. Not with them of Troy she wailed,

But far away within that desolate home

Moaning she lay on her lost husband's bed.

As when the copses on high mountains stand

White-veiled with frozen snow, which o'er the glens

The west-wind blasts have strown, but now the sun

And east-wind melt it fast, and the long heights

With water-courses stream, and down the glades

Slide, as they thaw, the heavy sheets, to swell

The rushing waters of an ice-cold spring,

So melted she in tears of anguished pain,

And for her own, her husband, agonised,

And cried to her heart with miserable moans :

"Woe for my wickedness ! O hateful life !

I loved mine hapless husband—dreamed with him

To pace to eld's bright threshold hand in hand,

And heart in heart ! The gods ordained not so.

Oh had the black Fates snatched me from the  
earth

Ere I from Paris turned away in hate !

My living love hath left me !—yet will I

Dare to die with him, for I loathe the light."

So cried she, weeping, weeping piteously,

Remembering him whom death had swallowed up,

Wasting, as melteth wax before the flame—

Yet secretly, being fearful lest her sire

Should mark it, or her handmaids—till the night

Rose from broad Ocean, flooding all the earth

With darkness bringing men release from toil.

Then, while her father and her maidens slept,

She slid the bolts back of the outer doors,

And rushed forth like a storm-blast. Fast she ran,

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀν' οὔρεα πόρτιν ἐρασσαμένην μέγα  
ταύρου

θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει ποσὶ καρπαλίμοισι φέρεσθαι  
ἐσσυμένως, ἣ δ' οὔτι λιλαιομένη φιλότητος  
ταρβεῖ βουκόλον ἄνδρα, φέρει δέ μιν ἄσχετος ὁρμή,  
εἴ που ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισιν ὁμήθεα ταῦρον ἴδοιτο· 445  
ὥς ἡ ῥίμφα θεούσα διήνυε μακρὰ κέλευθα  
διζομένη τάχα ποσσὶ πυρῆς ἐπιβήμεναι αἰνῆς.  
οὔδέ τί οἱ κάμε γούνατ'· ἐλαφρότεροι δ' ἐφέροντο  
ἐσσυμένης πόδες αἰέν· ἔπειγε γὰρ οὐλομένη Κῆρ  
καὶ Κύπρις· οὔδέ τι θήρας ἐδείδιδε λαχνήεντας 450  
ἀντομένους ὑπὸ νύκτα, πάρος μέγα πεφρικυῖα·  
πᾶσα δέ οἱ λασίων ὁρέων ἐστείβετο πέτρῃ  
καὶ κρημνοί, πᾶσαι δὲ διεπρήσσοντο χαράδραι.  
τὴν δέ που εἰσορόωσα τόθ' ὑψόθι διὰ Σελήνῃ  
μνησαμένη κατὰ θυμὸν ἀμύμονος Ἐνδυμίωνος 455  
πολλὰ μάλ' ἐσσυμένην ὀλοφύρατο· καὶ οἱ ὑπερθε  
λαμπρὸν παμφανόωσα μακρὰς ἀνέβαινε κελεύ-  
θους.

Ἰκετο δ' ἐμβεβαυῖα δι' οὔρεος, ἦχι καὶ ἄλλαι  
νύμφαι Ἀλεξάνδροιο πυρὴν περικωκύνεσκον.  
τὸν δ' ἔτι που κρατερόν πῦρ ἄμφεχεν, οὔνεκ' ἄρ'  
αὐτῷ 460  
μηλονόμοι ξυνιόντες ἀπ' οὔρεος ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι  
ὔλῃν θεσπεσίην παρενήνεον, ἦρα φέροντες  
ὑστατίνην καὶ πένθος ὁμῶς ἐτάρῳ καὶ ἄνακτι,  
κλαίοντες μάλα πολλὰ περισταδόν· ἣ δέ μιν οὔτι,  
ἀμφαδὸν ὥς ἄθρησε, γοήσατο τειρομένη περ, 465  
ἀλλὰ καλυψαμένη περὶ φάρεϊ καλὰ πρόσωπα  
αἶψα πυρῇ ἐνέπαλτο· γοοῦν δ' ἄρα πουλὺν ὄρινε·  
καίετο δ' ἀμφὶ πόσει· Νύμφαι δέ μιν ἄλλοθεν  
ἄλλαι

θάμβεον, εὐτ' ἐσίδοντο μετ' ἀνέρι πεπτηνυῖαν·  
καί τις ἐὼν κατὰ θυμὸν ἔπος ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπεν· 470  
450

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

As when a heifer 'mid the mountains speeds,  
Her heart with passion stung, to meet her mate,  
And madly races on with flying feet,  
And fears not, in her frenzy of desire,  
The herdman, as her wild rush bears her on,  
So she but find her mate amid the woods ;  
So down the long tracks flew Oenone's feet  
Seeking the awful pyre, to leap thereon.  
No weariness she knew : as upon wings  
Her feet flew faster ever, onward spurred  
By fell Fate, and the Cyprian Queen. She feared  
No shaggy beast that met her in the dark—  
Who erst had feared them sorely—rugged rock  
And precipice of tangled mountain-slope,  
She trod them all unstumbling ; torrent-beds  
She leapt. The white Moon-goddess from on high  
Looked on her, and remembered her own love,  
Princely Endymion, and she pitied her  
In that wild race, and, shining overhead  
In her full brightness, made the long tracks plain.

Through mountain-gorges so she won to where  
Wailed other Nymphs round Alexander's corpse.  
Roared up about him a great wall of fire :  
For from the mountains far and near had come  
Shepherds, and heaped the death-bale broad and  
high

For love's and sorrow's latest service done  
To one of old their comrade and their king.  
Sore weeping stood they round. She raised no wail,  
The broken-hearted, when she saw him there,  
But, in her mantle muffling up her face,  
Leapt on the pyre : loud wailed that multitude.  
There burned she, clasping Paris. All the Nymphs  
Marvelled, beholding her beside her lord  
Flung down, and heart to heart spake whispering :

“ ἄτρεκέως Πάρις ἦεν ἀτάσθαλος, ὃς μάλα κεδνὴν  
 κάλλιπε κουριδίην καὶ ἀνήγαγε μάργον ἄκοιτιν  
 οἱ αὐτῷ καὶ Τρωσὶ καὶ ἄστει λοίγιον ἄλγος,  
 νήπιος· οὐδ’ ἀλόχοιο περίφρονος ἄζετο θυμὸν  
 τειρομένης, ἥπερ μιν ὑπὲρ φάος ἡελίοιο 475  
 καίπερ ἀπεχθαίροντα καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα τίεσκεν.”  
 Ὡς ἄρ’ ἔφη Νύμφη τις ἀνὰ φρένας· οἱ δ’ ἐνὶ  
 μέσση

πυρκαϊῇ καίοντο λελασμένοι Ἡριγενεΐης·  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ βουκόλοι ἄνδρες ἐθάμβεον, εὖτε πάροιθεν  
 Ἀργεῖοι θάμβησαν ἀολλέες ἀθρήσαντες 480  
 Εὐάδην Καπανῆος ἐπεκχυμένην μελέεσσιν  
 ἀμφὶ πόσιν δμηθέντα Διὸς στονόεντι κεραυνῷ.  
 ἀλλ’ ὁπότε ἀμφοτέρους ὀλοή πυρὸς ἤνυσε ριπὴ  
 Οἰνῶνην τε Πάριν τε, μῆ δ’ ὑποκάββαλε τέφρην,  
 δὴ τότε πυρκαϊὴν οἶνω σβέσαν· ὅστέα δ’ αὐτῶν 485  
 χρυσέῳ ἐν κρητῆρι θέσαν· περὶ δέ σφισι σῆμα  
 ἐσσυμένως τεύξαντο· θέσαν δ’ ἄρα δοιῶ ὑπερθε  
 στήλας, αἵπερ ἔασι τετραμμέναι ἄλλυδις ἄλλη.  
 ζῆλον ἐπ’ ἀλλήλησιν ἔτι στονόεντα φέρουσαι.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Verse supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

“ Verily evil-hearted Paris was,  
Who left a leal true wife, and took for bride  
A wanton, to himself and Troy a curse.  
Ah fool, who recked not of the broken heart  
Of a most virtuous wife, who more than life  
Loved him who turned from her and loved her not ! ”

So in their hearts the Nymphs spake : but they  
twain

Burned on the pyre, never to hail again  
The dayspring. Wondering herdmen stood around,  
As once the thronging Argives marvelling saw  
Evadne clasping mid the fire her lord  
Capaneus, slain by Zeus' dread thunderbolt.  
But when the blast of the devouring fire  
Had made twain one, Oenone and Paris, now  
One little heap of ashes, then with wine  
Quenched they the embers, and they laid their bones  
In a wide golden vase, and round them piled  
The earth-mound ; and they set two pillars there  
That each from other ever turn away ;  
For the old jealousy in the marble lives.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΝΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ

Τρωαὶ δὲ στενάχοντο κατὰ πτόλιν, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο  
 ἐλθέμεναι ποτὶ τύμβον, ἐπεὶ μάλα τηλόθ' ἔκειτο  
 ἄστεος αἰπεινοῖο· νέοι δ' ἔκτοσθε πόλλης  
 νωλεμέως πονέοντο· μάχη δ' οὐ λῆγε φόνοιο,  
 καίπερ Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεδουπότος, οὔνεκ' Ἀχαιοὶ 5  
 Τρωσὶν ἐπεσσεύοντο ποτὶ πτόλιν, οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 τείχεος ἥιον ἐκτός ἐπεὶ σφεας ἦγεν ἀνάγκη·  
 ἐν γὰρ δὴ μέσσοισιν Ἔρις στονόεσσά τ' Ἐννὼ  
 στρωφῶντ', ἀργαλέησιν Ἐριννύσιν εἵκελαι ἄντην,  
 ἄμφω ἀπὸ στομάτων ὀλοὸν πνεῖν οὐσαι ὄλεθρον· 10  
 ἄμφ' αὐτοῖσι δὲ Κῆρες ἀναιδέα θυμὸν ἔχουσαι  
 ἀργαλέως μαίνονται· Φόβος δ' ἐτέρωθι καὶ Ἄρης  
 λαοὺς ὀτρύνεσκον· ἐφέσπετο δὲ σφισι Δεῖμος  
 φοινῆεντι λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένος, ὄφρα ἐ φῶτες  
 οἱ μὲν καρτύνωνται ὀρώμενοι, οἱ δὲ φέβωνται· 15  
 πάντῃ δ' αἰγανέαι τε καὶ ἔγχεα καὶ βέλε' ἀνδρῶν,  
 ἄλλυδις ἄλλα χέοντο κακοῦ μεμαῶτα φόνοιο·  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφίσι δοῦπος ἐρειδομένοισιν ὀρώρει,  
 μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθε κατὰ φθισήνορα χάρμην.  
 Ἐνθ' ἄρα Λαοδάμαντα Νεοπτόλεμος κατέ-  
 πεφνεν, 20  
 ὃς τράφη ἐν Λυκίῃ Ξάνθου παρὰ καλὰ ρέεθρα,  
 ὃν ποτ' ἐριγδούποιο Διὸς δάμαρ ἀνθρώποισι  
 Λητὼ δι' ἀνέφηεν ἀναρρήξασα χέρεσσι

## BOOK XI

*How the sons of Troy for the last time fought from her walls and her towers.*

Troy's daughters mourned within her walls ; might  
none

Go forth to Paris' tomb, for far away  
From high-built Troy it lay. But the young men  
Without the city toiled unceasingly  
In fight wherein from slaughter rest was none,  
Though dead was Paris ; for the Achaeans pressed  
Hard on the Trojans even unto Troy.  
Yet these charged forth—they could not choose but

so,

For Strife and deadly Enyo in their midst  
Stalked, like the fell Erinyes to behold,  
Breathing destruction from their lips like flame.  
Beside them raged the ruthless-hearted Fates  
Fiercely : here Panic-fear and Ares there  
Stirred up the hosts : hard after followed Dread  
With slaughter's gore besprent, that in one host  
Might men see, and be strong, in the other fear ;  
And all around were javelins, spears, and darts  
Murder-athirst from this side, that side, showered.  
Aye, as they hurled together, armour clashed,  
As foe with foe grappled in murderous fight.

There Neoptolemus slew Laodamas,  
Whom Lycia nurtured by fair Xanthus' stream,  
The stream revealed to men by Leto, bride  
Of Thunderer Zeus, when Lycia's stony plain

τρηχὺ πέδον Λυκίης ἐρικυδέος, ὀππόθ' ἐοῖο  
 θεσπεσίου τοκετοῖο πολυτλήτησιν ἀνίη 25  
 δάμναθ' ὑπ' ὠδίνεσσιν, ὅσῃν ὠδίνες ἔγειρον.  
 τῷ δ' ἔπι Νῆρον ὄλεσσε βαλὼν ἀνὰ δημοτῆτα  
 δουρὶ διὰ γναθμοῖο· πέρησε δέ οἱ στόμα χαλκὸς  
 γλῶσσάν τ' αὐδήεσαν· ὁ δ' ἔγχεος ἄσχετον αἰχμὴν  
 ἄμφεχε βεβρυχώς· περὶ δ' ἔρρεεν αἷμα γένυσσι 30  
 φθεγγομένου· καὶ τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ κρατερῆς χερὸς ἀλκῇ  
 ἐγχείῃ στονόεσσα ποτὶ χθονὸς οὐδας ἔρεισε  
 δευόμενον θυμοῖο. βάλεν δ' Εὐήνορα δῖον  
 τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ λαπάρην, διὰ δ' ἤλασεν ἐς μέσον ἡπαρ  
 αἰχμὴν· τῷ δ' ἀλεγεινὸς ἄφαρ συνέκυρσεν ὄλεθρος. 35  
 εἶλε δ' ἄρ' Ἴφιτίωνα καὶ Ἴππομέδοντα δάμασσε  
 Μαινάλου ὄβριμον υἱά, τὸν Ὀκυρόη τέκε Νύμφη  
 Σαγγαρίου ποταμοῖο παρὰ ῥόον· οὐδέ νυ τόν γε  
 δέξατο νοστήσαντα· κακὴ δέ ἐ Κῆρ ἀπάμερσε  
 παιδὸς ἀνιηρῶς, μέγα δ' υἱέος ἔμβαλε πένθος. 40

Αἰνείας δὲ Βρέμοντα καὶ Ἀνδρόμαχον κατέ-  
 πεφνεν,

ὃς τράφη ἐν Κνωσσῷ, ὁ δ' ἄρα ζαθέη ἐνὶ Λύκτῳ·  
 ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓνα χῶρον ἀπ' ὠκυπόδων πέσον ἵππων·  
 καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἄσπαίρεσκε πεπαρμένος ἐγχεῖ μακρῷ  
 λαιμόν, ὁ δ' ἀλγινόεντος ἀνὰ κροτάφοιο θέμεθλα 45  
 χερμαδίῳ στονόεντι μάλα κρατερῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς  
 βλήμενος ἐκπνείεσκε, μέλας δέ μιν ἄμφεχε πότμος.  
 ἵπποι δ' ἐπτοίηντο καὶ ἡνιόχων ἀπάνευθε  
 φεύγοντες πολλοῖσιν ἐνεπλάζοντο νέκυσσι·  
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράποντες ἀμύμονος Αἰνείαιο 50  
 μάρψαντες κεχάροντο φίλῃ περὶ ληίδι θυμόν.

Ἔνθα Φιλοκτῆτης ὀλοῷ βάλε Πείρασον ἰῷ  
 φεύγοντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο· διέθρισε δ' ἀγκύλα νεῦρα  
 γούνατος ἐξόπιθεν, κατὰ δ' ἔκλασεν ἀνέρος ὀρμήν·  
 καὶ τὸν μὲν Δαναῶν τις ὅτ' ἔδρακε γυιωθέντα 55  
 ἐσσυμένως ἀπάμερσε καρῆατος ἄορι τύψας

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Was by her hands upturn mid agonies  
Of travail-throes wherein she brought to light  
Mid bitter pangs those babes of birth divine.  
Nirus upon him laid he dead ; the spear  
Crashed through his jaw, and clear through mouth  
and tongue

Passed : on the lance's irresistible point  
Shrieking was he impaled : flooded with gore  
His mouth was as he cried. The cruel shaft,  
Sped on by that strong hand, dashed him to earth  
In throes of death. Evenor next he smote  
Above the flank, and onward drave the spear  
Into his liver : swiftly anguished death  
Came upon him. Iphition next he slew :  
He quelled Hippomedon, Hippasus' bold son,  
Whom Ocyone the Nymph had borne beside  
Sangarius' river-flow. Ne'er welcomed she  
Her son's returning face, but ruthless Fate  
With anguish thrilled her of her child bereaved.

Bremon Aeneas slew, and Andromachus,  
Of Cnossus this, of hallowed Lyctus that :  
On one spot both from their swift chariots fell ;  
This gasped for breath, his throat by the long spear  
Transfixed ; that other, by a massy stone,  
Sped from a strong hand, on the temple struck,  
Breathed out his life, and black doom shrouded  
him.

The startled steeds, bereft of charioteers,  
Fleeing, mid all those corpses were confused,  
And princely Aeneas' henchmen seized on them  
With hearts exulting in the goodly spoil.

There Philoctetes with his deadly shaft  
Smote Peirasus in act to flee the war :  
The tendons twain behind the knee it snapped,  
And palsied all his speed. A Danaan marked,  
And leapt on that maimed man with sweep of sword

ἀλγινόεντα τένοντα· κόλον δ' ὑπεδέξατο γαῖα  
σῶμα· κάρη δ' ἀπάτερθε κυλινδομένη πεφόρητο  
φωνῆς ἰεμένοιο· ταχὺς δ' ἄμ' ἀπέπτατο θυμός.

Πουλιδάμας δὲ Κλέωνα καὶ Εὐρύμαχον βάλε  
δουρί,

60

οἱ Σύμηθεν ἴκανον ὑπὸ Νιρῇ ἄνακτι  
ἄμφω ἐπιστάμενοι δόλον ἰχθύσι μητίσασθαι  
αἰνοῦ ὑπ' ἀγκίστροιο, βαλέσθαι τ' εἰς ἄλλα δῖαν  
δίκτυα καὶ παλάμησι περιφραδέως ἀπὸ νηὸς  
ἰθὺ καὶ αἶψα τρίαῖναν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι νωμήσασθαι·  
ἀλλ' οὐ σφιν τότε πῆμα θαλάσσια ἤρκεσεν ἔργα.

65

Εὐρύπυλος δὲ μενεπτόλεμος κτάνε<sup>1</sup> φαίδιμον  
Ἕλλον,

τόν ῥα παρὰ λίμνῃ Γυγαίῃ γείνατο μήτηρ  
Κλειτὴ καλλιπάρης· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι τανύσθη  
πρηνής· τοῦ δ' ἀπάτερθεν ὁμῶς δόρυ κάππεσε  
μακρόν

70

ὦμον ἀπὸ βριαροῖο κεκομμένη ἄορι λυγρῷ  
χεὶρ ἔτι μαιμώωσα ποτὶ κλόνον ἔγχος αἰΐραι  
μαψιδίως· οὐ γάρ μιν ἀνὴρ εἰς ἔργον ἐνώμα,  
ἀλλ' αὐτῶς ἤσπαιρεν ἄτε βλοσυροῖο δράκοντος  
οὐρὴ ἀποτμηθεῖς ἀναπάλλεται, οὐδέ οἱ ἀλκὴ  
ἔσπεται ἐς πόνον αἰπύν, ἵνα χραύσαντα διώξῃ·  
ὥς ἄρα δεξιτερὴ κρατερόφρονος ἀνδρὸς ἐς αἰχμὴν  
ὥρμαινεν πονέεσθαι· ἀτὰρ μένος οὐκέτ' ὀπήδει.

75

Αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς Αἶνον ἐνήρατο καὶ Πολύιδον  
ἄμφω Κητείους, τὸν δούρατι, τὸν δ' ἀλεγεινῷ  
ἄορι δηώσας· Σθένελος δ' ἔλε δῖον Ἀβαντα  
αἰγανέην προιεῖς· ἡ δ' ἀσφαράγοιο διαπρὸ  
ἐσσυμένη ἀλεγεινὸν ἐς ἰνίου ἦλθε τένοντα·  
λῦσε δ' ἄρ' ἀνέρος ἦτορ, ὑπέκλασε δ' ἄψα πάντα.

80

Τυδείδης δ' ἔλε Λαόδοκον, Μέλιον δ' Ἀγα-  
μέωνων,

85

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for βάλε of v.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Shearing his neck through. On the breast of earth  
The headless body fell : the head far flung  
Went rolling with lips parted as to shriek ;  
And swiftly fled thence the homeless soul.

Polydamas struck down Eurymachus  
And Cleon with his spear. From Syme came  
With Nireus' following these : cunning were both  
In craft of fisher-folk—to cast the hook  
Baited with guile, to drop into the sea  
The net, from the boat's prow with deftest hands  
Swiftly and straight to plunge the three-forked  
spear.

But not from bane their sea-craft saved them now.

Eurypylus battle-staunch laid Hellus low,  
Whom Cleito bare beside Gygaea's mere,  
Cleito the fair-cheeked. Face-down in the dust  
Outstretched he lay : shorn by the cruel sword  
From his strong shoulder fell the arm that held  
His long spear. Still its muscles twitched, as though  
Fain to uplift the lance for fight—in vain ;  
For the man's will no longer stirred therein,  
But aimlessly it quivered, even as leaps  
The severed tail of a snake malignant-eyed,  
Which cannot chase the man who dealt the wound ;  
So the right hand of that strong-hearted man  
With impotent grip still clutched the spear for fight.

Aenus and Polydorus Odysseus slew,  
Ceteians both ; this perished by his spear,  
That by his sword death-dealing. Sthenelus  
Smote godlike Abas with a javelin-cast :  
On through his throat and shuddering nape it  
rushed :

Stopped were his heart-beats, all his limbs collapsed.  
Tydeides slew Laodocus ; Melius fell

Δηίφοβος δὲ Δρύαντα καὶ Ἀλκιμον· αὐτὰρ  
Ἀγήνωρ

Ἰππασον ἐξενάριξεν ἀγακλειτόν περ ἑόντα,  
ὃς ῥ' ἀπὸ Πηνειοῦ ποταμοῦ κίεν· οὐδ' ἐρατεινὰ  
θρέπτρα τοκεῦσιν ἔδωκεν, ἐπεὶ ῥά μιν ἔκλασε  
δαίμων.

Ἐνθα Θόας ἐδάμασσε Λάλον καὶ ἀγήνορα  
Λύγκον,

90

Μηριόνης δὲ Λυκῶνα, καὶ Ἀρχίλοχον Μενέλαος,  
ὃς ῥά τε Κωρυκίην ὑπὸ δειράδα ναιετάασκε  
πέτρην θ' Ἠφαίστοιο περίφρονος, ἣ τε βροτοῖσι  
θαῦμα πέλει· δὴ γάρ οἱ ἐναίθεται ἀκάματον πῦρ  
ἄσβεστον νυκτός τε καὶ ἡματος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
φόνικες θαλέθουσι, φέρουσι δ' ἀπείρονα καρπὸν,  
ρίζης καιομένης ἅμα λάεσιν· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν που  
ἀθάνατοι τεύξαντο καὶ ἐσσομένοισιν ἰδέσθαι.

95

Τεῦκρος δ' Ἴππομέδοντος ἀμύμονος νῖα Μενοίτην  
ἐσσυμένως ὄρμαινε βαλεῖν ἐπιόντα βελέμνῳ·  
καὶ ῥά νόῳ καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ὄμμασιν ἰθύνεσκεν  
ἰὼν ἀπὸ γναμπτοῖο κεράατος· ὃς δ' ἀλεγεινὸν  
ἄλτο θοῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐς ἀνέρα· τῷ δ' ὑπο νευρῇ  
εἰσέτι που κανάχιζεν· ὁ δ' ἀντίον ἀσπαίρεσκε  
βλήμενος, οὐνεκα Κῆρες ὁμῶς φορέοντο βελέμνῳ  
καίριον ἐς κραδίην, ὅθι περ νόος ἔζεται ἀνδρῶν  
καὶ μένος, ὀτραλέαι δὲ ποτὶ μόνον εἰσὶ κέλευθοι.

100

105

Εὐρύαλος δ' ἄρα πολλὸν ἀπὸ στιβαρῆς βάλε  
χειρὸς

λᾶα μέγαν, Τρώων δὲ θοὰς ἐλέλιξε φάλαγγας·  
ὥς δ' ὅτε τις γεράνοισι τανυφθόγγοισι χολωθεὶς  
οὔρος ἀνὴρ πεδίοιο μέγ' ἀσχαλόων ἐπορούση,  
δινήσας περὶ κρατὶ θοῇ χερὶ νεῦρα βόεια  
λᾶα βάλη κατέναντα, διασκεδάσῃ δ' ὑπὸ ροίζῳ  
ἥερι πεπταμένας δολιχὰς στίχας, αἱ δὲ φέβονται,  
ἄλλη δ' εἰς ἐτέρην εἰλεύμεναι αἴσσουσι

115

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

By Agamemnon's hand ; Deiphobus  
Smote Alcimus and Dryas : Hippasus,  
How war-renowned soe'er, Agenor slew  
Far from Peneius' river. Crushed by fate,  
Love's nursing-debt to parents ne'er he paid.

Lamus and stalwart Lyncus Thoas smote,  
And Meriones slew Lycon ; Menelaus  
Laid low Archelochus. Upon his home  
Looked down Corycia's ridge, and that great rock  
Of the wise Fire-god, marvellous in men's eyes ;  
For thereon, nightlong, daylong, unto him  
Fire blazes, tireless and unquenchable.  
Laden with fruit around it palm-trees grow,  
While mid the stones fire plays about their roots.  
Gods' work is this, a wonder to all time.

By Teucer princely Hippomedon's son was slain,  
Menoetes : as the archer drew on him,  
Rushed he to smite him ; but already hand  
And eye, and bow-craft keen were aiming straight  
On the arching horn the shaft. Swiftly released  
It leapt on the hapless man, while sang the string.  
Stricken full front he heaved one choking gasp,  
Because the fates on the arrow riding flew  
Right to his heart, the throne of thought and  
strength

For men, whence short the path is unto death.

Far from his brawny hand Euryalus hurled  
A massy stone, and shook the ranks of Troy.  
As when in anger against long-screaming cranes  
A watcher of the field leaps from the ground,  
In swift hand whirling round his head the sling,  
And speeds the stone against them, scattering  
Before its hum their ranks far down the wind  
Outspread, and they in huddled panic dart

κλαγγηδὸν μάλα πάγχυ, πάρος κατὰ κόσμον ἰοῦσαι·  
ὥς ἄρα δυσμενέες φοβερὸν βέλος ἀμφεφόβηθεν  
ὀβρίμον Εὐρύαλοιο· τὸ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον φέρε δαίμων,  
ἀλλ' ἄρα σὺν πήληκι κάρη κρατεροῖο Μέλητος  
θλάσσε περὶ γλήνησι.<sup>1</sup> μόρος δ' ἐκίχανεν ἀρητός. 120

Ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνε, περιστεναχίζετο δ' αἶα·  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσαντος ἀπειρεσίον ἀνέμοιο  
λάβρον ὑπὸ ριπῆς βαρυηχέος ἄλλυδις ἄλλα  
δένδρεα μακρὰ πέσῃσιν ὑπὲκ ριζέων ἐριπόντα  
ἄλσεος εὐρυπέδοιο, βρέμει δέ τε πᾶσα περὶ χθών· 125  
ὥς οἱ γ' ἐν κονίησι πέσον, κανάχησε δὲ τεύχη  
ἄσπετον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖα μέγ' ἔβραχεν· οἱ δὲ κυ-  
δοιμοῦ

ἀργαλέου μνῶοντο, μετὰ σφίσι πῆμα τιθέντες.

Καὶ τότε ἄρ' Αἰνεῖαο μόλε σχεδὸν ἡὺς Ἀπόλλων  
ἦδ' Ἀντηνορίδαο δαΐφρονος Εὐρύμαχοιο· 130  
οἱ γὰρ δὴ μάρναντο πολυσθενέεσσιν Ἀχαιοῖς  
ἄγχι μάλ' ἐσταότες κατὰ φύλοπιν, εὖθ' ὑπ' ἀπήνῃ  
δοιοὶ ὀμηλική κρατεροὶ βόες, οὐδ' ἀπέληγον  
ὑσμίνης· τοὺς δ' αἶψα θεὸς ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν  
μάντεϊ εἰδόμενος Πολυμήστορι, τὸν ποτε μήτηρ 135  
γείνατ' ἐπὶ Ξάνθοιο ῥοαῖς θεράπονθ' Ἑκάτοιο·  
“Εὐρύμαχ' Αἰνεΐα τε θεῶν γένος, οὔτι ἔοικεν  
ὑμέας Ἀργείοισιν ὑπείκμεν· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς  
ὑμῖν ὑπαντιάσας κεχαρήσεται ὄβριμος Ἄρης,  
ἦν ἐθέλητε μάχεσθαι ἀνὰ κλόνον, οὔνεκα Μοῖραι 140  
μακρὸν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι βίου τέλος ἐκλώσαντο.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀνέμοισι μίγη καὶ αἶστος ἐτύχθη·  
οἱ δὲ νόῳ φράσσαντο θεοῦ μένος· αἶψα γὰρ αὐτοῖς  
θάρσος ἀπειρέσιον κατεχέυατο· μαίνεται δέ σφι  
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, καὶ ἔνθορον Ἀργείοισιν, 145  
ἀργαλέοις σφήκεσσιν ἐοικότες, οἳ τ' ἀλεγεινὸν  
ἐκ θυμοῦ κοτέοντες ἐπιβρίσωσι μελίσσαις,

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for πληγῇσι of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

With wild cries this way and that, who theretofore  
Swept on in ordered lines; so shrank the foe  
To right and left from that dread bolt of doom  
Hurled of Euryalus. Not in vain it flew  
Fate-winged; it shattered Meles' helm and head  
Down to the eyes: so met him ghastly death.

Still man slew man, while earth groaned all  
around,

As when a mighty wind scourges the land,  
And this way, that way, under its shrieking blasts  
Through the wide woodland bow from the roots and  
fall

Great trees, while all the earth is thundering round;  
So fell they in the dust, so clanged their arms,  
So crashed the earth around. Still hot were they  
For fell fight, still dealt bane unto their foes.

Nigh to Aeneas then Apollo came,  
And to Eurymachus, brave Antenor's son;  
For these against the mighty Achaeans fought  
Shoulder to shoulder, as two strong oxen, matched  
In age, yoked to a wain; nor ever ceased  
From battling. Suddenly spake the God to these  
In Polymestor's shape, the seer his mother  
By Xanthus bare to the Far-darter's priest:  
"Eurymachus, Aeneas, seed of Gods,  
'Twere shame if ye should flinch from Argives! Nay,  
Not Ares' self should joy to encounter you,  
An ye would face him in the fray; for Fate  
Hath spun long destiny-threads for thee and thee."

He spake, and vanished, mingling with the winds.  
But their hearts felt the God's power: suddenly  
Flooded with boundless courage were their frames,  
Maddened their spirits: on the foe they leapt  
Like furious wasps that in a storm of rage  
Swoop upon bees, beholding them draw nigh

ἄς τε περὶ σταφυλῆς ἀναινομένης ἐν ὀπώρῃ  
 ἐρχομένας ἐσίδωσιν ἢ ἐκ σίμβλοιο θορούσας·  
 ὥς ἄρα Τρῶιοι νῆες εὐπτολέμοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς 150  
 ἔνθορον ἐσσυμένως· κεχάροντο δὲ Κῆρες ἐρεμναὶ  
 μαρναμένων· ἐγέλασσε δ' Ἀρης· ἰάχησε δ' Ἐννῶ  
 σμερδαλέον· μέγα δέ σφιν ἐπέβραχεν αἰόλα τεύχη.  
 οἱ δ' ἄρα δυσμενέων ἀπερείσια φύλα δαΐζον  
 χερσὶν ἀμαιμακέτησι· κατηρεῖποντο δὲ λαοὶ 155  
 αὐτῶς, ἣντ' ἄμαλλα θέρευσ εὐθαλπέος ὥρη,  
 ἦν ῥά τ' ἐπιστέρχωσι θοοὶ χέρας ἀμητῆρες  
 δασσάμενοι κατ' ἄρουραν ἀπείρονα μακρὰ πέλεθρα·  
 ὥς ἄρα τῶν ὑπὸ χερσὶ κατηρεῖποντο φάλαγγες  
 μυρίαί· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖα νεκρῶν περιπεπληθυῖα 160  
 αἵματι πλημμύρεσκεν· Ἔρις δ' ἄρ' ἰαίνεται θυμῷ  
 ὀλλυμένων· οἱ δ' οὔτι κακοῦ παύοντο μόθοιο,  
 ἀλλ' ἄτε μῆλα λέοντες ἐπήιον· οἱ δ' ἄρα φύξης  
 λευγαλέης μνώνοντο καὶ ἐξ ὀλοοῦ πολέμοιο  
 φεύγον, ὅσοις ἀδάϊκτον ἔτι σθένος ἐν ποσὶ κείτο. 165  
 υἱὸς δ' Ἀγχιῖσας δαΐφρονος αἰὲν ὀπήδει  
 δυσμενέων μετόπισθεν ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ νῶτα δαΐζων,  
 Εὐρύμαχος δ' ἐτέρωθεν· ἰαίνεται δ' ἄμβροτον ἦτορ  
 ὑψόθεν εἰσορόωντος ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.  
 Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σιάλοισιν ἀνὴρ ἐς λήιον αὖον 170  
 ἐρχομένοις, πρὶν ἄμαλλαν ὑπ' ἀμητῆρσι δαμῆναι,  
 ἀντί' ἐπισσεύῃ κρατεροὺς κύνας, οἱ δ' ὀρόωντες  
 ἐσσυμένους τρομέουσι, καὶ οὐκέτι μέμβλεται αὐτοῖς  
 εἶδατος, ἀλλὰ τρέπονται ἀινηρὴν ἐπὶ φύζαν  
 πανσυδίῃ, τοὺς δ' αἶψα κύνες κατὰ ποσσὶ κιχόντες 175  
 ἐξόπιθεν δάπτουσιν ἀμείλιχα, τοὶ δὲ φέβονται  
 μακρὸν ἀνιύζοντες, ἀναξ δ' ἐπιτέρπετ' ἀρούρης·  
 ὥς ἄρ' ἰαίνεται Φοῖβος, ὅτ' ἔδρακεν ἐκ πολέμοιο  
 φεύγοντ' Ἀργείων πουλὺν στρατόν· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ'  
 αὐτοῖς



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

In latter-summer to the mellowing grapes,  
Or from their hives forth-streaming thitherward ;  
So fiercely leapt these sons of Troy to meet  
War-hardened Greeks. The black Fates joyed to  
see

Their conflict, Ares laughed, Enyo yelled  
Horribly. Loud their glancing armour clanged :  
They stabbed, they hewed down hosts of foes  
untold

With irresistible hands. The reeling ranks  
Fell, as the swath falls in the harvest heat,  
When the swift-handed reapers, ranged adown  
The field's long furrows, ply the sickle fast ;  
So fell before their hands ranks numberless :  
With corpses earth was heaped, with torrent blood  
Was streaming : Strife incarnate o'er the slain  
Gloated. They paused not from the awful toil,  
But aye pressed on, like lions chasing sheep.  
Then turned the Greeks to craven flight ; all feet  
Unmained as yet fled from the murderous war.  
Aye followed on Anchises' warrior son,  
Smiting foes' backs with his avenging spear :  
On pressed Eurymachus, while glowed the heart  
Of Healer Apollo watching from on high.

As when a man describes a herd of swine  
Draw nigh his ripening corn, before the sheaves  
Fall neath the reapers' hands, and harketh on  
Against them his strong dogs ; as down they  
rush,

The spoilers see and quake ; no more think they  
Of feasting, but they turn in panic flight  
Huddling : fast follow at their heels the hounds  
Biting remorselessly, while long and loud  
Squealing they flee, and joys the harvest's lord ;  
So rejoiced Phoebus, seeing from the war  
Fleeing the mighty Argive host. No more

ἔργ' ἀνδρῶν<sup>1</sup> μεμέλητο· πόδας δ' εὖχοντο θεοῖσιν 180  
ὦκα φέρειν· μούνοις γὰρ ἔτ' ἐν ποσὶν ἔπλετο νόστου  
ἐλπωρῇ· πάντας γὰρ ἐπήειεν ἔγχρῃ θύων

Εὐρύμαχος τε καὶ Αἰνείας, σὺν δέ σφιν ἐταῖροι.

Ἐνθα τις Ἀργείων, ἧ κάρτεϊ πάγχυ πεποιθώς, 185  
ἧ Μοίρης ἰότητι, λιλαιομένης μιν ὀλέσσαι,

φεύγοντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος ἵππον ἔρυκε  
γνάμψαι ἐπειγόμενος ποτὶ φύλοπιν, ὅφρα μάχεται

ἀντία δυσμενέων· τὸν δ' ὀβριμόθυμος Ἀγήνωρ  
παρφθάμενος μυῶνα κατ' ἀλγινόεντα δαίξεν 190

ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλήγι· βίη δ' ὑπόειξε σιδήρου  
ὀστέον οὐταμένοιο βραχίονος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεῦρα

ῥηιδίως ἤμησε· φλέβες δ' ὑπερέβλυσαν αἷμα·  
ἀμφεχύθη δ' ἵπποιο κατ' αὐχένος· αἶψα δ' ἄρ'

αὐτὸς

κάππεσεν ἀμφὶ νέκυσσι· λίπεν δ' ἄρα χεῖρα κρα-  
ταιήν

στερρὸν ἔτ' ἐμπεφυῖαν εὐγνάμπτοιο χαλινού, 195  
οἷη ἔτι ζώνοντος ἔην· μέγα δ' ἔπλετο θαῦμα,

οὐνεκα δὴ ῥυτῆρος ἀπεκρέμαθ' αἱματόεσσα

Ἄρεος ἐννεσίησι φόβον δηίοισι φέρουσα·

φαίης κεν χατέουσαν ἔθ' ἵππασίης πονέεσθαι.

σῆμα δέ μιν φέρειν ἵππος ἀποκταμένοιο ἄνακτος. 200

Αἰνείας δ' ἐδάμασσε βαλὼν ὑπὲρ ἰξύα δουρὶ  
Αἰθαλίδην· αἰχμὴ δὲ παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἐξεπέρησεν

ἔγκατ' ἐφελκομένη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐν κονίησι τανύσθη  
συμμάρψας χεῖρεσσιν ὁμῶς χολάδεσσιν ἀκωκὴν

δεινὰ μάλα στενάχων, γαίῃ δ' ἐνέρεισεν ὀδόντας 205  
βεβρυχώς· ψυχὴ δὲ καὶ ἄλγεα κάλλιπον ἄνδρα.

Ἀργεῖοι δὲ βόεσσιν ἐοικότες ἐπτοίηντο,  
οὓς τ' ἄμοτον μεμαῶτας ὑπὸ ζεύγλῃ καὶ ἀρότρῳ

τύψῃ ὑπὸ λαπάρην ταναοῖς ὑπὸ χεῖλεσιν οἰστρος  
αἵματος ἰέμενος, τοὶ δ' ἄσπετον ἀσχαλόωντες 210

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for μόθων, of Koechly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Cared they for deeds of men, but cried to the Gods  
For swift feet, in whose feet alone was hope  
To escape Eurymachus' and Aeneas' spears  
Which lightened ever all along their rear.

But one Greek, over-trusting in his strength,  
Or by Fate's malice to destruction drawn,  
Curbed in mid flight from war's turmoil his steed,  
And strove to wheel him round into the fight  
To face the foe. But fierce Agenor thrust  
Ere he was ware; his two-edged partizan  
Shore though his shoulder; yea, the very bone  
Of that gashed arm was cloven by the steel;  
The tendons parted, the veins spirted blood:  
Down by his horse's neck he slid, and straight  
Fell mid the dead. But still the strong arm hung  
With rigid fingers locked about the reins  
Like a live man's. Weird marvel was that sight,  
The bloody hand down hanging from the rein,  
Scaring the foes yet more, by Ares' will.  
Thou hadst said, "It craveth still for horsemanship!"  
So bare the steed that sign of his slain lord.

Aeneas hurled his spear; it found the waist  
Of Anthalus' son, it pierced the navel through,  
Dragging the inwards with it. Stretched in dust,  
Clutching with agonized hands at steel and bowels,  
Horribly shrieked he, tore with his teeth the earth  
Groaning, till life and pain forsook the man.

Scared were the Argives, like a startled team  
Of oxen 'neath the yoke-band straining hard,  
What time the sharp-fanged gadfly stings their  
flanks

Athirst for blood, and they in frenzy of pain

ἔργου ἐκάς φεύγουσιν, ἐπὶ σφίσι δ' ἄχυνται ἀνὴρ  
ἀμφοτέρων<sup>1</sup> πονέων τε πόνον, τρομέων τ' ἐπὶ  
βουσί,

μὴ δὴ πού κατόπισθεν ἐπαῖσσοντος ἀρότρου  
κέρση νεῦρα σίδηρος ἀμείλιχος ἐν ποσὶ κύρσας·  
ὥς Δαναοὶ φοβέοντο· περὶ σφίσι δ' ἄχυντο θυμὸν 215  
υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος· μέγα δ' ἴαχε λαὸν ἑέργων·

“ ἂ δειλοί, τί φέβεσθε, εἰκότες οὐτιδανοῖσι  
ψήρεσιν, οὓς τ' ἐφόβησεν ἰὼν κατεναντία κίρκος;  
ἀλλ' ἄγε θέσθ' ἐνὶ θυμόν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ λώϊόν ἐστι  
τεθνάμεν ἐν πολέμῳ ἢ ἀνάλκιδα φύζαν ἐλέσθαι.” 220

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἐπίθοντο θρασὺν νόον ἐν φρεσὶ  
θέντες

ἐσσυμένως· ὁ δὲ Τρῳσὶ μέγα φρονέων εἰόρουσε  
πάλλων ἐν χεῖρεσσι θοὸν δόρυ· τῷ δ' ἄρα λαοὶ  
Μυρμιδόνων ἐφέποντο βίην ἀτάλαντον ἀέλλη  
ἐν στέρνοισιν ἔχοντες· ἀνέπνευσαν δὲ κυδοιμοῦ 225

Ἀργεῖοι· ὁ δ' ἄρ' αἶψα φίλῳ πατρὶ θυμὸν εἰκῶς  
ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ ἔπεφνε κατὰ μόθον· οἱ δ' ἀπιόντες  
χάζοντ', ἡὔτε κύμαθ', ἃ τ' ἐκ βορέαο θυέλλης  
πόλλ' ἐπιπαφλάζοντα κυλίνδεται αἰγιαλοῖσιν

ὀρνύμεν' ἐκ πόντοιο, τὰ δ' ἔκποθεν ἄλλος ἀήτης 230  
ἀντίον ἀΐξας μεγάλη περὶ λαίλαπι θύων

ᾧσιν ἀπ' ἡϊόνων Βορέῳ ἔτι βαιὸν ἀέντος·

ὥς Τρῳᾶς Δαναοῖσιν ἐποιχομένους τὸ πάροιθεν

υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος θεοειδέος ὥσεν ὀπίσσω

τυτθόν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἦν θρασύφρονος Αἰνεΐαο 235

φευγέμεν οὐκ εἴασκε, μένειν δ' ἀνὰ φύλοπιν αἰνὴν

θαρσαλέως· ἐκάτερθε δ' ἴσῃν ἐτάνυσσεν Ἐννῶ

ὑσμίνην· ἀλλ' οὔτι καταντίον Αἰνεΐαο

υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος πῆλιν δόρυ πατρὸς ἐοῖο,

ἀλλ' ἄλλη τρέπε θυμόν, ἐπεὶ Θέτις ἀγλαόπεπλος 240

ἄζομένη Κυθέρειαν ἀπέτραπεν υἱωνοῖο

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, ex P, for ἀμφ' ἄροτρον of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Start from the furrow, and sore disquieted  
The hind is for marred work, and for their sake,  
Lest haply the recoiling ploughshare light  
On their leg-sinews, and hamstring his team ;  
So were the Danaans scared, so feared for them  
Achilles' son, and shouted thunder-voiced :  
“ Cravens, why flee, like starlings nothing-worth  
Scared by a hawk that swoopeth down on them ?  
Come, play the men ! Better it is by far  
To die in war than choose unmanly flight ! ”

Then to his cry they hearkened, and straightway  
Were of good heart. Mighty of mood he leapt  
Upon the Trojans, swinging in his hand  
The lightening spear : swept after him his host  
Of Myrmidons with hearts swelled with the strength  
Resistless of a tempest ; so the Greeks  
Won breathing-space. With fury like his sire's  
One after other slew he of the foe.  
Recoiling back they fell, as waves on-rolled  
By Boreas foaming from the deep to the strand,  
Are caught by another blast that whirlwind-like  
Leaps, in a short lull of the north-wind, forth,  
Smites them full-face, and hurls them back from the  
shore :

So them that erewhile on the Danaans pressed  
Godlike Achilles' son now backward hurled  
A short space only—brave Aeneas' spirit  
Let him not flee, but made him bide the fight  
Fearlessly ; and Enyo level held  
The battle's scales. Yet not against Aeneas  
Achilles' son upraised his father's spear,  
But elsewhither turned his fury : in reverence  
For Aphrodite, Thetis splendour-veiled  
Turned from that man her mighty son's son's rage

θυμὸν καὶ μέγα κάρτος ἐπ' ἄλλων ἔθνεα λαῶν.  
ἐνθ' ὁ μὲν ἄρ' Τρώων πολέας κτάνειν, ὃς δ' ἀρ'  
Ἀχαιῶν<sup>1</sup>

δάμνατο μυρία φῦλα· δαϊκταμένων δ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ  
οἶωνοὶ κεχάροντο μεμαότες ἔγκατα φωτῶν  
δαρδάψαι καὶ σάρκας· ἐπεστενάχοντο δὲ Νύμφαι 245  
καλλιρόου Σιμόεντος ἰδὲ Ξάνθοιο θύγατρης.

Καί ῥ' οἱ μὲν πονέοντο· κόνιν δ' ἀκάμαντες ἀῆται  
ῶρσαν ἀπειρεσίην· ἤχλυσε δὲ πᾶσαν ὑπερθεῖν  
ἥερα θεσπεσίην, ὥς τ' ἀπροτίοπτος ὁμίχλῃ,  
οὐδ' ἄρα φαίνεταιο γαῖα, βροτῶν δ' ἀμάθυνεν ὀπωπίας· 250  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς μάρναντο· καὶ ἐς χέρας ὄντιν' ἔλοντο  
κτεῖνον ἀνηλεγέως, καὶ εἰ μάλα φίλτατος ἦεν·  
οὐ γὰρ ἦν φράσσασθαι ἀνὰ κλόνον οὔτ' ἐπίοντα  
δήιον οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐταῖρον· ἀμηχανίῃ δ' ἔχε λαούς.  
καὶ νῦ· κε μίγδ' ἐγένοντο καὶ ἀργαλέως ἀπόλουντο 255  
πάντες ὁμῶς ὀλοοῖσι περὶ ξιφέεσσι πεσόντες  
ἱλλήλων, εἰ μὴ σφιν ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο Κρονίων  
ἦρκεσε τειρομένοισι, κόνιν δ' ἀπάτερθεν ἔλασεν  
ὑσμίνης, ὀλοὰς δὲ κατεπρήνυνεν ἀέλλας.  
οἱ δ' ἔτι δηριόωντο· πόνος δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν ἐτύχθη 260  
πολλὸν ἐλαφρότερος· δέρκοντο γὰρ εἴτε δαΐξαι  
χρειῶ δῆϊον ἄνδρα κατὰ κλόνον, εἴτ' ἀλέασθαι.  
καί ῥ' ὅτε μὲν Δαναοὶ Τρώων ἀνέεργον ὄμιλον  
ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ Τρῶες Δαναῶν στίχας· ἔπλετο δ'  
αἰνὴ

ὑσμίνῃ· νιφάδεσσι δ' εἰκότα πίπτε βέλεμνα 265  
ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἰόντα· δέος δ' ἔχε μηλοβοτῆρας  
ἐκποθεν Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ὀρόωντας αὐτήν.  
καὶ τις ἐς αἰθέρα χεῖρας ἐπουρανόισιν αείρων  
εὔχετο, δυσμενέας μὲν ὑπ' Ἀρεῖ πάντας ὀλέσθαι,  
Τρῶας δὲ στονέοντος ἀναπνεῦσαι πολέμοιο, 270  
ἡμαρ δ' εἰσιδέειν ποτ' ἐλεύθερον· ἀλλά οἱ οὔτι

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

And giant strength on other hosts of foes.  
There slew he many a Trojan, while the ranks  
Of Greeks were ravaged by Aeneas' hand.  
Over the battle-slain the vultures joyed,  
Hungry to rend the hearts and flesh of men.  
But all the Nymphs were wailing, daughters born  
Of Xanthus and fair-flowing Simois.

So toiled they in the fight: the wind's breath  
rolled

Huge dust-clouds up; the illimitable air  
Was one thick haze, as with a sudden mist:  
Earth disappeared, faces were blotted out;  
Yet still they fought on; each man, whomso he met,  
Ruthlessly slew him, though his very friend  
It might be—in that turmoil none could tell  
Who met him, friend or foe: blind wilderment  
Enmeshed the hosts. And now had all been blent  
Confusedly, had perished miserably,  
All falling by their fellows' murderous swords,  
Had not Cronion from Olympus helped  
Their sore strait, and he swept aside the dust  
Of conflict, and he calmed those deadly winds.  
Yet still the hosts fought on; but lighter far  
Their battle-travail was, who now discerned  
Whom in the fray to smite, and whom to spare.  
The Danaans now forced back the Trojan host,  
The Trojans now the Danaan ranks, as swayed  
The dread fight to and fro. From either side  
Darts leapt and fell like snowflakes. Far away  
Shepherds from Ida trembling watched the strife,  
And to the Heaven-abiders lifted hands  
Of supplication, praying that all their foes  
Might perish, and that from the woeful war  
Troy might win breathing-space, and see at last  
The day of freedom: the Gods hearkened not.

ἔκλυον· Αἶσα γὰρ ἄλλα πολύστονος ὀρμαίνεσκεν·  
 ἄζετο δ' οὔτε Ζῆνα πελώριον, οὔτε τιν' ἄλλων  
 ἀθανάτων· οὐ γάρ τι μετατρέπεται νόος αἰνὸς  
 κείνης, ὄντινα πότμον ἐπ' ἀνδράσι γεινομένοισιν, 275  
 ἀνδράσιν ἢ πολίεσσιν ἐπικλώσῃται ἀφύκτω  
 νήματι· τῇ δ' ὑπο πάντα τὰ μὲν φθινύθει, τὰ δ'  
 ἀέξει·

τῆς καὶ ὑπ' ἐννεσίῃσι πόνος καὶ δῆρις ὀρώρει  
 ἵππομάχοις Τρώεσσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς.  
 τεῦχον δ' ἀλλήλοισι φόνον καὶ ἀνηλέα πότμον 280  
 νωλεμέως· οὐ γάρ τιν' ἔχεν δέος, ἀλλ' ἐμάχοντο  
 προφρονέως· θάρσος γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρας ἐς  
 αἰχμὴν.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολλοὶ μὲν ἀπέφθιθεν ἐν κονίῃσι,  
 δὴ τότε ἄρ' Ἀργείοισιν ὑπέρτερον ὄρνυτο κάρτος  
 Παλλάδος ἐννεσίῃσι δαΐφρονος, ἣ ῥα μολοῦσα 285  
 ὑσμίνης ἄγχιστα μέγ' Ἀργείοισιν ἄμυνεν  
 ἐκπέρσαι μεμαυῖα κλυτὴν Πριάμοιο πόλιν.  
 καὶ τότε ἄρ' Αἰνείαν ἐρικυδέα δι' Ἀφροδίτη,  
 ἣ ῥα μέγα στενάχιζεν Ἀλεξάνδροιο δαμέντος,  
 αὐτὴ ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο καὶ οὐλομένης ὑσμίνης 290  
 ἦρπασεν ἐσσυμένως· περὶ δ' ἡέρα χευατο πουλύν·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αἴσιμον ἦεν ἀνὰ μόθον ἀνέρι κείνῳ  
 μάρνασθ' Ἀργείοισι πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοῖο.  
 τῷ καὶ ἄδην ἀλέεινε περίφρονα Τριτογένειαν  
 ἐκ θυμοῦ Δαναοῖσιν ἀρηγέμεναι μεμαυῖαν, 295  
 μὴ καὶ ὑπὲρ κῆράς μιν ἔλῃ θεός· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτοῦ  
 φείσατο πρόσθεν Ἄρης, ὃ περ πολὺ φέρτερος ἦεν.

Τρώες δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνον ἀνὰ στόμα δημοτῆτος,  
 ἀλλ' ὀπίσω χάζοντο τεθηπότα θυμὸν ἔχοντες·  
 ἐν γάρ σφιν θήρεσσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοβόροισιν 300  
 ἔνθορον Ἀργεῖοι μέγα μαιμώωντες Ἄρηι.  
 τῶν δ' ἄρα δαμναμένων ποταμοὶ πλήθοντο νέκυσσι  
 καὶ πεδίου· πολλοὶ γὰρ ἄδην πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Far other issues Fate devised, nor recked  
Of Zeus the Almighty, nor of none beside  
Of the Immortals. Her unpitying soul  
Cares naught what doom she spinneth with her  
thread

Inevitable, be it for men new-born  
Or cities: all things wax and wane through her.  
So by her hest the battle-travail swelled  
'Twixt Trojan chariot-lords and Greeks that closed  
In grapple of fight—they dealt each other death  
Ruthlessly: no man quailed, but stout of heart  
Fought on; for courage thrusts men into war.

But now when many had perished in the dust,  
Then did the Argive might prevail at last  
By stern decree of Pallas; for she came  
Into the heart of battle, hot to help  
The Greeks to lay waste Priam's glorious town.  
Then Aphrodite, who lamented sore  
For Paris slain, snatched suddenly away  
Renowned Aeneas from the deadly strife,  
And poured thick mist about him. Fate forbade  
That hero any longer to contend  
With Argive foes without the high-built wall.  
Yea, and his mother sorely feared the wrath  
Of Pallas passing-wise, whose heart was keen  
To help the Danaans now—yea, feared lest she  
Might slay him even beyond his doom, who spared  
Not Ares' self, a mightier far than he.

No more the Trojans now abode the edge  
Of fight, but all disheartened backward drew.  
For like fierce ravening beasts the Argive men  
Leapt on them, mad with murderous rage of war.  
Choked with their slain the river-channels were,  
Heaped was the field; in red dust thousands fell,

άνερες ἦδ' ἵπποι· μάλα δ' ἄρματα πολλὰ κέχυντο  
βαλλομένων· πάντῃ δ' ἀπερείσιον ἔρρεεν αἷμα 305  
υἱὸς ὧς· ὅλοῃ γὰρ ἐπήϊεν Αἴσα κυδοιμόν.

Καί ῥ' οἱ μὲν ξιφέεσσι πεπαρμένοι ἢ μελίησι  
κεῖντο παρ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἀλίγκιον ἐκχυμένοισι  
δούρασιν, εὖτ' ἐπὶ θινὶ βαρυγδούποιο θαλάσσης 310  
άνερες ἄσπετα δεσμὰ πολυκμήτων ἀπὸ γόμφων  
λυσάμενοι σκεδάσωσι διὰ ξύλα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην  
ἡλιβάτου σχεδίης, πάντῃ δ' ἀναπλήθεται εὐρύς  
αἰγιαλός, τοῖσιν δὲ μέλαν ποτικλύζεται οἶδμα·  
ὧς οἳ γ' ἐν κονίησι καὶ αἵματι δηωθέντες  
κεῖντο πολυκλαύτοιο λελασμένοι ἰωχμοῖο. 315

Παῦροι δὲ προφυγόντες ἀνηλέα δηιοτῆτα  
δύσαν ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ἀλευάμενοι βαρὺ πῆμα·  
τῶν δ' ἄλοχοι καὶ παῖδες ἀπὸ χροὸς αἱματόεντος  
τεύχεα πάντα δέχοντο κακῶ πεφορυγμένα λύθρῳ.  
πᾶσι δὲ θερμὰ λοετρὰ τετεύχατο· πᾶν δ' ἀνὰ  
ἄστνυ 320

ἔσσουντ' ἱητήρες ἐς οὐταμένων αἰζηῶν  
οἰκία ποιπνύοντες, ἵν' οὐταμένους ἀκέσωνται.  
τοὺς δ' ἄλοχοι καὶ τέκνα περιστενάχοντο μολόν-  
τας

ἐκ πολέμου· πολλοὺς δὲ καὶ οὐ παρεόντας αὖ-  
τευν·

καί ῥ' οἱ μὲν στυγερῇ βεβολημένοι ἦτορ ἀνίη 325  
κεῖντο βαρυστενάχοντες ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν· οἳ δ' ἐπὶ  
δόρπον

ἐκ καμάτοιο τρέποντο· θοοὶ δ' ἐπαὔτεον ἵπποι  
φορβῇ ἐπιχρεμέθοντες ἄδην· ἐτέρωθι δ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
παρ κλισίης νήεσσί θ' ὁμοῖα Τρῳσὶ πένοντο.

Ἦμος δ' ὠκεανοῖο ῥοὰς ὑπερήλασεν Ἡὼς 330  
ἵππους μαρμαίροντας, ἀνέγρετο δ' ἔθνεα φωτῶν,  
δὴ τοτ' ἀρήιοι υἱες εὖσθειέων Ἀργείων,  
οἳ μὲν ἔβαν Πριάμοιο ποτὶ πτόλιν αἰπήεσσαν,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Horses and men ; and chariots overturned  
Were strewn there : blood was streaming all around  
Like rain, for deadly Doom raged through the fray.

Men stabbed with swords, and men impaled on  
spears

Lay all confusedly, like scattered beams,  
When on the strand of the low-thundering sea  
Men from great girders of a tall ship's hull  
Strike out the bolts and clamps, and scatter wide  
Long planks and timbers, till the whole broad beach  
Is paved with beams o'erplashed by darkling surge ;  
So lay in dust and blood those slaughtered men,  
Rapture and pain of fight forgotten now.

A remnant from the pitiless strife escaped  
Entered their stronghold, scarce eluding doom.  
Children and wives from their limbs blood-besprent  
Received their arms bedabbled with foul gore ;  
And baths for all were heated. Leeches ran  
Through all the town in hot haste to the homes  
Of wounded men to minister to their hurts.  
Here wives and daughters moaned round men come  
back

From war, there cried on many who came not.  
Here, men stung to the soul by bitter pangs  
Groaned upon beds of pain ; there, toil-spent men  
Turned them to supper. Whinnied the swift steeds  
And neighed o'er mangers heaped. By tent and  
ship

Far off the Greeks did even as they of Troy.

When o'er the streams of Ocean Dawn drove up  
Her splendour-flashing steeds, and earth's tribes  
waked,

Then the strong Argives' battle-eager sons  
Marched against Priam's city lofty-towered,

οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἅμ' ἀνδράσιν οὐταμένοισι  
 μίμνον, μή ποτε λαὸς ἐπιβρίσας ἀλεγεινὸς 335  
 νῆας ἔλῃ Τρῶεσσι φέρων χάριν· οἱ δ' ἀπὸ πύργων  
 μάρναντ' Ἀργείοισι· μόθος δ' ἀλεγεινὸς ὀρώρει.

Σκαιῆς μὲν προπάροιθε πύλης Καπανῆος υἱὸς  
 μάρναθ' ἅμ' ἀντιθέῳ Διομήδεϊ· τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ὑπερθε  
 Δηϊφοβὸς τε μενεπτόλεμος κρατερός τε Πολίτης 340  
 σύν τ' ἄλλοις ἐτάροισιν ἐρητύεσκον οἴστοις  
 ἢ δ' ἄρα χερμαδίοισι· περικτυπέοντο δὲ φωτῶν  
 βαλλόμεναι κόρυθές τε καὶ ἀσπίδες, αἷ' τ' ἀλεγεινὸν  
 αἰζῶν ῥύοντο μόρον καὶ ἀμείλιχον αἶσαν.

Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Ἰδαίῃσιν ἐριδμαίνεσκε πύλῃσιν 345  
 υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος· πονέοντο δέ οἱ πέρι πάντες  
 Μυρμιδόνες κρατεροῖο δαήμονες ἰωχμοῖο·  
 τοὺς δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος εἵργον ἀπειρεσίοις βελέεσσι  
 θαρσαλέως Ἐλενός τε καὶ ὀβριμόθυμος Ἀγήνωρ,  
 Τρῶας ἐποτρύνοντες ἀνὰ μόθον· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ 350  
 προφρονέως μάρναντο φίλης περὶ τείχεσι πάτρης.

Ἐς πεδῖον δὲ πύλῃσι καὶ ὠκυπόρους ἐπὶ νῆας  
 νισσομένης Ὀδυσσεύς τε καὶ Εὐρύπυλος πονέοντο  
 νωλεμέως· τοὺς δ' ἦϋς ἀφ' ἔρκεος ὑψηλοῖο  
 Αἰνεΐας λάεσσι μέγα φρονέων ἀπέρυκε.

Πρὸς δὲ ῥόον Σιμόεντος ἔχεν πόνον ἀλγινόεντα  
 Τεῦκρος εὐμμελῆς· ἄλλῃ δ' ἔχεν ἄλλος οἷζύν. 355

Καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα δαΐφρονα κύδιμοι  
 ἄνδρες

κείνου τεχνήεντι νόφ ποτὶ μῶλον Ἄρηος  
 ἀσπίδας ἐντύναντο, βάλον δ' ἐφύπερθε καρῆνων 360  
 θέντες ἐπ' ἀλλήλησιν· μὴ δ' ἅπαν ἥρμοσεν ἀρμῇ·  
 φαίης κεν μεγάροιο κατηρεφὲς ἔμμεναι ἔρκος  
 πυκνόν, ὃ τ' οὐτ' ἀνέμοιο διέρχεται ὑγρὸν ἀέντος  
 ῥιπὴ ἀπειρεσίῃ οὐτ' ἐκ Διὸς ἀσπετος ὄμβρος·  
 τοῖαι ἄρ' Ἀργείων πεπυκασμένοι ἀμφὶ βοεΐαις 365  
 καρτύναντο φάλαγγες· ἔχον δ' ἓνα θυμὸν ἐς ἀλκῇ



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Save some that mid the tents by wounded men  
Tarried, lest haply raiders on the ships  
Might fall, to help the Trojans, while these fought  
The foe from towers, while rose the flame of war.

Before the Scaean gate fought Capaneus' son  
And godlike Diomedes. High above  
Deiphobus battle-staunch and strong Polites  
With many comrades, stoutly held them back  
With arrows and huge stones. Clanged evermore  
The smitten helms and shields that fenced strong  
men

From bitter doom and unrelenting fate,

Before the Gate Idaean Achilles' son  
Set in array the fight: around him toiled  
His host of battle-cunning Myrmidons.  
Helenus and Agenor gallant-souled,  
Down-hailing darts, against them held the wall,  
Aye cheering on their men. No spurring these  
Needed to fight hard for their country's walls.

Odysseus and Eurypylus made assault  
Unresting on the gates that faced the plain  
And looked to the swift ships. From wall and  
tower

With huge stones brave Aeneas made defence.

In battle-stress by Simois Teucer toiled.  
Each endured hardness at his several post.

Then round war-wise Odysseus men renowned,  
By that great captain's battle cunning ruled,  
Locked shields together, raised them o'er their  
heads

Ranged side by side, that many were made one.  
Thou hadst said it was a great hall's solid roof,  
Which no tempestuous wind-blast misty wet  
Can pierce, nor rain from heaven in torrents poured.  
So fenced about with shields firm stood the ranks  
Of Argives, one in heart for fight, and one

εἰς ἐν ἀρηράμενοι· καθύπερθε δὲ Τρώιοι νῆες  
 βάλλον χερμαδίοισιν· τὰ δ' ὡς στυφελῆς ἀπὸ  
 πέτρης  
 γαῖαν ἐπὶ τραφερὴν ἐκυλίνδετο· πολλὰ δὲ δοῦρα  
 καὶ βέλεα στονόεντα καὶ ἀλγινόεντες ἄκοντες 370  
 πῆγνυντ' ἐν σακέεσσι, τὰ δ' ἐν χθονί, πολλὰ δ'  
 ἄπωθεν  
 μαψιδίως φορέοντο παραγναμφθέντα βελέμοις<sup>1</sup>  
 πάντοθε βαλλομένων· οἱ δὲ κτύπον οὔτι φέβοντο  
 ἄσπετον, οὐδ' ὑπόεικον, ἅτε ψεκάδων αἶοντες  
 δοῦπον· ἄνω δ' ὑπὸ τείχος ὁμῶς ἴσαν· οὐδέ τις  
 αὐτῶν 375  
 νόσφιν ἀφειστήκει· συναρηράμενοι δ' ἐφέποντο,  
 ὡς νέφος ἡρόεν, τό ῥά που περὶ χείματι μέσσω  
 αἰθέρος ἐξ ὑπάτοιο μακρὸν διέτεινε Κρονίων.  
 πουλὺς δ' ἀμφὶ φάλαγγι βρόμος, καναχὴ θ' ὑπὸ  
 ποσσὶ  
 νισσομένων ἐτέτυκτο· κόνιν δ' ἀπάτερθεν ἀῆται 380  
 ὀρνυμένην μάλα τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο φέρεσκον  
 αἰζήων μετόπισθε· περίαχε δ' ἄκριτος αὐδή,  
 οἶον ὑπὸ σμήνεσσι περιβρομέουσι μέλισσαι·  
 ἄσθμα δ' ἀνῆε πουλὺ χύδην, περίχευε δ' αὐτμήν  
 λαοῦ ἀποπνεύοντος· ἀπειρέσιόν δ' ἄρα θυμῷ 385  
 Ἀτρεΐδαι κεχάροντο περὶ σφίσι κσδιόωντες  
 δερκόμενοι πολέμοιο δυσηχέος ἄτρομον ἔρκος·  
 ὥρμηναν δὲ πύλῃσι θεηγενέος Πριύμοιο  
 ἀθρόοι ἐγχιρμιφθέντες ὑπ' ἀμφιτόμοις πελέκεσσι  
 ῥῆξαι τείχεα μακρά, πύλας δ' εἰς οὐδας ἐρεῖσαι 390  
 θαιρῶν ἐξερεύσαντες· ἔχεν δ' ἄρα μῆτις ἀγαυὴ  
 ἐλπωρὴν· ἀλλ' οὐ σφιν ἐπήρκεσαν οὔτε βόειαι  
 οὔτε θοοὶ βουπλήγες, ἐπεὶ μένος Αἰνεΐαιο  
 ὄβριμον ἀμφοτέρης ἐπαρηρότα χεῖρεσι λᾶαν  
 ἐμμεμαῶς ἐφέηκε, δάμασσε δὲ τλήμονι πόντῳ 395

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for περιγναμφθέντα βέλεμα of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

In that array close-welded. From above  
The Trojans hailed great stones ; as from a rock  
Rolled these to earth. Full many a spear and dart  
And galling javelin in the pierced shields stood ;  
Some in the earth stood ; many glanced away  
With bent points falling baffled from the shields  
Battered on all sides. But that clangorous din  
None feared ; none flinched ; as pattering drops of  
rain

They heard it. Up to the rampart's foot they  
marched :

None hung back ; shoulder to shoulder on they  
came

Like a long lurid cloud that o'er the sky

Cronion trails in wild midwinter-tide.

On that battalion moved, with thunderous tread

Of tramping feet : a little above the earth

Rose up the dust ; the breeze swept it aside

Drifting away behind the men. There went

A sound confused of voices with them, like

The hum of bees that murmur round the hives,

And multitudinous panting, and the gasp

Of men hard-breathing. Exceeding glad the sons

Of Atreus, glorying in them, saw that wall

Unwavering of doom-denouncing war.

In one dense mass against the city-gate

They hurled themselves, with twibills strove to breach

The long walls, from their hinges to upheave

The gates, and dash to earth. The pulse of hope

Beat strong in those proud hearts. But naught  
availed

Targes nor levers, when Aeneas' might

Swung in his hands a stone like a thunderbolt,

Hurled it with uttermost strength, and dashed to  
death

ἀνέρας, οὓς κατέμαρψεν ἐν ἀσπίσιν, εὖτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
 φερβομένας ὑπὸ πρῶνα βίη κρημνοῖο ῥαγέντος  
 αἶγας, ὑποτρομέουσι δ' ὅσαι σχεδὸν ἀμφινέμονται·  
 ὡς Δαναοὶ θάμβησαν· ὁ δ' εἰσέτι λᾶας ὑπερθεν  
 βάλλεν ἐπασσυτέρους, κλονέοντο δὲ πάγχυ φά-  
 λαγγες·

400

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὖρεσι πρῶνας Ὀλύμπιος οὐρανόθι  
 Ζεὺς

ἀμφὶ μιῇ κορυφῇ συναρρηότας ἄλλυδις ἄλλον  
 ῥήξῃ ὑπὸ βροντῇσι καὶ αἰθαλόεντι κεραυνῷ,  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ μῆλα τρέμουσι καὶ ἄλλυδις ἄλλα φέ-  
 βονται.<sup>1</sup>

ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιῶν νῆες ὑπέτρεσαν, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῶν 405  
 Αἰνείας συνέχευε θοῶς ἔρυμα πτολέμοιο  
 ἀσπίσιν ἀκαμάτησι τετυγμένον, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
 κάρτος ἀπειρέσιον θεὸς ὥσασεν· οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν  
 ἔσθενέ οἱ κατὰ δῆριν ἐναντίον ὅσσε βαλέσθαι,  
 οὐνεκά οἱ μάρμαιρε περὶ βριαροῖς μελέεσσι 410  
 τεύχεα θεσπεσίησιν ἐειδόμενα στεροπῇσιν·  
 εἰστήκει δέ οἱ ἄγχι δέμας κεκαλυμμένος ὄρφνη  
 δεινὸς Ἀρης, καὶ πάντα κατιθύνεσκε βέλεμνα  
 ἢ μόρον ἢ δέος αἰνὸν ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι φέροντα·  
 μάρνατο δ' ὡς ὁπότε αὐτὸς Ὀλύμπιος οὐρανόθι  
 Ζεὺς

410

415

ἀσχαλὼν ἐδάϊζεν ὑπέρβια φύλα Γιγάντων  
 σμερδαλέων, καὶ γαῖαν ἀπειρεσίην ἐτίναξε  
 Τηθύν τ' Ὠκεανὸν τε καὶ οὐρανόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ  
 γυῖ' ἐλελίζετ' Ἀτλαντος ὑπ' ἀκαμάτου Διὸς ὀρμῆς·  
 ὡς ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἰνείαιο κατηρεῖποντο φάλαγγες 420  
 Ἀργείων ἀνὰ δῆριν· ὁ γὰρ περὶ τεῖχος ἀπάντῃ  
 ἔσσυτο δυσμενέεσσι χολούμενος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν  
 πᾶν, ὃ τί οἱ παρέκυσεν ἐπειγομένῳ ποτὶ μῶλον,

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for μηλονόμοι τε καὶ ἄλλ' ὅσα πάντα φ. of v.  
 480

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

All whom it caught beneath the shields, as when  
A mountain's precipice-edge breaks off and falls  
On pasturing goats, and all that graze thereby  
Tremble ; so were those Danaans dazed with dread.  
Stone after stone he hurled on the reeling ranks,  
As when amid the hills Olympian Zeus  
With thunderbolts and blazing lightnings rends  
From their foundations crags that rim a peak,  
And this way, that way, sends them hurtling down ;  
Then the flocks tremble, scattering in wild flight ;  
So quailed the Achaeans, when Aeneas dashed  
To sudden fragments all that battle-wall  
Moulded of adamant shields, because a God  
Gave more than human strength. No man of them  
Could lift his eyes unto him in that fight,  
Because the arms that lapped his sinewy limbs  
Flashed like the heaven-born lightnings. At his side  
Stood, all his form divine in darkness cloaked,  
Ares the terrible, and winged the flight  
Of what bare down to the Argives doom or dread.  
He fought as when Olympian Zeus himself  
From heaven in wrath smote down the insolent bands  
Of giants grim, and shook the boundless earth,  
And sea, and ocean, and the heavens, when reeled  
The knees of Atlas neath the rush of Zeus.  
So crumbled down beneath Aeneas' bolts  
The Argive squadrons. All along the wall  
Wroth with the foeman rushed he : from his hands  
Whatso he lighted on in onslaught-haste

βάλλεν, ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλὰ κακῆς ἀλκτῆρια χάρμης  
 κείτο μενεπτολέμων ἐπὶ τείχεσι Δαρδανιῶνων, 425  
 τοῖσιν περ Αἰνείας μεγάλῳ περὶ κάρτεϊ θύων  
 δυσμενέων ἀπέρυκε πολὺν στρατόν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'  
 αὐτῷ

Τρῶες καρτύναντο· κακὴ δ' ἔχε πάντας οἰζὺς  
 ἀμφὶ πόλιν· πολλοὶ δὲ κατέκταθεν ἡμὲν Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἢ δ' ἄρα καὶ Τρώων· μέγα δ' ἴαχον ἀμφοτέρωθεν, 430  
 Αἰνείας μὲν Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισι κελεύων  
 μάρνασθ' ἀμφὶ πόλιν ἐξ ἀλόχων<sup>1</sup> τε καὶ αὐτῶν  
 προφρονέως· υἱὸς δὲ μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος  
 Ἀργεῖους ἐκέλευε παρὰ κλυτὰ τείχεα Τροίης  
 μίμνειν, ἄχρι πόλιν πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔλωσι. 435  
 τοὺς δ' ἄμφω στονόεσσα καὶ ἄσπετος ἄμπεχ' αὐτῇ  
 μαρναμένους πρόπαν ἡμαρ ἀνὰ κλόνον· οὐδέ τις  
 ἦεν

ἄμπνευσις πολέμοιο λιλαιομένων ἀνὰ θυμὸν  
 τῶν μὲν ἐλεῖν πτολίεθρον ὑπ' Ἀρεΐ, τῶν δὲ  
 σαῶσαι.

Αἴας δ' αὖτ' ἀπάτερθε θρασύφρονος Αἰνείας 440  
 μαρνάμενος Τρῶεσσι κακὰς ἐπὶ κῆρας ἴαλλε  
 σφῆσιν ἐκηβολήσιν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ ἄλλοτε μὲν που  
 ἰθὺ βέλος πεπότητο δι' ἡέρος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
 ἀλγινόεντες ἄκοντες· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνεν·  
 οἱ δὲ περιπτώσσοντες ἀμύμονος ἀνέρος ἀλκὴν 445  
 ἐς μόθον οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνον· ἔλειπε δὲ τείχεα λαός.

Καὶ τότε οἱ θεράπων πολὺ φέρτατος ἐν δαΐ  
 Λοκρῶν

Ἀλκιμέδων ἐρίθυμος, ἐφ' οἷον βασιλῆι  
 κάρτεϊ τε σφετέρῳ καὶ θαρσαλέῃ νεότητι  
 ἔμμεμαὸς πολέμοιο θοοῖς ἐπεβήσατο ποσσὶ 450  
 κλίμακος, ὅφρα κέλευθον ἐπὶ πτόλιν ἀνδράσι θείῃ  
 λευγαλήν· σφετέρου δὲ καρῆατος ἔμμεναι ἄλκαρ

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἐὼν τεκέων of v.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Hurled he ; for many a battle-staying bolt  
Lay on the walls of those staunch Dardan men.  
With such Aeneas stormed in giant might,  
With such drave back the thronging foes. All round  
The Trojans played the men. Sore travail and pain  
Had all folk round the city : many fell,  
Argives and Trojans. Rang the battle-cries :  
Aeneas cheered the war-fain Trojans on  
To fight for home, for wives, and their own souls  
With a good heart : war-staunch Achilles' son  
Shouted : " Flinch not, ye Argives, from the walls ;  
Till Troy be taken, and sink down in flames ! "  
And round these twain an awful measureless roar  
Rang, daylong as they fought : no breathing-space  
Came from the war to them whose spirits burned,  
These, to smite Ilium, those, to guard her safe.

But from Aeneas valiant-souled afar  
Fought Aias, speeding midst the men of Troy  
Winged death ; for now his arrow straight through  
air

Flew, now his deadly dart, and smote them down  
One after one : yet others cowered away  
Before his peerless prowess, and abode  
The fight no more, but fenceless left the wall.

Then one, of all the Locrians mightiest,  
Fierce-souled Alcimedon, trusting in his prince  
And his own might and valour of his youth,  
All battle-eager on a ladder set  
Swift feet, to pave for friends a death-strewn path  
Into the town. Above his head he raised

ἄσπίδα θεὸς καθύπερθεν ἀνήϊε λυγρὰ κέλευθα  
 ἄτρομον ἐνθήμενος κραδίη νόον· ἐν δ' ἄρα χειρὶ  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν δόρυ πάλλεν ἀμείλιχον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε 455  
 εἵρπεν ἄνω· τὸν δ' αἶψα διηερίη φέρεν οἶμος.  
 καὶ νύ κε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἄχος γένητ', εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
 ἦδη ὑπερκύπτουσι καὶ εἰσορόωνσι πόλῃα  
 ὑστάτιον καὶ πρῶτον ἀφ' ἔρκεος ὑψηλοῖο  
 Αἰνείας ἐπόρουσεν, ἐπεὶ ῥά μιν οὐ λάθην ὀρμῇ 460  
 οὐδ' ἀπάτερθεν ἔοντα· βάλεν δέ μιν εὐρέϊ πέτρῳ  
 κακ' κεφαλῆς· μεγάλη δὲ βίη κρατερόφρονος ἀνδρὸς  
 κλίμακά οἱ συνέαξεν· ὁ δ' ὑψόθεν ἦϋτ' οἷστος  
 ἔσσυτ' ἀπὸ νευρῆς· ὀλοὸς δέ οἱ ἔσπετο πότμος  
 ἀμφελελιξαμένῳ· στονόεις δέ οἱ ἥερι θυμὸς 465  
 αἶψα μίγῃ, πρὶν γαῖαν ἐπὶ στυφελὴν ἀφικέσθαι·  
 ἤριπε δ' ἐν θώρηκι κατὰ χθονός, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ  
 νόσφιν ἀπεπλάγχθη βριαρὸν δόρυ καὶ σάκος εὐρὺ  
 καὶ κρατερὴ τρυφάλεια· περιστονάχησε δὲ Δοκρῶν  
 λαός, ὅτ' ἔδρακον ἄνδρα κακῇ δεδμημένον ἄτῃ· 470  
 δὴ γάρ οἱ λασίοιο καρῆατος ἄλλυδις ἄλλη  
 ἐγκέφαλος πεπάλακτο· συνηλοῖντο δὲ πάντα  
 ὀστέα καὶ θοὰ γυῖα λυγρῷ πεπαλαγμένα λύθρῳ.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Ποίαντος εὖς παῖς ἀντιθέοιο,  
 ὥς ἴδεν Αἰνείαν περὶ τείχεα μαιμώνωντα 475  
 θηρὶ βίην ἀτάλαντον, ἄφαρ προέηκεν οἷστον  
 ἰθύνων ἐς φῶτα περικλυτόν· οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν  
 ἀνέρος, ἀλλὰ οἱ οὔτι δι' ἄσπίδος ἀκαμάτοιο  
 ἐς χρóa καλὸν ἵκανε, ἀπέτραπε γὰρ Κυθήρεια  
 καὶ σάκος, ἀλλ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἐπέγραφε δέρμα βοείης. 480  
 οὐδ' ἄρα μαψιδίως χαμάδις πέσεν, ἀλλὰ Μέδοντα  
 μεσσηγὺς σάκεός τε καὶ ἵπποκόμου τρυφαλείης  
 τύψεν· ὁ δ' ἐκ πύργοιο κατήριπεν, εὖτ' ἀπὸ πέτρης  
 ἄγριον αἶγα βάλησιν ἀνὴρ στονόεντι βελέμνῳ·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

The screening shield ; up that dread path he went  
Hardening his heart from trembling, in his hand  
Now shook the threatening spear, now upward  
climbed :

Fast high in air he trod the perilous way.  
Now on the Trojans had disaster come,  
But, even as above the parapet  
His head rose, and for the first time and the last  
From her high rampart he looked down on Troy,  
Aeneas, who had marked, albeit afar,  
That bold assault, rushed on him, dashed on his head  
So huge a stone that the hero's mighty strength  
Shattered the ladder. Down from on high he rushed  
As arrow from the string : death followed him  
As whirling round he fell ; with air was blent  
His lost life, ere he crashed to the stony ground.  
Strong spear, broad shield, in mid fall flew from his  
hands,

And from his head the helm : his corslet came  
Alone with him to earth. The Locrian men  
Groaned, seeing their champion quelled by evil doom ;  
For all his hair and all the stones around  
Were brain-bespattered : all his bones were crushed,  
And his once active limbs besprent with gore.

Then godlike Poeas' war-triumphant son  
Marked where Aeneas stormed along the wall  
In lion-like strength, and straightway shot a shaft  
Aimed at that glorious hero, neither missed  
The man : yet not through his unyielding targe  
To the fair flesh it won, being turned aside  
By Cytherea and the shield, but grazed  
The buckler lightly : yet not all in vain  
Fell earthward, but between the targe and helm  
Smote Medon : from the tower he fell, as falls  
A wild goat from a crag, the hunter's shaft  
Deep in its heart : so nerveless-flung he fell,

ὥς ὁ πεσὼν τετάνυστο· λίπεν δέ μιν ἱερὸς αἰὼν. 485  
 Αἰνείας δ' ἐτάριοιο χολωσάμενος βάλε πέτρην,  
 καὶ ῥα Φιλοκτήταο κατέκτανεν ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον  
 Τοξαίχμην· θλάσσειν δὲ κάρη, συνέαξε δὲ πάντα  
 ὅστέα σὺν πῆληκι· λύθη δέ οἱ ἀγλαὸν ἦτορ.  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄϋσε πάϊς Ποίαντος ἀγαυοῦ· 490  
 “ Αἰνεία, νὺν ἔολπας ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῇσιν ἄριστος  
 ἔμμεναι ἐκ πύργοιο πονεύμενος, ἔνθα γυναῖκες  
 δυσμενέεσσι μάχονται ἀνάλκιδες· εἰ δὲ τις ἐσσί,  
 ἔρχεο τείχεος ἐκτὸς ἐν ἔντεσιν, ὄφρα δαείης  
 Ποίαντος θρασὺν νῆα καὶ ἔγχεσι καὶ βελέεσσιν.” 495  
 Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· τὸν δ' οὔτι θρασὺς πάϊς Ἀγχίσαιο  
 καίπερ ἐελδόμενος προσεφώνεεν, οὔνεκ' ὀρώρει  
 δῆρις οἰζυρὴ περὶ τείχεα μακρὰ καὶ ἄστν  
 νωλεμέως· οὐ γάρ τι κακοῦ παύοντο μόθοιο·  
 οὐδέ σφιν μάλα δηρὸν ὑπ' Ἀρεῖ τειρομένοισιν 500  
 ἔσκε λύσις καμάτοιο· πόνος δ' ἄπρηκτος ὀρώρει.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

And fled away from him the precious life.  
Wroth for his friend, a stone Aeneas hurled,  
And Philoctetes' stalwart comrade slew,  
Toxaechmes; for he shattered his head and crushed  
Helmet and skull-bones; and his noble heart  
Was stilled. Loud shouted princely Poeas' son :  
" Aeneas, thou, forsooth, dost deem thyself  
A mighty champion, fighting from a tower  
Whence craven women war with foes! Now if  
Thou be a man, come forth without the wall  
In battle-harness, and so learn to know  
In spear-craft and in bow-craft Poeas' son ! "

So cried he ; but Anchises' valiant seed,  
How fain soe'er, naught answered, for the stress  
Of desperate conflict round that wall and burg  
Ceaselessly raging : pause from fight was none :  
Yea, for long time no respite had there been  
For the war-weary from that endless toil.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΔΩΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πολλὰ κάμον περὶ τείχεα  
Τροίης

αἰχμηταὶ Δαναοί, πολέμου δ' οὐ γίνετο τέκμωρ,  
δὴ τότε ἄριστῆων ἄγυριν ποιήσατο Κάλχας  
εὖ εἰδὼς ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὑπ' ἐννεσίης Ἐκάτοιο  
πτήσιας οἰωνῶν ἥδ' ἀστέρας ἄλλα τε πάντα 5  
σήμαθ', ὅσ' ἀνθρώποισι θεῶν ἰότητι πέλονται,  
καὶ σφιν ἀγειρομένοισιν ἔπος ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπε·  
“μηκέτι παρ τείχεσσιν ἐφεζόμενοι πονέεσθε,  
ἀλλ' ἄλλην τινὰ μῆτιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μῆτιάασθε  
καὶ δόλον, ὃς λαοῖσι καὶ ἡμῖν ἔσσειε' ὄνειαρ· 10  
ἣ γὰρ ἔγωγε χθιζὸν ἐσέδρακον ἐνθάδε σῆμα·  
ἶρηξ σεῦε πέλειαν· ἐπειγομένη δ' ἄρα κείνη  
χηραμὸν ἐς πέτρης κατεδύσατο· τῇ δ' ὁ χολωθεὶς  
ἀργαλέως μάλα πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἀγχόθι μίμνε  
χηραμοῦ· ἣ δ' ἀλέεινεν· ὁ δ' ἐνθέμενος χόλον  
αἰνὸν 15

θάμνῳ ὑπεκρύφθη· ἣ δ' ἔκθορεν ἀφραδίῃσιν  
ἔμμεναι ἐλπομένη μιν ἀπόπροθεν· ὃς δ' ἐπαερθεὶς  
δειλαίῃ τρήρωνι φόνον στονόεντ' ἐφέηκε·  
τῷ νῦν μῆτι βίῃ πειρώμεθα Τρώϊον ἄστν  
περσέμεν, ἀλλ' εἴ πού τι δόλος καὶ μῆτις ἀνύσση.” 20  
“Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· τῶν δ' οὔτις ἔφη φρεσὶ τεκμήρα-  
σθαι

ἄλκαρ οἷζυροῖο μόθου· δίζοντο δὲ μῆχος



## BOOK XII

*How the Wooden Horse was fashioned, and brought into  
Troy by her people.*

WHEN round the walls of Troy the Danaan host  
Had borne much travail, and yet the end was not,  
By Calchas then assembled were the chiefs ;  
For his heart was instructed by the hests  
Of Phoebus, by the flights of birds, the stars,  
And all the signs that speak to men the will  
Of Heaven ; so he to that assembly cried :  
“ No longer toil in leaguer of yon walls ;  
Some other counsel let your hearts devise,  
Some stratagem to help the host and us.  
For here but yesterday I saw a sign :  
A falcon chased a dove, and she, hard pressed,  
Entered a cleft of the rock ; and chafing he  
Tarried long time hard by that rift, but she  
Abode in covert. Nursing still his wrath,  
He hid him in a bush. Forth darted she,  
In folly deeming him afar : he swooped,  
And to the hapless dove dealt wretched death.  
Therefore by force essay we not to smite  
Troy, but let cunning stratagem avail.”

He spake ; but no man's wit might find a way  
To escape their grievous travail, as they sought

εὔρέμεναι· μῶνος δὲ σαοφροσύνησι νόησεν  
 υἱὸς Λαέρταο καὶ ἀντίον ἔκφατο μῦθον·  
 “ὦ φίλ', ἐπουρανόισι τετιμένε πάγχυ θεοῖσιν, 25  
 εἰ ἐτέον πέπρωται εὐπτολέμοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς  
 ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο δολοφροσύνησι πόληα,  
 ἵππου τεκτῆναντες ἀριστέες ἐς λόχον ἄνδρες  
 βησόμεθ' ἀσπασίως· λαοὶ δ' ἀπὸ νόσφι νέεσθαι  
 ἐς Τένεδον σὺν νηυσίν, ἐνιπρῆσαι δ' ἄρα πάντες 30  
 ἅς κλισίας, ἵνα Τρῶες ἀπ' ἄστεος ἀθρήσαντες  
 ἐς πεδίου προχέωνται ἀταρβέες· ἀλλὰ τις ἀνὴρ  
 θαρσαλέος, τὸν γ' οὔτις ἐπίσταται ἐν Τρώεσσι,  
 μιμνέτω ἔκτοθεν ἵππου ἀρήϊον ἐνθέμενος κῆρ,  
 ὅστις ὑποκρίναιτο βίην ὑπέροπλον Ἀχαιῶν 35  
 ῥέξαι ὑπὲρ νόστοιο λιλαιομένων μέγ'<sup>1</sup> ἀλύξαι,  
 ἵππῳ ὑποπτήξας εὐεργεῖ· τὸν δ' ἐκάμουντο  
 Παλλάδι χωομένη Τρώων ὕπερ αἰχμητῶν·  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἐπὶ δηρὸν ἀνειρομένοισι πιφαύσκειν,  
 εἰσόκε οἱ πεπίθωνται ἀταρτηροὶ περ ἑόντες, 40  
 ἐς δὲ πόλιν μιν ἄγωσι θοῶς ἐλεεινὸν ἑόντα,  
 ὅφρ' ἡμῖν ἀλεγεινὸν ἐς Ἄρεα σῆμα πέληται,  
 τοῖς μὲν ἄρ' αἰθαλόεντα θοῶς ἀνὰ πυρσὸν αἰείρας,  
 τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐποτρύνας ἐκβήμεναι εὐρέος ἵππου,  
 ὁππότε Τρῶιοι υἱὲς ἀκηδέες ὑπνώωσιν.” 45  
 Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνεον· ἔξοχα δ'  
 ἄλλων  
 Κάλχας μιν θαύμαζεν, ὅπως ὑπεθήκατ' Ἀχαιοῖς  
 μῆτιν καὶ δόλον ἐσθλόν, ὃς Ἀργείοισιν ἔμελλε  
 νίκης ἔμμεναι ἄλκαρ, ἀτὰρ μέγα Τρώεσι πῆμα·  
 τοῦνεκ' ἀριστήεσσιν εὐπτολέμοισι μετηύδα· 50  
 “μηκέτι νῦν δόλον ἄλλον ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μητιάσθε,  
 ὦ φίλοι, ἀλλὰ πιθέσθαι εὐπτολέμῳ Ὀδυσῇ·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for μέν of Koechly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

To find a remedy, till Laertes' son  
Discerned it of his wisdom, and he spake :  
“ Friend, in high honour held of the Heavenly  
Ones,

If doomed it be indeed that Priam's burg  
By guile must fall before the war-worn Greeks,  
A great Horse let us fashion, in the which  
Our mightiest shall take ambush. Let the host  
Burn all their tents, and sail from hence away  
To Tenedos ; so the Trojans, from their towers  
Gazing, shall stream forth fearless to the plain.  
Let some brave man, unknown of any in Troy,  
With a stout heart abide without the Horse,  
Crouching beneath its shadow, who shall say :  
‘ Achaea's lords of might, exceeding fain  
Safe to win home, made this their offering  
For safe return, an image to appease  
The wrath of Pallas for her image stolen<sup>1</sup>  
From Troy.’ And to this story shall he stand,  
How long soe'er they question him, until,  
Though never so relentless, they believe,  
And drag it, their own doom, within the town.  
Then shall war's signal unto us be given—  
To them at sea, by sudden flash of torch,  
To the ambush, by the cry, ‘ Come forth the  
Horse !’

When unsuspecting sleep the sons of Troy.”

He spake, and all men praised him : most of all  
Extolled him Calchas, that such marvellous guile  
He put into the Achaeans' hearts, to be  
For them assurance of triumph, but for Troy  
Ruin ; and to those battle-lords he cried :  
“ Let your hearts seek none other stratagem,  
Friends ; to war-strong Odysseus' rede give ear.

<sup>1</sup> Some freedom, based on Vergil, has here been taken with the text, to make the plan read intelligibly.

οὐδέ οἱ ἔσσειτ' ἄπρηκτον εὐφρονέοντι νόημα·  
 ἤδη γὰρ Δαναοῖσι θεοὶ τελέουσιν ἐέλδωρ,  
 σήματα δ' οὐκ ἀτέλεστ' ἀναφαίνεται ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα· 55  
 Ζηνὸς μὲν γὰρ ὑπερθε μέγα κτυπέουσι δι' αἴθρης  
 βρονταὶ ὁμῶς στεροπῇσι· παραῖττουσι δὲ λαοὺς  
 δεξιοὶ ὄρνιθες ταναῇ ὀπὶ κεκλήγοντες.

ἀλλ' ἄγε μηκέτι πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἀμφὶ πόλῃα  
 μίμνωμεν· Τρωσὶν γὰρ ἐνέπνευσεν μέγ' ἀνάγκη 60  
 θάρσος, ὃ περ πρὸς Ἄρῃα καὶ οὐτιδανὸν περ  
 ἐγεῖρει·

κάρτιστοι δὲ τὸτ' ἄνδρες ἐπὶ μόθον, ὅππότε θυμὸν  
 παρθέμενοι στονόμεντος ἀφειδήσωσιν ὀλέθρου·  
 ὥς νῦν Τρώιοι νῆες ἀταρβέες ἀμφιμάχονται  
 ἄστν περι σφέτερον· μέγα δὲ σφισι μαίνεται 65  
 ἦτορ·”

“Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱός·  
 “ὦ Κάλχαν, δῆϊοισι καταντίον ἄλκιμοι ἄνδρες  
 μάρνανται· τοὶ δ' ἐντὸς ἀλευάμενοι ἀπὸ πύργων  
 οὐτιδανοὶ πονέονται, ὅσων φρένα δεῖμα χαλέπτει·  
 τῷ νῦν μήτε δόλον φραζώμεθα, μήτε τι μῆχος 70  
 ἄλλο· πόνῳ γὰρ ἔοικεν ἀριστέας ἔμμεναι ἄνδρας  
 καὶ δορί· θαρσαλέοι γὰρ ἀμείνονες ἐν δατ φῶτες.”

“Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπε μένος Λαερτιάδαο·  
 “ὦ τέκος ὄβριμόθυμον ἀταρβέος Αἰακίδαο,  
 ταῦτα μὲν, ὥς ἐπέοικεν ἀμύμονι φωτὶ καὶ ἐσθλῷ, 75  
 θαρσαλέως μάλα πάντα δίκέο χερσὶ πεποιθώς·  
 ἀλλ' οὔτ' ἀκαμάτιο τεοῦ πατρὸς ἄτρομος ἀλκῇ  
 ἔσθθενεν ὄλβιον ἄστν διαπραθέειν Πριάμοιο  
 οὔθ' ἡμεῖς μάλα πολλὰ πονεύμενοι· ἀλλ' ἄγε  
 θάσσοι

Κάλχαντος βουλῇσι θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἰόντες 80  
 ἵππον τεκταίνωμεν ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσιν Ἐπειοῦ,  
 ὃς ῥά τε πολλὸν ἄριστος ἐν Ἀργείοισι τέτυκται  
 εἵνεκα τεκτοσύνης· δέδαεν δέ μιν ἔργον Ἀθήνη.”

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

His wise thought shall not miss accomplishment.  
Yea, our desire even now the Gods fulfil.  
Hark ! for new tokens come from the Unseen !  
Lo, there on high crash through the firmament  
Zeus' thunder and lightning ! See, where birds to  
right

Dart past, and scream with long-resounding cry !  
Go to, no more in endless leaguer of Troy  
Linger we. Hard necessity fills the foe  
With desperate courage that makes cowards brave ;  
For then are men most dangerous, when they stake  
Their lives in utter recklessness of death,  
As battle now the aweless sons of Troy  
All round their burg, mad with the lust of fight."

But cried Achilles' battle-eager son :  
" Calchas, brave men meet face to face their foes !  
Who skulk behind their walls, and fight from towers,  
Are niddings, hearts palsied with base fear.  
Hence with all thought of wile and stratagem !  
The great war-travail of the spear beseems  
True heroes. Best in battle are the brave."

But answer made to him Laertes' seed :  
" Bold-hearted child of aweless Aeacus' son,  
This as beseems a hero princely and brave,  
Dauntlessly trusting in thy strength, thou say'st.  
Yet thine invincible sire's unquailing might  
Availed not to smite Priam's wealthy burg,  
Nor we, for all our travail. Nay, with speed,  
As counsellers Calchas, go we to the ships,  
And fashion we the Horse by Epeius' hands,  
Who in the woodwright's craft is chiefest far  
Of Argives, for Athena taught his lore."

ὣς φάτο· τῷ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀριστῆες πεπίθοντο  
νόσφι Νεοπτολέμοιο δαΐφρονος· οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλὸν 95  
πεῖθε Φιλοκτήταο νόον κρατερὰ φρονέοντος·  
ὑσμίνης γὰρ ἔτ' ἔσκον οἷζυρῆς ἀκόρητοι.  
ῥρμαινον δὲ μάχεσθαι ἀνὰ κλόνον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὺς  
σφωιτέρους ἐκέλευον ἀπειρέσιον περὶ τείχος  
πάντα φέρειν, ὅσα δῆριν ἐνὶ πτολέμοισιν ὀφέλλει, 90  
ἐλπόμενοι πτολίεθρον εὐκτιτον ἐξαλαπάξαι·  
ἄμφω γὰρ βουλῇσι θεῶν ἐς δῆριν ἵκοντο.  
καὶ νύ κεν αἶψα τέλεσσαν, ὅσα σφίσιν ἤθελε  
θυμός,

εἰ μὴ Ζεὺς νεμέσησεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖαν  
Ἀργείων ἐλέλιξεν ὑπαὶ ποσί, σὺν δ' ἐτίναξεν 95  
ἡέρα πᾶσαν ὑπερθε, βάλεν δ' ἀκάμαντα κεραυνὸν  
ἡρώων προπάροιθεν· ὑπεςμαράγησε δὲ πᾶσα  
Δαρδανίη· τῶν δ' αἶψα μετετράπετ' ἡὺ νόημα  
ἐς φόβον· ἐκ δ' ἐλάθοντο βίης καὶ κάρτεος ἐσθλοῦ,  
καὶ ῥα κλυτῷ Κάλχαντι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντε πί-  
θοντο· 100

ἐς δ' ἄρα νῆας ἵκοντο σὺν Ἀργείοισι καὶ ἄλλοις  
μάντιν ἀγασσάμενοι, τὸν ἄρ' ἐκ Διὸς ἔμμεν  
ἔφαντο,

ἐκ Διὸς ἢ Φοίβοιο· πίθοντο δέ οἱ μάλα πάντα.

Ἦμος δ' αἰγλήεντα περιστρέφετ' οὐρανὸν ἄστρο  
πάντοθε μαρμαίροντα, πόνου δ' ἐπιλήθεται ἀνὴρ, 105  
δὴ τότε Ἀθηναίη μακάρων ἔδος αἰπὺ λιπούσα  
ἤλυθε παρθενικῇ ἀπαλόχροϊ πάντ' εἰκνῖα  
ἐς νῆας καὶ λαόν· ἀρηιφίλου δ' ἄρ' Ἐπειοῦ  
ἔστη ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς ἐν ὀνείραϊ, καὶ μιν ἀνώγει  
τεύξαι δούριον ἵππον· ἔφη δέ οἱ ἐγκονέοντι 110  
αὐτὴ συγκαμέειν, αὐτὴ δ' ἄφαρ ἀγχόθι βῆναι  
ἔργον ἐς ὀτρύνουσα· θεῆς δ' ὅ γε μῦθον ἀκούσας  
καγχαλόων ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἀκηδέος ἔκθορεν ὕπνου·  
ἔγνω δ' ἀθάνατον θεὸν ἄμβροτον· οὐδέ οἱ ἦτορ



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Then all their mightiest men gave ear to him  
Save twain, fierce-hearted Neoptolemus  
And Philoctetes mighty-souled ; for these  
Still were insatiate for the bitter fray,  
Still longed for turmoil of the fight. They bade  
Their own folk bear against that giant wall  
What things soe'er for war's assaults avail,  
In hope to lay that stately fortress low,  
Seeing Heaven's decrees had brought them both  
to war.

Yea, they had haply accomplished all their will,  
But from the sky Zeus showed his wrath ; he shook  
The earth beneath their feet, and all the air  
Shuddered, as down before those heroes twain  
He hurled his thunderbolt : wide echoes crashed  
Through all Dardania. Unto fear straightway  
Turned were their bold hearts : they forgot their  
might,

And Calchas' counsels grudgingly obeyed.  
So with the Argives came they to the ships  
In reverence for the seer who spake from Zeus  
Or Phoebus, and they obeyed him utterly.

What time round splendour-kindled heavens the  
stars

From east to west far-flashing wheel, and when  
Man doth forget his toil, in that still hour  
Athena left the high mansions of the Blest,  
Clothed her in shape of a maiden tender-fleshed,  
And came to ships and host. Over the head  
Of brave Epeius stood she in his dream,  
And bade him build a Horse of tree : herself  
Would labour in his labour, and herself  
Stand by his side, to the work enkindling him.  
Hearing the Goddess' word, with a glad laugh  
Leapt he from careless sleep : right well he knew  
The Immortal One celestial. Now his heart

ἄλλο παρέξ ὄρμαινε, νόον δ' ἔχεν αἰὲν ἐπ' ἔργῳ 115  
θεσπεσίῳ· πινυτὴ δὲ περὶ φρένας ἦιε τέχνη.

Ἦὼς δ' ὀππόθ' ἴκανεν ἀπωσαμένη κνέφας ἠὺ  
εἰς ἔρεβος, χαροπὴ δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἦιεν αἶγλη,  
δὴ τότε θεῖον ὄνειρον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν Ἐπειός,  
ὥς ἶδεν, ὥς ἤκουσεν, ἐέλδομένοισιν ἔειπεν· 120

οἱ δέ οἱ εἰσαΐοντες ἀπειρέσιον κεχάροντο.  
καὶ τότε ἄρ' Ἀτρείος υἱὲς ἐς ἄγkea τηλεθάοντα  
Ἰδης ὑψικόμοιο θοοὺς προέηκαν ἰκέσθαι  
ἀνέρας· οἱ δ' ἐλάτῃσιν ἐπιβρίσαντες ἀν' ὕλην,  
τάμνον δένδρεα μακρά· περικτυπέοντο δὲ βῆσσαι 125  
θεινομένων· δολιχαὶ δὲ κατ' οὖρεα μακρὰ κολῶναι

δεύοντ' ἐκ ξυλόχοιο· νάπη δ' ἀνεφαίνετο πᾶσα  
θήρεσιν οὐκέτι τόσσον ἐπήρατος, ὥς τὸ πάροιθε·  
πρέμνα δ' ἀπαναίνοντο βίην ποθέοντ' ἀνέμοιο.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ' πελέκεσσι διατμήγοντες Ἀχαιοὶ 130  
ἐσσυμένως φορέεσκον ἐπ' ἥϊνας Ἑλλησπόντου  
ἐξ ὄρεος λασίοιο· μόγησε δὲ θυμὸς ἐπ' ἔργῳ  
αἰζήων τε καὶ ἡμιόνων· πονέοντο δὲ λαοὶ

ἄσπετον<sup>1</sup> ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ὑποδρήσσοντες Ἐπειῶ·  
οἱ μὲν γὰρ τέμνεσκον ὑπ' ὀκριόεντι σιδήρῳ 135  
δούρατα καὶ σανίδας διεμέτρεον· οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ'

ὄζους

λείαινον πελέκεσσιν ἔτ' ἀπρίστων ἀπὸ φιτρῶν,  
ἄλλος δ' ἄλλο τι ῥέζει πονεύμενος· αὐτὰρ Ἐπειὸς  
ἵππου δουρατέοιο πόδας κάμεν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
νηδυά, τῇ δ' ἐφύπερθε συνήρμοσε νῶτα καὶ ἰξὺν 140  
ἐξόπιθεν, δειρὴν δὲ πάρος, καθύπερθε δὲ χαίτην  
αὐχένος ὑψηλοῖο καθήρμοσεν, ὥς ἐτεὸν περ  
κινυμένην, λάσιον δὲ κάρη καὶ εὐτρίχον οὐρήν,  
οὐατά τ' ὀφθαλμούς τε διειδέας ἄλλα τε πάντα,  
οἷς ἐπικίννυται ἵππος· ἀέξετο δ' ἱερὸν ἔργον 145  
ὥς ἐτεὸν ζῶοντος, ἐπεὶ θεὸς ἀνέρι τέχνην

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by Zimmermann.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Could hold no thought beside ; his mind was fixed  
Upon the wondrous work, and through his soul  
Marched marshalled each device of craftsmanship.

When rose the dawn, and thrust back kindly  
night

To Erebus, and through the firmament streamed  
Glad glory, then Epeius told his dream  
To eager Argives—all he saw and heard ;  
And hearkening joyed they with exceeding joy.  
Straightway to tall-tressed Ida's leafy glades  
The sons of Atreus sent swift messengers.  
These laid the axe unto the forest-pines,  
And hewed the great trees : to their smiting rang  
The echoing glens. On those far-stretching hills  
All bare of undergrowth the high peaks rose :  
Open their glades were, not, as in time past,  
Haunted of beasts : there dry the tree-trunks rose  
Wooing the winds. Even these the Achaeans hewed  
With axes, and in haste they bare them down  
From those shagged mountain heights to Hellespont's  
shores.

Strained with a strenuous spirit at the work  
Young men and mules ; and all the people toiled  
Each at his task obeying Epeius's hest.  
For with the keen steel some were hewing beams,  
Some measuring planks, and some with axes lopped  
Branches away from trunks as yet unsawn :  
Each wrought his several work. Epeius first  
Fashioned the feet of that great Horse of Wood :  
The belly next he shaped, and over this  
Moulded the back and the great loins behind,  
The throat in front, and ridged the towering neck  
With waving mane : the crested head he wrought,  
The streaming tail, the ears, the lucent eyes—  
All that of lifelike horses have. So grew  
Like a live thing that more than human work,

δῶκ' ἐρατὴν· τετέλεστο δ' ἐνὶ τρισὶν ἡμασι πάντα  
 Παλλάδος ἐννεσίησι· πολὺς δ' ἐπεγίθее λαὸς  
 Ἀργείων· θαύμαζε δ' ὅπως ἐπὶ δούρατι θυμὸς  
 καὶ τάχος ἐκπεπόνητο ποδῶν, χρεμέθοντί τ'  
 ἐῴκει.

150

καὶ τότε δῖος Ἐπειὸς ὑπὲρ μεγακήτεος ἵππου  
 εὔχετ' ἐπ' ἀκαμάτῳ Τριτωνίδι χεῖρας ὀρέξας·  
 “κλῦθι, θεὰ μεγάθυμε, σάου δ' ἐμὲ καὶ τεὸν  
 ἵππον.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοῦ δ' ἐσάκουσε θεὰ πολύμητις  
 Ἀθήνη,

καὶ ῥά οἱ ἔργον ἔτευξεν ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἀγῆτὸν  
 πᾶσιν, ὅσοι μιν ἴδοντο καὶ οἱ μετόπισθε πύθοντο.

155

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ Δαναοὶ μὲν ἐγήθεον ἔργον Ἐπειοῦ  
 δερκόμενοι, Τρῶες δὲ πεφυζότες ἔνδοθι πύργων  
 μίμνον ἀλευάμενοι θάνατον καὶ ἀνηλέα κῆρα,  
 δὴ τότε ἐπ' Ὀκεανοῖο ῥοὰς καὶ Τηθύος ἄντρα

160

Ζηνὸς ὑπερθύμοιο θεῶν ἀπάτερθε μολόντος  
 ἔμπεσεν ἀθανάτοισιν ἔρις· δίχα δὲ σφισι θυμὸς  
 ἔπλετ' ὀρινομένων· ἀνέμων δ' ἐπιβάντες ἀέλλαις  
 οὐρανόθεν φορέοντο ποτὶ χθόνα· τοῖσι δ' ὕπ' αἰθῆρ  
 ἔβραχεν· οἱ δὲ μολόντες ἐπὶ Ξάνθοιο ῥέεθρα  
 ἀλλήλων ἴσταντο καταντίον, οἱ μὲν Ἀχαιῶν  
 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ Τρώων· πολέμου δ' ἔρος ἔμπεσε  
 θυμῷ.

165

τοῖσι δ' ὁμῶς ἀγέροντο καὶ οἱ λάχον εὐρέα πόντον·  
 καί ῥ' οἱ μὲν δολόεντα κοτεσσάμενοι μενέαινον  
 ἵππον ἀμαλδῦναι σὺν νήεσιν, οἱ δ' ἐρατεινὴν

170

Ἴλιον· Αἴσα δ' ἔρυκε πολύτροπος, ἐς δὲ κυδοιμὸν  
 τρέψε νόον μακάρεσσιν· Ἄρης δ' ἐξῆρχε μόθοιο,  
 ἄλτο δ' Ἀθηναίης κατεναντίον· ὥς δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι  
 σύμπεσον ἀλλήλοισι· περί σφισι δ' ἄμβροτα  
 τεύχη

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

For a God gave to a man that wondrous craft.  
And in three days, by Pallas's decree,  
Finished was all. Rejoiced thereat the host  
Of Argos, marvelling how the wood expressed  
Mettle, and speed of foot—yea, seemed to neigh.  
Godlike Epeius then uplifted hands  
To Pallas, and for that huge Horse he prayed :  
“ Hear, great-souled Goddess : bless thine Horse and  
me ! ”

He spake : Athena rich in counsel heard,  
And made his work a marvel to all men  
Which saw, or heard its fame in days to be.

But while the Danaans o'er Epeius' work  
Joyed, and their routed foes within the walls  
Tarried, and shrank from death and pitiless doom,  
Then, when imperious Zeus far from the Gods  
Had gone to Ocean's streams and Tethys' caves,  
Strife rose between the Immortals : heart with  
heart

Was set at variance. Riding on the blasts  
Of winds, from heaven to earth they swooped : the  
air

Crashed round them. Lighting down by Xanthus'  
stream

Arrayed they stood against each other, these  
For the Achaeans, for the Trojans those ;  
And all their souls were thrilled with lust of war :  
There gathered too the Lords of the wide Sea.  
These in their wrath were eager to destroy  
The Horse of Guile and all the ships, and those  
Fair Ilium. But all-contriving Fate  
Held them therefrom, and turned their hearts to  
strife

Against each other. Ares to the fray  
Rose first, and on Athena rushed. Thereat  
Fell each on other : clashed around their limbs

χρύσεια κινυμένοισι μέγ' ἴαχεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος 175  
 εὐρύς ἐπεςμαράγησε· κελαινὴ δ' ἔτρεμε γαῖα  
 ἀθανάτων ὑπὸ ποσσὶ· μακρὸν δ' ἅμα πάντες  
 αὔσαν.

σμερδαλέῃ δ' ἐνοπὴ μέχρ' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἵκανε,  
 μέχρ' ἐπ' Ἀϊδονῆος ὑπερθύμοιο βέρεθρον·  
 Τιτῆνες δ' ὑπένερθε μέγ' ἔτρεσαν· ἀμφὶ δὲ μακρὴ 180

Ἴδη ἐπέστενε πᾶσα καὶ ἠχήμεντα ῥέεθρα  
 ἀενάων ποταμῶν, δολιχαὶ δ' ἅμα τοῖσι χαράδραι  
 νῆές τ' Ἀργείων Πριάμοιό τε κύδιμον ἄστυ.  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀνθρώποισι πέλεν δέος· οὐδ' ἐνόησαν  
 αὐτῶν ἐννεσίησι θεῶν ἔριν· οἱ δὲ κολῶνας 185

χερσὶν ἀπορρήξαντες ἀπ' οὔρεος Ἰδαίου  
 βάλλον ἐπ' ἀλλήλους· αἱ δὲ ψαμάθοισιν ὁμοῖαι  
 ρεῖα διεσκίδναντο θεῶν ἀμφ' ἄσχετα γυῖα  
 ῥηγνύμεναι διὰ τυτθά· Διὸς δ' ἐπὶ πείρασι γαίης  
 οὐ λάθον ἡὺ νόημα· λιπὼν δ' ἄφαρ Ὠκεανοῖο 190

χεύματ' ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἀνῆγε· τὸν δὲ φέρεσκον  
 Εὐρος καὶ Βορέης, Ζέφυρος δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι Νότος τε,  
 τοὺς ὑπὸ θεσπέσιον ζυγὸν αἰόλος ἤγαγεν Ἴρις  
 ἄρματος αἰὲν ἑόντος, ὃ οἱ κάμεν ἄμβροτος Αἰὼν  
 χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀκαμύτῃσιν ἀτειρέος ἐξ ἀδάμαντος. 195

ἵκετο δ' Οὐλύμποιο ρίον μέγα· σὺν δ' ἐτίναξεν  
 ἡέρα πᾶσαν ὑπερθε χολούμενος· ἄλλοθε δ' ἄλλαι  
 βρονταὶ ὁμῶς στεροπῇσι μέγ' ἔκτυπον· ἐκ δὲ  
 κεραυνοὶ

ταρφέες ἐξεχέοντο ποτὶ χθόνα· καίετο δ' ἀήρ  
 ἄσπετον· ἀθανάτοισι δ' ὑπὸ φρένας ἔμπεσε δαῖμα· 200  
 πάντων δ' ἔτρεμε γυῖα καὶ ἀθανάτων περ ἑόντων.  
 τῶν δὲ περιδδείσασα κλυτὴ Θέμις εὖτε νόημα  
 αἶτο διὰ νεφέων· τάχα δὲ σφεας εἰσαφίκανεν·



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

The golden arms celestial as they charged.  
Round them the wide sea thundered, the dark earth  
Quaked 'neath immortal feet. Rang from them all  
Far-pealing battle-shouts; that awful cry  
Rolled up to the broad-arching heaven, and down  
Even to Hades' fathomless abyss:  
Trembled the Titans there in depths of gloom.  
Ida's long ridges sighed, sobbed clamorous streams  
Of ever-flowing rivers, groaned ravines  
Far-furrowed, Argive ships, and Priam's towers.  
Yet men feared not, for naught they knew of all  
That strife, by Heaven's decree. Then her high  
peaks  
The Gods' hands wrenched from Ida's crest, and  
hurled  
Against each other: but like crumbling sands  
Shivered they fell round those invincible limbs,  
Shattered to small dust. But the mind of Zeus,  
At the utmost verge of earth, was ware of all:  
Straight left he Ocean's stream, and to wide heaven  
Ascended, charioted upon the winds,  
The East, the North, the West-wind, and the South:  
For Iris rainbow-plumed led 'neath the yoke  
Of his eternal car that stormy team,  
The car which Time the immortal framed for him  
Of adamant with never-wearying hands.  
So came he to Olympus' giant ridge.  
His wrath shook all the firmament, as crashed  
From east to west his thunders; lightnings gleamed,  
As thick and fast his thunderbolts poured to earth,  
And flamed the limitless welkin. Terror fell  
Upon the hearts of those Immortals: quaked  
The limbs of all—ay, deathless though they were!  
Then Themis, trembling for them, swift as thought  
Leapt down through clouds, and came with speed to  
them—

οἷη γὰρ στονόεντος ἀπόπροθι μίμνε μόθοιο·  
 τοῖον δ' ἔκφατο μῦθον ἐρυκανόωσα μάχεσθαι· 205  
 “ἴσχεσθ' ἰωχμοῖο δυσηχέος· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε  
 Ζηνὸς χωρόμενοιο μινυνθαδίων ἔνεκ' ἀνδρῶν  
 μάρνασθ' αἰὲν ἔοντας, ἐπεὶ τάχα πάντες ἄϊστοι  
 ἔσσεσθ'· ἦ γὰρ ὑπερθεν ἐφ' ὑμέας οὔρεα πάντα  
 εἰς ἐν ἀναρρήξας οὔθ' υἱῶν οὔτε θυγατρῶν 210  
 φείσεται, ἀλλ' ἄρα πάντας ὁμῶς ἐφύπερθε  
 καλύψει

γαίῃ ἀπειρεσίῃ· οὐδ' ἔσσεται ὑμῖν ἄλυξις  
 ἐς φάος· ἀργαλέος δὲ περὶ ζόφος αἰὲν ἐρύξει.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἐπίθοντο Διὸς τρομέοντες  
 ὁμοκλήν,  
 ὑσμίνης δ' ἴσχοντο, χόλον δ' ἀπὸ νόσφι βάλοντο 215  
 ἀργαλέον, φιλότητα δ' ὁμήθεα ποιήσαντο·  
 καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν νίσσοντο πρὸς οὐρανόν, οἱ δ' ἄλως  
 εἴσω,

οἱ δ' ἀνὰ γαίαν ἔμιμνον· ἐϋπτολέμοισι δ' Ἀχαιοῖς  
 υἱὸς Λαέρταο πύκα φρονέων φάτο μῦθον·  
 “ὦ κλυτοὶ Ἀργείων σημάντορες ὀβριμόθυμοι, 220  
 νῦν μοι ἐελδομένῳ τεκμήρατε, οἵτινές ἐστε  
 ἐκπάγλως κρατεροὶ καὶ ἀμύμονες· ἦ γὰρ ἰκάνει  
 ἔργον ἀναγκαίης· ἀλλὰ μνησώμεθ' Ἄρηος,  
 ἐς δ' ἵππον βαίνωμεν ἐϋξοον, ὄφρα κε τέκμωρ  
 εὖρωμεν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος· ὥς γὰρ ἄμεινον 225  
 ἔσσεται, ἣν κε δόλῳ καὶ μῆδεσιν ἀργαλέοισιν  
 ἄστνυ μέγ' ἐκπέρσωμεν, οὐ εἵνεκα δεῦρο μολόντες  
 πάσχομεν ἄλγεα πολλὰ φίλης ἀπὸ τηλόθι γαίης.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δῆ, μένος ἧῦ καὶ ἄλκιμον ἐν φρεσὶ θέντες

\* \* \* \* \*

καὶ γάρ τις κατὰ δῆριν ἀνιερῇ ὑπ' ἀνάγκῃ 230  
 θαρσήσας ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἀμείνονα φῶτα κατέκτα  
 χειρότερος γεγαῶς· μάλιστα γὰρ μέγα θυμὸν ἀέξει  
 θάρσος, ὃ πέρ τε μάλιστα πέλει κλέος ἀνθρώποισιν.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

For in the strife she only had no part—  
And stood between the fighters, and she cried :  
“ Forbear the conflict ! O, when Zeus is wroth,  
It ill beseems that everlasting Gods  
Should fight for men’s sake, creatures of a day :  
Else shall ye be all suddenly destroyed ;  
For Zeus will tear up all the hills, and hurl  
Upon you : sons nor daughters will he spare,  
But bury ’neath one ruin of shattered earth  
All. No escape shall ye find thence to light,  
In horror of darkness prisoned evermore.”

Dreading Zeus’ menace gave they heed to her,  
From strife refrained, and cast away their wrath,  
And were made one in peace and amity.  
Some heavenward soared, some plunged into the  
sea,

On earth stayed some. Amid the Achaean host  
Spake in his subtlety Laertes’ son :  
“ O valorous-hearted lords of the Argive host,  
Now prove in time of need what men ye be,  
How passing-strong, how flawless-brave ! The hour  
Is this for desperate emprise : now, with hearts  
Heroic, enter ye yon carven horse,  
So to attain the goal of this stern war.  
For better it is by stratagem and craft  
Now to destroy this city, for whose sake  
Hither we came, and still are suffering  
Many afflictions far from our own land.  
Come then, and let your hearts be stout and strong  
For he who in stress of fight hath turned to bay  
And snatched a desperate courage from despair,  
 Oft, though the weaker, slays a mightier foe.  
For courage, which is all men’s glory, makes  
The heart great. Come then, set the ambush, ye

ἀλλ' ἄγ', ἀριστῆες μὲν εὖν λόχον ἐντύνεσθε·  
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι Τενέδοιο πρὸς ἱερὸν ἄστυ μολόντες 235  
μιμνήμεν, εἰσόκεν ἄμμε ποτὶ πτόλιν εἰρύσσωσι  
δήϊοι ἐλπόμενοι Τριτωνίδι δῶρον ἄγεσθαι.  
αἰζήων δέ τις ἐσθλός, ὃν οὐ σάφα Τρῶες ἴσασι,  
υἱμνέτω ἄγχ' ἵπποιο σιδήρεον ἐνθέμενος κῆρ·  
καὶ οἱ πάντα μέλοιτο μάλ' ἔμπεδον, ὅππός' 240  
ἔγωγε

πρόσθ' ἐφάμην· καὶ μή τι περὶ φρεσὶν ἄλλο  
νοήσῃ,

ὄφρα μὴ ἄμφαδὰ Τρωσὶν Ἀχαιῶν ἔργα πέληται."  
Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δὲ Σίνων ἀπαμείβετο κύδιμος  
ἄνθρωπος

ἄλλων δειδιότων· μάλα γὰρ μέγα ἔργον ἔμελλεν  
ἐκτελέειν· τῷ καὶ μιν εὐφρονέοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν 245  
εὐρύς ἀγάσσατο λαός· ὁ δ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἔειπεν·

“ὦ Ὀδυσσεῦ καὶ πάντες Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι υἱες,  
ἔργον μὲν τόδ' ἔγωγε λιλαιομένοισι τελέσω,  
εἰ καὶ ἀεικίζωσι καὶ εἰ πυρὶ μητιόωνται  
βάλλειν ζῶν ἐόντα· τὸ γάρ νύ μοι εὐαδε θυμῷ, 250  
ἢ θανέειν δηϊοῖσιν ὑπ' ἀνδράσιν, ἢ ὑπαλύξαι  
Ἀργείοις μέγα κῦδος ἐελδομένοισι φέροντα.”

Ὡς φάτο θαρσαλέως· μέγα δ' Ἀργεῖοι κεχά-  
ροντο·

καὶ τις ἔφη· “ὥς τῷδε θεὸς μέγα θάρσος ἔδωκε  
σήμερον· οὐ γὰρ πρόσθεν ἦν θρασύς· ἀλλὰ ἐ 255  
δαίμων

ὀτρύνει πάντεσσι κακὸν Τρῶεσσι γενέσθαι  
ἢ νῶϊν· νῦν γάρ που ὅτομαι ἐσσυμένως περ  
ἀργαλέον πολέμοιο τέκμων αἰδῆλον ἔσεσθαι.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη κατὰ λαὸν ἀρηϊφίλων τις Ἀχαιῶν·  
Νέστωρ δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐποτρύνων μετέειπε· 260

“νῦν χρειώ, φίλα τέκνα, βίης καὶ θάρσεος ἐσθλοῦ·  
νῦν γὰρ τέρμα πόνοιο θεοὶ καὶ ἀμύμονα νίκη

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Which be our mightiest, and the rest shall go  
To Tenedos' hallowed burg, and there abide  
Until our foes have haled within their walls  
Us with the Horse, as deeming that they bring  
A gift unto Tritonis. Some brave man,  
One whom the Trojans know not, yet we lack,  
To harden his heart as steel, and to abide  
Near by the Horse. Let that man bear in mind  
Heedfully whatsoe'er I said erewhile.  
And let none other thought be in his heart,  
Lest to the foe our counsel be revealed."

Then, when all others feared, a man far-famed  
Made answer, Sinon, marked of destiny  
To bring the great work to accomplishment.  
Therefore with worship all men looked on him,  
The loyal of heart, as in the midst he spake :  
"Odysseus, and all ye Achæan chiefs,  
This work for which ye crave will I perform—  
Yea, though they torture me, though into fire  
Living they thrust me ; for mine heart is fixed  
Not to escape, but die by hands of foes,  
Except I crown with glory your desire."

Stoutly he spake : right glad the Argives were ;  
And one said : "How the Gods have given to-day  
High courage to this man ! He hath not been  
Heretofore valiant. Heaven is kindling him  
To be the Trojans' ruin, but to us  
Salvation. Now full soon, I trow, we reach  
The goal of grievous war, so long unseen."

So a voice murmured mid the Achæan host.  
Then, to stir up the heroes, Nestor cried :  
"Now is the time, dear sons, for courage and  
strength :  
Now do the Gods bring nigh the end of toil :

ἡμιν ἐελδομένοισι φίλας ἐς χεῖρας ἄγουσιν·  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε θαρσαλέως πολυχανδέος ἔνδοθεν ἵππου  
 βαίνειτ', ἐπεὶ μερόπεσσι κλέος μέγα θάρσος ὀπάζει· 265  
 ὥς ὄφελον μέγα κάρτος ἐμοῖς ἔτι γούνασι κεῖτο,  
 οἶον ὅτ' Αἴσσονος υἱὸς ἔσω νεὸς ὠκυπόροιο  
 Ἀργῶης καλέεσκεν ἀριστεάς, ὀππότη' ἔγωγε  
 πρῶτος ἀριστήων καταβήμεναι ὀρμαίνεσκον,  
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ἀντίθεος Πελίδης ἀέκοντά μ' ἔρυκε· 270  
 νῦν δέ με γῆρας ἔπεισι πολύστονον· ἀλλ' ἄρα  
 καὶ ὧς,  
 ὥς νέος ἡβῶν, καταβήσομαι ἔνδοθεν ἵππου  
 θαρσαλέως· θάρσος δὲ κλέος καὶ κῦδος ὀπάσσει."  
 Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπε πάϊς ξανθοῦ Ἀχιλῆος·  
 "ὦ Νέστορ, σὺ μὲν ἐσσὶ νόῳ προφερέστατος  
 ἀνδρῶν 275  
 πάντων· ἀλλὰ σε γῆρας ἀμείλιχον ἀμφιμέμαρπεν,  
 οὐδέ τοι ἔμπεδός ἐστι βίη χατέοντι πόνοιο·  
 τῷ σε χρή Τενέδοιο πρὸς ἡόνας ἀπονέεσθαι·  
 ἐς δὲ λόχον νέοι ἄνδρες ἔθ' ὑσμίνης ἀκόρητοι  
 βησόμεθ', ὥς σύ, γεραιέ, λιλαιομένοις ἐπιτέλλεις." 280  
 Ὡς φάτο· τοῦ δ' ἄγχιστα κιὼν Νηλήϊος υἱὸς  
 ἀμφοτέρας οἱ ἔκυσσε χέρας κεφαλῇν τ' ἐφύπερθεν,  
 οὔνεχ' ὑπέσχετο πρῶτος ἐς εὐρέα δύμεναι ἵππον,  
 αὐτὸν δ' αὖτε κέλευε γεραίτερον ἔκτοθι μίμνειν  
 ἄλλοις σὺν Δαναοῖσιν· ἐέλδετο γὰρ πονέεσθαι· 285  
 καὶ ῥά μιν ἰωχμοῖο λιλαιομένον προσέειπεν·  
 "ἐσσὶ πατρὸς κείνοιο βίη καὶ εὐφροني μύθῳ  
 ἀντιθέου Ἀχιλῆος· ἔολπα δὲ σῆσι χέρεσσιν  
 Ἀργεῖους Πριάμοιο διαπραθέειν κλυτὸν ἄστυ·  
 ὀψέ δ' ἄρ' ἐκ καμάτοιο μέγα κλέος ἔσσεται ἡμῖν 290  
 πολλὰ πονησαμένοισι κατὰ κλόνον ἄλγεα λυγρά·  
 ἄλγεα μὲν παρὰ ποσσὶ θεοὶ θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν,  
 ἐσθλὰ δὲ πολλὸν ἄπωθε· πόνον δ' ἐς μέσσον  
 ἔλασσαν·



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Now give they victory to our longing hands.  
Come, bravely enter ye this cavernous Horse.  
For high renown attendeth courage high.  
Oh that my limbs were mighty as of old,  
When Aeson's son for heroes called, to man  
Swift Argo, when of the heroes foremost I  
Would gladly have entered her, but Pelias  
The king withheld me in my own despite.  
Ah me, but now the burden of years—O nay,  
As I were young, into the Horse will I  
Fearlessly! Glory and strength shall courage give."

Answered him golden-haired Achilles' son :  
"Nestor, in wisdom art thou chief of men ;  
But cruel age hath caught thee in his grip :  
No more thy strength may match thy gallant will ;  
Therefore thou needs must unto Tenedos' strand.  
We will take ambush, we the youths, of strife  
Insatiate still, as thou, old sire, dost bid."

Then strode the son of Neleus to his side,  
And kissed his hands, and kissed the head of him  
Who offered thus himself the first of all  
To enter that huge horse, being peril-fain,  
And bade the elder of days abide without.  
Then to the battle-eager spake the old :  
"Thy father's son art thou! Achilles' might  
And chivalrous speech be here! O, sure am I  
That by thine hands the Argives shall destroy  
The stately city of Priam. At the last,  
After long travail, glory shall be ours,  
Ours, after toil and tribulation of war ;  
The Gods have laid tribulation at men's feet  
But happiness far off, and toil between :

τούνεκα ῥηιδίῃ μὲν ἐς ἀργαλήν κακότητα  
αἰζηοῖσι κέλευθος, ἀνιερῇ δ' ἐπὶ κῦδος, 295  
μέσφ' ὅτε τις στονόεντα πόνον διὰ ποσσὶ περιήσῃ."

Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἀμείβετο κύδιμος  
υἱός·

“ὦ γέρον, ὥς σύ γ' ἔολπας ἐνὶ φρεσί, τοῦτο πέλοιτο  
ἡμῖν εὐχομένοισιν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ λώιον οὕτως·  
εἰ δ' ἐτέρως ἐθέλουσι θεοί, καὶ τοῦτο τετύχθω· 300  
βουλοίμην γὰρ ὑπ' Ἀρεῖ εὐκλειῶς ἀπολέσθαι,  
ἢ φυγῶν Τροίηθεν ὀνείδεα πολλὰ φέρεσθαι."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὥμοισι κατ' ἄμβροτα θήκατο τεύχη  
πατρὸς ἐοῦ· τοὶ δ' αἶψα καὶ αὐτοὶ θωρήχθησαν  
ἡρώων οἱ ἄριστοι, ὅσοις θρασὺς ἔπλετο θυμός· 305  
τούς μοι νῦν καθ' ἕκαστον ἀνειρομένῃ σάφα  
Μοῦσαι

ἔσπεθ', ὅσοι κατέβησαν ἔσω πολυχανδέος ἵππου·  
ὑμεῖς γὰρ πᾶσάν μοι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θήκατ' αἰοιδήν,  
πρίν μοι ἔτ' ἀμφὶ παρειὰ κατασκίδνασθαι ἵουλον,  
Σμύρνης ἐν δαπέδοισι περικλυτὰ μῆλα νέμοντι 310  
τρὶς τόσον Ἑρμοῦ ἄπωθεν, ὅσον βοόωντος  
ἀκοῦσαι,

Ἀρτέμιδος περὶ νηὸν Ἑλευθερίῳ ἐνὶ κήπῳ,  
οὔρεϊ τ' οὔτε λίην χθαμαλῷ οὔθ' ὑψόθι πολλῷ.

Πρῶτος μὲν κατέβαινεν ἐς ἵππον κητώεντα  
υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος, σὺν δὲ κρατερὸς Μενέλαος 315  
ἢ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς Σθένελός τε καὶ ἀντίθεος Διομήδης·  
βῆ δὲ Φιλοκτήτης τε καὶ Ἀντικλος ἠδὲ Μενε-  
σθεύς,

σὺν δὲ Θόας ἐρίθυμος ἰδὲ ξανθὸς Πολυποίτης,  
Αἴας τ' Εὐρύπυλός τε καὶ ἰσόθεος Θρασυμήδης,  
Μηριόνης τε καὶ Ἰδομενεὺς ἀριδαικέτω ἄμφω, 320  
σὺν δ' ἄρ' εὐμμελῆς Ποδαλείριος Εὐρύμαχός τε  
Τεῦκρός τ' ἀντίθεος καὶ Ἰάλμενος ὀβριμόθυμος,  
Θάλπιος Ἀντίμαχός τε μενεπτόλεμός τε Λεοντεύς·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Therefore for men full easy is the path  
To ruin, and the path to fame is hard,  
Where feet must press right on through painful toil.'

He spake: replied Achilles' glorious son:  
"Old sire, as thine heart trusteth, be it vouchsafed  
In answer to our prayers; for best were this:  
But if the Gods will otherwise, be it so.  
Ay, gladlier would I fall with glory in fight  
Than flee from Troy, bowed 'neath a load of shame."

Then in his sire's celestial arms he arrayed  
His shoulders; and with speed in harness sheathed  
Stood the most mighty heroes, in whose hearts  
Was dauntless spirit. Tell, ye Queens of Song,  
Now man by man the names of all that passed  
Into the cavernous Horse; for ye inspired  
My soul with all my song, long ere my cheek  
Grew dark with manhood's beard, what time I fed  
My goodly sheep on Smyrna's pasture-lea,  
From Hermus thrice so far as one may hear  
A man's shout, by the fane of Artemis,  
In the Deliverer's Grove, upon a hill  
Neither exceeding low nor passing high.

Into that cavernous Horse Achilles' son  
First entered, strong Menelaus followed then,  
Odysseus, Sthenelus, godlike Diomede,  
Philoctetes and Menestheus, Anticlus,  
Thoas and Polypoetes golden-haired,  
Aias, Eurypylus, godlike Thrasymede,  
Idomeneus, Meriones, far-famous twain,  
Podaleirius of spears, Eurymachus,  
Teucer the godlike, fierce Ialmenus,  
Thalpius, Antimachus, Leonteus staunch,

σὺν δ' Εὖμηλος ἔβη θεοεΐκελος Εὐρύαλός τε  
 Δημοφών τε καὶ Ἀμφίμαχος κρατερός τ' Ἀγα-  
 πήνωρ,

325

σὺν δ' Ἀκάμας τε Μέγης τε κραταιοῦ Φυλέος  
 υἱός·

ἄλλοι δ' αὖ κατέβαινον, ὅσοι ἔσαν ἔξοχ' ἄριστοι,  
 ὅσους χάνδανεν ἵππος ἐϋξοος ἐντὸς ἑέργειν.

ἐν δέ σφιν πύματος κατεβήσατο δῖος Ἐπειός,  
 ὃς ῥα καὶ ἵππον ἔτευξεν· ἐπίστατο δ' ὧ ἐνὶ θυμῷ 330  
 ἡμὲν ἀναπτύξαι κείνου πτύχας ἢ δ' ἐπερείσαι·  
 τοῦνεκα δὴ πάντων βῆ δεύτατος· εἴρυσε δ' εἴσω  
 κλίμακας, ἧς ἀνέβησαν· ὁ δ' αὖ μάλα πάντ'  
 ἐπερείσας

αὐτοῦ παρ κληῖδι καθέζετο· τοὶ δὲ σιωπῇ  
 πάντες ἔσαν μεσσηγὺς ὁμῶς νίκης καὶ ὀλέθρου. 335

Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι νήεσσιν ἐπέπλεον εὐρέα πόντον  
 ἄς κλισίας πρήσαντες, ὅπη πάρος αὐτοῖς ἱαυον.  
 τοῖσι δὲ κοιρανέοντε δύω κρατερόφρονε φῶτε  
 σήμαινον, Νέστωρ τε καὶ αἰχμητῆς Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 τοὺς δὲ καὶ ἐλδομένους καταβήμεναι ἔνδοθεν ἵππου 340  
 Ἀργεῖοι κατέρυξαν, ἵν' ἐν νήεσσι μένοντες  
 λαοῖς σημαίνωσιν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ λώιον ἄνδρες  
 ἔργον ἐποίχονται, ὅπότ' εἰσορόωσιν ἄνακτες·  
 τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' ἔκτοθι μίμνον ἄριστῆές περ ἐόντες.  
 οἱ δὲ θοῶς ἀφίκοντο πρὸς ἡϊόνας Τενέδοιο· 345

εὐνὰς δ' ἔνθ' ἔβαλον κατὰ βένθεος· ἐκ δ' ἔβαν  
 αὐτοὶ

νηῶν ἐσσυμένως· ἀπὸ δ' ἔκτοθι πείσματ' ἔδησαν  
 ἡϊόνων· αὐτοὶ δὲ παραυτόθι μίμνον ἔκηλοι  
 δέγμενοι, ὅππότε πυρσὸς ἐελδομένοισι φανείη.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἐν ἵππῳ ἔσαν δητῶν σχεδόν, ἄλλοτε  
 μέν που

350

φθεῖσθαι οἰόμενοι, ὅτ' ἐν ἱερὸν ἄστυ δαΐξαι·  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐλπομένοισιν ἐπήλυθεν Ἥριγένεια.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Eumelus, and Euryalus fair as a God,  
Amphimachus, Demophoon, Agapenor,  
Akamas, Meges stalwart Phyleus' son—  
Yea, more, even all their chiefest, entered in,  
So many as that carven Horse could hold.  
Godlike Epeius last of all passed in,  
The fashioner of the Horse ; in his breast lay  
The secret of the opening of its doors  
And of their closing : therefore last of all  
He entered, and he drew the ladders up  
Whereby they clomb : then made he all secure,  
And set himself beside the bolt. So all  
In silence sat 'twixt victory and death.

But the rest fired the tents, wherein erewhile  
They slept, and sailed the wide sea in their ships.  
Two mighty-hearted captains ordered these,  
Nestor and Agamemnon lord of spears.  
Fain had they also entered that great Horse,  
But all the host withheld them, bidding stay  
With them a-shipboard, ordering their array :  
For men far better work the works of war  
When their kings oversee them ; therefore these  
Abode without, albeit mighty men.

So came they swiftly unto Tenedos' shore,  
And dropped the anchor-stones, then leapt in haste  
Forth of the ships, and silent waited there  
Keen-watching till the signal-torch should flash.

But nigh the foe were they in the Horse, and now  
Looked they for death, and now to smite the town ;  
And on their hopes and fears arose the dawn.

Τρώες δ' εἰσενόησαν ἐπ' ἧόσιν Ἑλλησπόντου  
καπνὸν ἔτ' αἰσسونτα δι' ἡέρος· οὐδ' ἄρα νῆας  
δέρκουθ', αἶ σφιν ἔνεικαν ἀφ' Ἑλλάδος αἰνὸν  
ὄλεθρον.

355

γηθόσυνοι δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπέδραμον αἰγιαλοῖσι  
τεύχε' ἐφессάμενοι· ἔτι γὰρ δέος ἄμφεχε θυμόν·  
ἵππον δ' εἰσενόησαν ἐϋξοον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
θάμβεον ἐσταότες· μάλα γὰρ μέγα ἔργον ἐτύχθη·  
ἀγχόθι δ' αὖτε Σίνωνα δυσάμμορον εἰσενόησαν· 360  
καί μιν ἀνειρόμενοι Δαναῶν ὑπερ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος  
μέσσον ἐκυκλώσαντο περισταδόν· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθοις  
μειλιχίοις εἶροντο πάρος· μετέπειτα δ' ὁμοκλῇ  
σμερδαλή· καὶ πολλὰ δολόφρονα φῶτα δαΐζον  
πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον αἰέν· ὁ δ' ἔμπεδον ἡϋτε πέτρη 365  
μίμνεν ἀτειρέα γυῖ' ἐπιειμένος· ὁψὲ δ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ  
οὔαθ' ὁμῶς καὶ ῥίνας ἀπὸ μελέων ἐτάμοντο  
πάμπαν ἀεικίζοντες, ὅπως νημερτέα εἶπη,  
ὅππῃ ἔβαν Δαναοὶ σὺν νήεσιν, ἥ τί καὶ ἵππος  
ἔνδον ἐρητύεσκεν· ὁ δ' ἐνθέμενος φρεσὶ κάρτος 370  
λώβης οὐκ ἀλέγιζεν ἀεικέος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
ἔτλη καὶ πληγῇσι καὶ ἐν πυρὶ τειρόμενός περ  
ἀργαλέως· Ἥρη γὰρ ἐνέπνευσεν μέγα κάρτος·  
τοῖα δ' ἄρ' ἐν μέσσοισι δολοφρονέων ἀγόρευεν·  
“ Ἀργεῖοι μὲν νηυσὶν ὑπὲρ πόντοιο φέβονται 375  
μακρῷ ἀκηδήσαντες ἐπὶ πτολέμῳ καὶ ἀνίῃ·  
Κάλλχαντος δ' ἰότητι δαΐφροني Τριτογενεῖη  
ἵππον ἐτεκτῆναντο, θεῆς χόλον ὄφρ' ἀλέωνται  
πάγχυ κοτεσσαμένης Τρώων ὑπερ· ἀμφὶ δὲ νόστου  
ἐννεσίης Ὀδυσῆος ἐμοὶ μενέαινον ὄλεθρον, 380  
ὄφρα με δηώσωσι δυσηχέος ἄγχι θαλάσσης



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Then marked the Trojans upon Hellespont's  
strand

The smoke upleaping yet through air : no more  
Saw they the ships which brought to them from  
Greece

Destruction dire. With joy to the shore they ran,  
But armed them first, for fear still haunted them.  
Then marked they that fair-carven Horse, and stood  
Marvelling round, for a mighty work was there.  
A hapless-seeming man thereby they spied,  
Sinon ; and this one, that one questioned him  
Touching the Danaans, as in a great ring  
They compassed him, and with unangry words  
First questioned, then with terrible threatenings.  
Then tortured they that man of guileful soul  
Long time unceasing. Firm as a rock abode  
The unquivering limbs, the unconquerable will.  
His ears, his nose, at last they shore away  
In every wise tormenting him, until  
He should declare the truth, whither were gone  
The Danaans in their ships, what thing the Horse  
Concealed within it. He had armed his mind  
With resolution, and of outrage foul  
Recked not ; his soul endured their cruel stripes,  
Yea, and the bitter torment of the fire ;  
For strong endurance into him Hera breathed ;  
And still he told them the same guileful tale  
" The Argives in their ships flee oversea  
Weary of tribulation of endless war.  
This horse by Calchas' counsel fashioned they  
For wise Athena, to propitiate  
Her stern wrath for that guardian image stol'n<sup>1</sup>  
From Troy. And by Odysseus' prompting I  
Was marked for slaughter, to be sacrificed  
To the sea-powers, beside the moaning waves,

<sup>1</sup> See note to l. 37 of this book.

δαίμοσιν εἰναλίοις. ἐμὲ δ' οὐ λάθον, ἀλλ' ἄλεγεινὰς  
σπονδὰς τ' οὐλοχύτας τε μάλ' ἐσσυμένως ὑπαλύ-  
ξας

ἀθανάτων βουλήσι παρὰ ποσὶ κάππεσον ἵππου·  
οἱ δὲ καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντες ἀναγκαίῃ με λίποντο 385  
ἄζόμενοι μεγάλοιο Διὸς κρατερόφρονα κούρην."

"Ὡς φάτο κερδοσύνησι καὶ οὐ κάμεν ἄλγεσι  
θυμόν·

ἄνδρὸς γὰρ κρατεροῖο κακὴν ὑποτλῆναι ἀνάγκην.  
τῷ δ' οἱ μὲν πεπίθοντο κατὰ στρατόν, οἱ δ' ἄρ'  
ἔφαντο

ἔμμεναι ἡπεροπῆα πολύτροπον, οἷς ἄρα βουλή 390  
ἦνδανε Λαοκόωντος· ὁ γὰρ πεπνυμένα βάζων  
φῆ δόλον ἔμμεναι αἶνόν ὑπ' ἐννεσίῃσιν Ἀχαιῶν,  
πάντας δ' ὀτρύνεσκε θοῶς ἐμπρησέμεν ἵππον,  
ἵππον δουράτεον καὶ γνόμεναι εἴ τι κεκεύθει.

Καί νύ κέ οἱ πεπίθοντο καὶ ἐξήλυξαν ὄλεθρον, 395  
εἰ μὴ Τριτογένεια, κοτεσσαμένη περὶ θυμῷ  
αὐτῷ καὶ Τρώεσσι καὶ ἄστεϊ, γαῖαν ἔνερθεν  
θεσπεσίην ἐλέλιξεν ὑπαὶ ποσὶ Λαοκόωντος.  
τῷ δ' ἄφαρ ἔμπεσε δεῖμα· τρόμος δ' ἀμφέκλασε  
γυῖα

ἄνδρὸς ὑπερθύμοιο· μέλαινα δέ οἱ περὶ κρατὶ 400  
νύξ ἐχύθη· στυγερὸν δὲ κατὰ βλεφάρων πέσειν  
ἄλγος,

σὺν δ' ἔχεεν λασίῃσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν ὄμματα φωτός·  
γλῆναι δ' ἀργαλέῃσι πεπαρμέναι ἀμφ' ὀδύνῃσι  
ρίζοθεν ἐκλονέοντο· περιστροφῶντο δ' ὀπωπαὶ  
τειρόμεναι ὑπένερθεν· ἄχος δ' ἄλεγεινὸν ἵκανε 405  
ἄχρι καὶ ἐς μήνιγγας ἰδ' ἐγκεφάλοιο θέμεθλα·  
τοῦ δ' ὅτε μὲν φαίνοντο μεμιγμένοι αἵματι πολλῷ  
ὀφθαλμοί, ὅτε δ' αὖτε δυσαλθέα γλανκιδόωντες·  
πολλάκι δ' ἔρρεον οἶον ὅτε στυφελῆς ἀπὸ πέτρης  
εἵβεται ἐξ ὀρέων νιφετῷ πεπαλαγμένον ὕδωρ· 410

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

To win them safe return. But their intent  
I marked ; and ere they spilt the drops of wine,  
And sprinkled hallowed meal upon mine head,  
Swiftly I fled, and, by the help of Heaven,  
I flung me down, clasping the Horse's feet ;  
And they, sore loth, perforce must leave me there  
Dreading great Zeus's daughter mighty-souled."

In subtlety so he spake, his soul untamed  
By pain ; for a brave man's part is to endure  
To the uttermost. And of the Trojans some  
Believed him, others for a wily knave  
Held him, of whose mind was Laocoon.  
Wisely he spake : " A deadly fraud is this,"  
He said, " devised by the Achæan chiefs !"  
And cried to all straightway to burn the Horse,  
And know if aught within its timbers lurked.

Yea, and they had obeyed him, and had 'scaped  
Destruction ; but Athena, fiercely wroth  
With him, the Trojans, and their city, shook  
Earth's deep foundations 'neath Laocoon's feet.  
Straight terror fell on him, and trembling bowed  
The knees of the presumptuous : round his head  
Horror of darkness poured ; a sharp pang thrilled  
His eyelids ; swam his eyes beneath his brows ;  
His eyeballs, stabbed with bitter anguish, throbbed  
Even from the roots, and rolled in frenzy of pain.  
Clear through his brain the bitter torment pierced  
Even to the filmy inner veil thereof ;  
Now bloodshot were his eyes, now ghastly green ;  
Anon with rheum they ran, as pours a stream  
Down from a rugged crag, with thawing snow  
Made turbid. As a man distraught he seemed :

- μαινομένῳ δ' ἤικτο, καὶ ἔδρακε διπλόα πάντα  
αἰνὰ μάλα στενάχων. καὶ ἔτι Τρώεσσι κέλευεν,  
οὐδ' ἀλέγιζε μόγοιο· φάος δέ οἱ ἐσθλὸν ἄμερσε  
δία θεά· λευκαὶ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ βλέφαρ' ἔσταν ὀπωπαὶ  
αἵματος ἐξ ὀλοοῖο· περιστενάχιζε δὲ λαὸς 415  
οἰκτείρων φίλον ἄνδρα, καὶ ἀθανάτην Ἀγελείην  
ἔρριγώς, μὴ δὴ τι παρήλιτεν ἀφραδίῃσιν,  
καὶ σφιν ἐς αἰνὸν ὄλεθρον ἀνεγνάμφθη νόος ἔνδον,  
[δειδιότων, μὴ δὴ σφι καὶ αὐτοῖς ἄλγος ἔπηται]  
οὐνεκα λωβήσαντο δέμας μογεροῖο Σίνωνος  
ἐλπόμενοι κατὰ θυμὸν ἐτήτυμα πάντ' ἀγορεύσειν.<sup>1</sup> 420  
τοῦνεκα προφρονέως μιν ἄγον ποτὶ Τρώιον ἄστυ  
ὀψέ περ οἰκτείραντες. ἀγειρόμενοι δ' ἅμα πάντες  
σειρὴν ἀμφεβάλοντο θοῶς περιμήκει ἵππῳ  
δησάμενοι καθύπερθεν, ἐπεὶ ρά οἱ ἐσθλὸς Ἐπειὸς  
ποσσὶν ὑπὸ βριαροῖσιν εὐτρόχα δούρατ' ἔθηκεν, 425  
ὄφρα κεν αἰζηοῖσιν ἐπὶ πτολίεθρον ἔπηται  
ἐλκόμενος Τρώων ὑπὸ χείρεσιν. οἱ δ' ἅμα πάντες  
εἵλκον ἐπιβρίσαντες ἀολλέες, ἥ ὅτε νῆα  
ἔλκωσιν μογέοντες ἔσω ἁλὸς ἠχέσσης  
αἰζηοί, στιβαραὶ δὲ περιστενάχουσι φάλαγγες 430  
τριβόμεναι, δεινὸν δὲ τρόπῳ περιτετριγυῖα  
ἀμφὶς ὀλισθαίνουσα κατέρχεται εἰς ἁλὸς οἶδμα·  
ὥς οἷ γε σφίσι πῆμα ποτὶ πτόλιν ἔργον Ἐπειοῦ  
πανσυδὴ μογέοντες ἀνείρουν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
πολλὸν ἄδην στεφένων ἐριθηλέα κόσμον ἔθεντο· 435  
αὐτοὶ δ' ἐστέψαντο κάρη· μέγα δ' ἤπνουν αὐλοὶ  
ἀλλήλοισι ἐπικεκλομένοι· ἐγέλασσε δ' Ἐννὼ  
δερκομένη πολέμοιο κακὸν τέλος· ὑψόθι δ' Ἥρη  
τέρπετ'· Ἀθηναίη δ' ἐπεγέθεεν· οἱ δὲ μολόντες  
ἄστυ ποτὶ σφέτερον μεγάλης κρήδεμνα πόλης 440  
λυσάμενοι λυγρὸν ἵππον ἐσήγαγον· αἱ δ' ὀλόλυξαν

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἀγορεύειν of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

All things he saw showed double, and he groaned  
Fearfully ; yet he ceased not to exhort  
The men of Troy, and recked not of his pain.  
Then did the Goddess strike him utterly blind.  
Stared his fixed eyeballs white from pits of blood ;  
And all folk groaned for pity of their friend,  
And dread of the Prey-giver, lest he had sinned  
In folly against her, and his mind was thus  
Warped to destruction—yea, lest on themselves  
Like judgment should be visited, to avenge  
The outrage done to hapless Sinon's flesh,  
Whereby they hoped to wring the truth from him.  
So led they him in friendly wise to Troy,  
Pitying him at the last. Then gathered all,  
And o'er that huge Horse hastily cast a rope,  
And made it fast above ; for under its feet  
Smooth wooden rollers had Epeius laid,  
That, dragged by Trojan hands, it might glide on  
Into their fortress. One and all they haled  
With multitudinous tug and strain, as when  
Down to the sea young men sore-labouring drag  
A ship ; hard-crushed the stubborn rollers groan,  
As, sliding with weird shrieks, the keel descends  
Into the sea-surge ; so that host with toil  
Dragged up unto their city their own doom,  
Epeius' work. With great festoons of flowers  
They hung it, and their own heads did they wreathe,  
While answering each other pealed the flutes.  
Grimly Enyo laughed, seeing the end  
Of that dire war ; Hera rejoiced on high ;  
Glad was Athena. When the Trojans came  
Unto their city, brake they down the walls,  
Their city's coronal, that the Horse of Death  
Might be led in. Troy's daughters greeted it

Τρωιάδες, πᾶσαι δὲ περισταδὸν εἰσορόωσαι  
θάμβεον ὄβριμον ἔργον· ὃ δὲ σφισιν ἔκρυφε πῆμα.

Λαοκόων δ' ἔτ' ἔμμιεν ἐποτρύνων ἐτάροισιν  
ἵππον ἀμαλδύναι μαλερῷ πυρί· τοὶ δὲ οἱ οὔτι 445  
πείθοντ', ἀθανάτων γὰρ ὑποτρομέσκον ὁμοκλήν.  
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ κύντερον ἄλλο θεὰ μεγάθυμος Ἀθήνη  
δυστήνοις τεκέεσσιν ἐμήδετο Λαοκόωντος.  
δὴ γάρ που πέλεν ἄντρον ὑπὸ στυφελώδεϊ πέτρῃ  
ἠερόεν, θνητοῖσιν ἀνέμβατον, ᾧ ἔτι θῆρες 450  
σμερδαλέοι ναίεσκον ἔτ' οὐλομένοιο γενέθλης.  
Τυφῶνος νήσοιο κατὰ πτύχας, ἣν τε Καλύδνην  
λαοὶ ἐπικλείουσιν ἔσω ἁλὸς ἀντία Τροίης.  
ἔνθεν ἀναστήσασα βίην καλέεσκε δρακόντων  
εἰς Τροίην· οἱ δ' αἴψα θεῆς ὑποκινηθέντες 455  
νῆσον ὅλην ἐτίναξαν· ἐπεσμαράγησε δὲ πόντος  
νισσομένων, καὶ κύμα διῖστατο· τοὶ δ' ἐφέροντο  
αἶνὸν λιχμῶντες· ἔφριξε δὲ κήτεα πόντου·  
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα στενάχοντο μέγα Ξάνθοιο θύγατρες  
Νύμφαι καὶ Σιμόεντος· ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο δὲ Κύπρις 460  
ἄχυντο· τοὶ δ' ἄφαρ ἴξον ὅπη θεὸς ὀτρύνεσκε,  
θήγοντες βλοσυρῇσι γενειάσι λοιγὸν ὀδόντων  
δυστήνοις ἐπὶ παισί· κακὴ δ' ἐπενίσσετο φύζα  
Τρῶας, ὅτ' εἰσενόησαν ἀνὰ πτόλιν αἰνὰ πέλωρα·  
οὐδέ τις αἰζηῶν οὐδ' εἰ μένος ἄτρομος ἦεν 465  
μεῖναι ἔτλη· πάντας γὰρ ἀμείλιχον ἄμφεχε δεῖμα  
θῆρας ἀλευομένους, ὀδύνη δ' ἔχεν· ἂν δὲ γυναῖκες  
οἴμωζον· καὶ πού τις ἐὼν ἐπελήσατο τέκνων  
αὐτὴ ἀλευομένη στυγερὸν μόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τροίῃ  
ἔσταν' ἐπεσσυμένων· πολλοὶ δ' ἄφαρ εἰς ἔν ἰόντες 470  
γυῖα περιδρύφθησαν· ἐνεστείνοντο δ' ἀγυιαῖς  
ἀμφιπεριπτώσσοντες· ἔλειπτο δὲ μῦθος ἄπωθεν



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

With shouts of salutation ; marvelling all  
Gazed at the mighty work—where lurked their  
doom.

But still Laocoon ceased not to exhort  
His countrymen to burn the Horse with fire :  
They would not hear, for dread of the Gods' wrath.  
But then a yet more hideous punishment  
Athena visited on his hapless sons.  
A cave there was, beneath a rugged cliff  
Exceeding high, unscalable, wherein  
Dwelt fearful monsters of the deadly brood  
Of Typhon, in the rock-clefts of the isle  
Calydna that looks Troyward from the sea.  
Thence stirred she up the strength of serpents  
twain,

And summoned them to Troy. By her uproused  
They shook the island as with earthquake : roared  
The sea ; the waves disparted as they came.  
Onward they swept with fearful-flickering tongues :  
Shuddered the very monsters of the deep :  
Xanthus' and Simois' daughters moaned aloud,  
The River-nymphs : the Cyprian Queen looked  
down

In anguish from Olympus. Swiftly they came  
Whither the Goddess sped them : with grim jaws  
Whetting their deadly fangs, on his hapless sons  
Sprang they. All Trojans panic-stricken fled,  
Seeing those fearsome dragons in their town.  
No man, though ne'er so dauntless theretofore,  
Dared tarry ; ghastly dread laid hold on all  
Shrinking in horror from the monsters. Screamed  
The women ; yea, the mother forgot her child,  
Fear-frenzied as she fled : all Troy became  
One shriek of fleers, one huddle of jostling limbs :  
The streets were choked with cowering fugitives.  
Alone was left Laocoon with his sons,

Λαοκόων ἅμα παισὶ πέδῃσε γὰρ οὐλομένη Κῆρ  
 καὶ θεός. οἱ δέ οἱ υἱας ὑποτρομέοντας ὄλεθρον  
 ἀμφοτέρους ὀλοῇσιν ἀνηρεΐψαντο γένυσσι 475  
 πατρὶ φίλῳ ὀρέγοντας ἕας χέρας· οὐδ' ὃ γ' ἀμύνειν  
 ἔσθενεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες ἀπόπροθεν εἰσορόωντες  
 κλαῖον ὑπὸ κραδίῃσι τεθηπότες. οἱ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθήνης  
 προφρονέως τελέσαντες ἀπεχθέα Τρωσὶν ἐφετμὴν  
 ἅμφω αἰστώθησαν ὑπὸ χθόνα· τῶν δ' ἔτι σῆμα 480  
 φαίνεται, ὅπου κατέδυσαν ἐς ἱερὸν Ἀπόλλωνος  
 Περγὰμψ ἐν ζαθέῃ. προπάροιθε δὲ Τρώιοι υἱες  
 παίδων Λαοκόωντος ἀμείλιχα δηωθέντων  
 τεύξαν ἅμ' ἀγρόμενοι κενεὸν τάφον, ᾧ ἔπι δάκρυ  
 χεῦε πατὴρ ἀλαοῖσιν ὑπ' ὄμμασιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ μήτηρ 485  
 πολλὰ κινυρομένη κενεῷ ἐπαῦτεε τύμβῳ  
 ἐλπομένη τι καὶ ἄλλο κακώτερον, ἔστενε δ' ἄτην  
 ἀνέρος ἀφραδῆς, μακάρων δ' ὑπεδείδιε μῆνιν·  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐρημαίην περιμύρεται ἀμφὶ καλὴν  
 πολλὰ μάλ' ἀχνυμένη κατὰ δάσκιον ἄγκος ἀηδῶν, 490  
 ἧς ἔτι νήπια τέκνα, πάρος κελαδαινὸν αἰεῖδεν,  
 δάμναθ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖσι μένος βλοσυροῖο δράκοντος,  
 μητέρι δ' ἄλγεα θῆκε, καὶ ἄσπετον ἀσχαλώωσα  
 μύρεται ἀμφὶ δόμον κενεὸν μάλα κεκληγυῖα·  
 ὥς ἣ γε στενάχιζε λυγρῷ τεκέων ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ 495  
 μυρομένη κενεῷ περὶ σήματι· σὺν δέ οἱ ἄλλο  
 πῆμα μάλ' ἀργαλέον πόσιος πέλεν ἀμφ' ἀλαοῖο.  
 Καί ῥ' ἡ μὲν φίλα τέκνα καὶ ἀνέρα κωκύεσκε  
 τοὺς μὲν ἀποφθιμένους τὸν δ' ἄμμορον ἠελίοιο·  
 Τρῶες δ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἐπεντύνοντο θυηλὰς 500  
 λείβοντες μέθυ λαρόν, ἐπεὶ σφισιν ἦτορ ἐώλπει  
 λευγαλέου πολέμοιο βαρὺ σθένος ἐξυπαλύξειν.  
 ἱερὰ δ' οὐ καίοντο, πυρὸς δ' ἐσβέννυτ' αὐτμή,  
 ὄμβρου ὅπως καθύπερθε δυσηχέος ἐσσυμένιοι·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

For death's doom and the Goddess chained their feet.  
Then, even as from destruction shrank the lads,  
Those deadly fangs had seized and ravined up  
The twain, outstretching to their sightless sire  
Agonized hands : no power to help had he.  
Trojans far off looked on from every side  
Weeping, all dazed. And, having now fulfilled  
Upon the Trojans Pallas' awful hest,  
Those monsters vanished 'neath the earth ; and still  
Stands their memorial, where into the fane  
They entered of Apollo in Pergamus  
The hallowed. Therefore the sons of Troy  
Gathered, and reared a cenotaph for those  
Who miserably had perished. Over it  
Their father from his blind eyes rained the tears :  
Over the empty tomb their mother shrieked,  
Boding the while yet worse things, wailing o'er  
The ruin wrought by folly of her lord,  
Dreading the anger of the Blessèd Ones.  
As when around her void nest in a brake  
In sorest anguish moans the nightingale  
Whose fledglings, ere they learned her plaintive  
song,

A hideous serpent's fangs have done to death,  
And left the mother anguish, endless woe,  
And bootless crying round her desolate home ;  
So groaned she for her children's wretched death,  
So moaned she o'er the void tomb ; and her pangs  
Were sharpened by her lord's plight stricken blind.

While she for children and for husband moaned—  
These slain, he of the sun's light portionless—  
The Trojans to the Immortals sacrificed,  
Pouring the wine. Their hearts beat high with hope  
To escape the weary stress of woeful war.  
Howbeit the victims burned not, and the flames  
Died out, as though 'neath heavy-hissing rain ;

καπνὸς δ' αἵματόεις ἀνεκήκιε· μηρὰ δὲ πάντα 505  
 πίπτε χαμαὶ τρομέοντα· κατηρείποντο δὲ βωμοί·  
 σπονδαὶ δ' αἶμα γέγοντο· θεῶν δ' ἐξέρρεε δάκρυ,  
 καὶ νηοὶ δεύοντο λύθρῳ· στοναχαὶ δ' ἐφέροντο  
 ἔκποθεν ἀπροφάτοιο· περισσεύοντο δὲ μακρὰ  
 τείχεα καὶ πύργοι μεγάλ' ἔκτυπον, ὡς ἀχέοντες·<sup>1</sup> 510  
 αὐτόματοι δ' ἄρ' ὀχῆες ἀνωίγνυντο πυλάων  
 αἰνὸν κεκλήγοντες· ἐπεστενάχοντο δὲ λυγρὸν  
 ἐννύχιοι ὄρνιθες ἐρημαῖον βοόωντες·

ἄστρο δὲ πάντ' ἐφύπερθε θεοδμήτοιο πόλλης  
 ἀχλὺς ἀμφεκάλυψε καὶ ἀννεφέλου περ ἑόντος 515  
 οὐρανοῦ αἰγλήεντος· ἀπαυαίνοντο δὲ δάφναι  
 παρ νηῶ Φοίβοιο πάρος θαλεραί περ ἑοῦσαι·  
 ἐν δὲ λύκοι καὶ θῶες ἀναιδέες ὠρύσαντο  
 ἔντοσθεν πυλέων· μάλα μυρία δ' ἄλλα φαάνθη  
 σήματα Δαρδανίδησι καὶ ἄστει πῆμα φέροντα. 520  
 ἀλλ' οὐ δεῖμ' ἀλεγεινὸν ὑπὸ Τρώων φρένας ἵξε  
 δερκομένων ἀλεγεινὰ τεράατα πάντα κατ' ἄστυ·  
 Κῆρες γὰρ πάντων νόον ἔκβαλον, ὅφρ' ἐπὶ δαιτὶ  
 πότμον ἀναπλήσωσιν ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι δαμέντες.

Οἷη δ' ἔμπεδον ἦτορ ἔχεν πινυτόν τε νόημα 525  
 Κασσάνδρῃ, τῆς οὐποτ' ἔπος γένετ' ἀκράαντον,  
 ἀλλ' ἄρ' ἐτήτυμον ἔσκεν· ἀκούετο δ' ἔκ τινος αἴσης  
 ὡς ἀνεμώλιον αἰέν, ἵν' ἄλγεα Τρωσὶ γένηται.

ἢ ῥ' ὅτε σήματα λυγρὰ κατὰ πτόλιν εἰσενόησεν  
 εἰς ἐν ἅμ' αἴσσοντα, μέγ' ἴαχεν, εὖτε λέαινα, 530  
 ἣν ῥά τ' ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισιν ἀνὴρ λελημένος ἄγρης  
 οὐτάσῃ ἢ Βάλῃ, τῆς δ' ἐν φρεσὶ μαίνεται ἦτορ

\* \* \* \* \*

πάντῃ ἀν' οὔρεα μακρά, πέλει δὲ οἱ ἄσχετος ἀλκή·  
 ὥς ἄρα μαιμώωσα θεόπροπον ἔνδοθεν ἦτορ  
 ἦλυθεν ἐκ μεγάροιο· κόμαι δὲ οἱ ἀμφεκέχυντο 535  
 ὦμοις ἀργυφέοισι μετάφρενον ἄχρῃς ἰοῦσαι·

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἐτεόν περ of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

And writhed the smoke-wreaths blood-red, and the  
thighs

Quivering from crumbling altars fell to earth.  
Drink-offerings turned to blood, Gods' statues wept,  
And temple-walls dripped gore : along them rolled  
Echoes of groaning out of depths unseen ;  
And all the long walls shuddered : from the towers  
Came quick sharp sounds like cries of men in pain ;  
And, weirdly shrieking, of themselves slid back  
The gate-bolts. Screaming " Desolation ! " wailed  
The birds of night. Above that God-built burg  
A mist palled every star ; and yet no cloud  
Was in the flashing heavens. By Phoebus' fane  
Withered the bays that erst were lush and green.  
Wolves and foul-feeding jackals came and howled  
Within the gates. Ay, other signs untold  
Appeared, portending woe to Dardanus' sons  
And Troy : yet no fear touched the Trojans' hearts  
Who saw all through the town those portents dire :  
Fate crazed them all, that midst their revelling  
Slain by their foes they might fill up their doom.

One heart was steadfast, and one soul clear-eyed,  
Cassandra. Never her words were unfulfilled ;  
Yet was their utter truth, by Fate's decree,  
Ever as idle wind in the hearers' ears,  
That no bar to Troy's ruin might be set.  
She saw those evil portents all through Troy  
Conspiring to one end ; loud rang her cry,  
As roars a lioness that mid the brakes  
A hunter has stabbed or shot, whereat her heart  
Maddens, and down the long hills rolls her roar,  
And her might waxes tenfold ; so with heart  
Aflame with prophecy came she forth her bower.  
Over her snowy shoulders tossed her hair

ὅσσε δέ οἱ μάρμαιρεν ἀναιδέα· τῆς δ' ὑπὸ δειρή,  
 ἐξ ἀνέμων ἄτε πρέμνον, ἄδην ἐλελίζετο πάντη.  
 καὶ ῥα μέγα στονάχῃσε καὶ ἴαχε παρθένος ἐσθλή·  
 “ ἂ δειλοί, νῦν βῆμεν ὑπὸ ζόφον· ἀμφὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν 540  
 ἔμπλειον πυρὸς ἄστνυ καὶ αἵματος ἡδὲ καὶ οἴτου  
 λευγαλέου· πάντῃ δὲ τεράατα δακρυόεντα  
 ἀθάνατοι φαίνουσι, καὶ ἐν ποσὶ τέρματ' ὀλέθρου.  
 σχέτλιοι, οὐδέ τι ἴστε κακὸν μόρον, ἀλλ' ἅμα  
 πάντες

χαίρετ' ἄρ' ἀφραδέοντες, οἱ [ἡγάγετ' ἐς πόλιν αὐτοὶ  
 Ἀργείων λυγρὸν ἵππον<sup>1</sup>] ὃ γὰρ μέγα πῆμα  
 κέκευθεν. 545

ἀλλὰ μοι οὐ πείθεσθ', οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πόλλ' ἀγορεύω,  
 οὔνεκ' Ἑριννύες ἄκρα γάμου κεχολωμέναι αἰνοῦ.  
 ἀμφ' Ἑλένης, καὶ Κῆρες ἀμείλιχοι ἀΐσσουσι  
 πάντῃ ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον· ἐπ' εἰλαπίνῃ δ' ἀλεγεινῇ  
 δαίνυσθ' ὕστατα δόρπα κακῶ πεφορυγμένα λύθρῳ 550  
 ἥδη ἐπιψαύοντες ὁμῆν ὁδὸν εἰδώλοισι.”

Καί τις κερτομέων ὀλοφώϊον ἔκφατο μῦθον·  
 “ ὦ κούρη Πριάμοιο, τί ἦ νῦ σε μάργος ἀνώγει  
 γλῶσσα κακοφραδίῃ τ' ἀνεμῶλια πάντ' ἀγορεύειν;  
 οὐδέ σε παρθενικὴ καὶ ἀκήρατος ἀμφέχει αἰδώς, 555  
 ἀλλὰ σε λύσσω ὀλοὴν περιδέδρομε· τῷ νῦ σε πάντες  
 αἰὲν ἀτιμάζουσι βροτοὶ πολύμυθον ἐοῦσαν.  
 ἔρρε καὶ Ἀργείοισι κακὴν προτιόσσεο φήμην  
 ἥδ' αὐτῇ· τάχα γάρ σε καὶ ἀργαλεώτερον ἄλγος  
 μίμνει Λαοκόωντος ἀναιδέος· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν 560  
 ἀθανάτων φίλα δῶρα δαϊζέμεν ἀφραδέοντα.”

“Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Τρώων τις ἀνὰ πτόλιν· ὥς δὲ καὶ  
 ἄλλοι

κούρην μωμήσαντο καὶ οὐ φάσαν ἄρτια βάζειν,  
 οὔνεκ' ἄρα σφίσι πῆμα καὶ ἀργαλέον μένος Αἴσσης  
 ἄγχι παρειστήκει· τοὶ δ' οὐ νοέοντες ὄλεθρον 565

<sup>1</sup> Stadtmueller's suggested supplementum of lacuna,



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Streaming far down, and wildly blazed her eyes.  
Her neck writhed, like a sapling in the wind  
Shaken, as moaned and shrieked that noble maid :  
“ O wretches ! into the Land of Darkness now  
We are passing ; for all round us full of fire  
And blood and dismal moan the city is.  
Everywhere portents of calamity  
Gods show : destruction yawns before your feet.  
Fools ! ye know not your doom : still ye rejoice  
With one consent in madness, who to Troy  
Have brought the Argive Horse where ruin lurks !  
Oh, ye believe not me, though ne’er so loud  
I cry ! The Erinyes and the ruthless Fates,  
For Helen’s spousals madly wroth, through Troy  
Dart on wild wings. And ye, ye are banqueting  
there

In your last feast, on meats befouled with gore,  
When now your feet are on the Path of Ghosts ! ”

Then cried a scoffing voice an ominous word :  
“ Why doth a raving tongue of evil speech,  
Daughter of Priam, make thy lips to cry  
Words empty as wind ? No maiden modesty  
With purity veils thee : thou art compassed round  
With ruinous madness ; therefore all men scorn  
Thee, babbler ! Hence, thine evil bodings speak  
To the Argives and thyself ! For thee doth wait  
Anguish and shame yet bitterer than befell  
Presumptuous Laocoon. Shame it were  
In folly to destroy the Immortals’ gift.”

So scoffed a Trojan : others in like sort  
Cried shame on her, and said she spake but lies,  
Saying that ruin and Fate’s heavy stroke  
Were hard at hand. They knew not their own  
doom,

κείνην κερτομέοντες ἀπέτρεπον εὐρέος ἵππου·  
 ἦ γάρ οἱ μενέαινε διὰ ξύλα πάντα κεδάσσαι,  
 ἢ καταπρήσαι μαλερῶ πυρί· τοῦνεκα πεύκης  
 αἰθομένης ἔτι δαλὸν ἀπ' ἐσχαρεῶνος ἐλούσα 570  
 ἔσσυτο μαιμώωσ'· ἑτέρῃ δ' ἐν χειρὶ φέρεσκεν  
 ἀμφίτυπον βουπλήγα· λυγροῦ δ' ἐπεμαίετο ἵππου,  
 ὄφρα λόχον στονόεντα καὶ ἀμφαδὸν ἀθρήσωσι  
 Τρῶες· τοὶ δέ οἱ αἶψα χερῶν ἀπὸ νόσφι βαλόντες  
 πῦρ ὀλοὸν τε σίδηρον, ἀκηδέες ἐντύνουντο  
 δαῖτα λυγρὴν· μάλα γάρ σφας ἐπήιεν ὑστατίῃ νύξ. 575  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἔντοσθεν ἐγήθειον εἰσαῖοντες  
 δαινυμένων ὄμαδον κατὰ Ἴλιον οὐδ' ἀλεγόντων  
 Κασσάνδρης, τήν ῥ' αὐτοὶ ἐθάμβεον, ὥς ἐτέτυκτο  
 ἀτρεκέως εἰδυῖα νόον καὶ μῆτιν Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἡ δ' ἄτε πόρδαλις ἔσσυτ' ἐν οὖρεσιν ἀσχα-  
 λώωσα, 580  
 ἦν τ' ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο κύνες μογεροὶ τε νομῆες  
 σεύοντ' ἐσσυμένως, ἡ δ' ἄγριον ἦτορ ἔχουσα  
 ἐντροπαλιζομένη ἀναχάζεται τειρομένη περ·  
 ὥς ἦ γ' εὐρέος ἵππου ἀπέσσυτο τειρομένη κῆρ  
 Τρώων ἀμφὶ φόνῳ· μάλα γὰρ μέγα δέχνυτο  
 πῆμα. 585

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

And mocked, and thrust her back from that huge  
Horse :

For fain she was to smite its beams apart,  
Or burn with ravening fire. She snatched a brand  
Of blazing pine-wood from the hearth and ran  
In fury : in the other hand she bare  
A two-edged halberd : on that Horse of Doom  
She rushed, to cause the Trojans to behold  
With their own eyes the ambush hidden there.  
But straightway from her hands they plucked and  
flung

Afar the fire and steel, and careless turned  
To the feast; for darkened o'er them their last  
night.

Within the horse the Argives joyed to hear  
The uproar of Troy's feasters setting at naught  
Cassandra, but they marvelled that she knew  
So well the Achaeans' purpose and device.

As mid the hills a furious pantheress,  
Which from the steading hounds and shepherd-folk  
Drive with fierce rush, with savage heart turns back  
Even in departing, galled albeit by darts :  
So from the great Horse fled she, anguish-racked  
For Troy, for all the ruin she foreknew.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΡΙΣΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ἐδόρπεον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν  
 αὐλοὶ ὁμῶς σύριγξι μέγ' ἤπυνον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ  
 μολπὴ ἐπ' ὀρχηθμοῖσι καὶ ἄκριτος ἔσκεν αὕτῃ  
 δαινυμένων, οἷη τε πέλει παρὰ δαιτὶ καὶ οἴνῳ.  
 ὦδε δέ τις χεῖρεςσι λαβὼν ἔμπλειον ἄλεισον 5  
 πῖνεν ἀκηδέστως· βαρύθοντο δέ οἱ φρένες ἔνδον  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὀφθαλμοὶ στρεφεδίνεον· ἄλλο δ' ἐπ'  
 ἄλλῳ

ἐκ στόματος προῖεσκεν ἔπος κεκολουμένα βάζων·  
 καὶ ῥά οἱ ἐν μεγάρῳ κειμήλια καὶ δόμος αὐτὸς  
 φαίνετο κινυμένοισιν ἐοικότα· πάντα δ' ἐώλπει 10  
 ἀμφιπεριστροφᾷσθαι ἀνὰ πτόλιν· ὅσσε δ' ἄρ'  
 ἄχλὺς

ἄμφεχεν· ἀκρίτῳ γὰρ ἀμαλδύνονται ὀπωπαὶ  
 καὶ νόος αἰζηῶν, ὁπότ' ἐς φρένα χανδὸν ἵκηται·  
 καὶ ῥα καρηβαρέων τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·  
 “ἦ ῥ' ἄλιον Δαναοὶ πουλὺν στρατὸν ἐνθάδ' 15  
 ἄγειραν,

σχέτλιοι, οὐδ' ἐτέλεσαν ὅσα φρεσὶ μηχανώοντο,  
 ἀλλ' αὕτως ἀπόρουσαν ἀπ' ἄστεος ἡμετέριοιο  
 νηπιάχοις παιδεσσιν ἐοικότες ἢ γυναιξίν.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Τρώων τις ἐεργόμενος φρένας οἴνῳ,  
 νήπιος· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐφράσσατ' ἐπὶ προθύροισιν  
 ὄλεθρον. 20

## BOOK XIII

*How Troy in the night was taken and sacked with  
fire and slaughter.*

So feasted they through Troy, and in their midst  
Loud pealed the flutes and pipes : on every hand  
Were song and dance, laughter and cries confused  
Of banqueters beside the meats and wine.

They, lifting in their hands the beakers brimmed,  
Recklessly drank, till heavy of brain they grew,  
Till rolled their fluctuant eyes. Now and again  
Some mouth would babble the drunkard's broken  
words.

The household gear, the very roof and walls  
Seemed as they rocked : all things they looked on  
seemed

Whirled in wild dance. About their eyes a veil  
Of mist dropped, for the drunkard's sight is dimmed,  
And the wit dulled, when rise the fumes to the brain :  
And thus a heavy-headed feaster cried :

"For naught the Danaans mustered that great host  
Hither ! Fools, they have wrought not their intent,  
But with hopes unaccomplished from our town  
Like silly boys or women have they fled."

So cried a Trojan wit-befogged with wine,  
Fool, nor discerned destruction at the doors.

Εὖτε γὰρ ὕπνος ἔρυκεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ἄλλοθι ἄλλον  
οἴνῳ ἀναπλήθοντας ἀπειρεσίῳ καὶ ἔδωδῃ,  
δὴ τότε ἄρ' αἰθαλόεντα Σίνων ἀνὰ πυρσὸν ἄειρε  
δεικνὺς Ἀργείοισι πυρὸς σέλας. ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κῆρ  
ἄσπετα πορφύρεσκε κατὰ φρένα, μή μιν ἴδωνται 25  
Τρῶες εὖσθενέες, τάχα δ' ἀμφαδὰ πάντα γένηται·  
ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν λεχέεσι πανύστατον ὕπνον ἴαον  
πολλῷ ὑπ' ἀκρήτῳ βεβαρηότες· οἱ δ' ἐσιδόντες  
ἐκ Τενέδου νήεσσιν ἐπὶ πλόον ἐντύνοντο.

Αὐτὸς δ' ἄγχι ἵπποιο Σίνων κίεν· ἦκα δ' αὔσεν, 30  
ἦκα μάλ', ὥς μήπου τις ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι πύθεται,  
ἀλλ' οἶοι Δαναῶν ἡγήτορες, ὧν ἀπὸ νόσφιν  
ὕπνος ἄδην πεπότητο λιλαιομένων πονέεσθαι.  
οἳ ῥά οἱ ἔνδον ἔοντες ἐπέκλυνον, ἐς δ' Ὀδυσῆα  
πάντες ἐπ' οὔατ' ἔνευσαν· ὁ δέ σφεας ὀτρύνεσκεν 35  
ἦκα καὶ ἀτρεμέως ἐκβήμεναι· οἱ δ' ἐπίθοντο  
ἐς μόθον ὀτρύνοντι, καὶ ἐξ ἵπποιο χαμαῖζε  
ῶρμαινον προνέεσθαι· ὁ δ' ἰδρεῖσιν ἔρυκε  
πάντας ἄμ' ἐσσυμένους· αὐτὸς δ' ἄρα χερσὶ θοῇσιν  
ἵππου δουρατέοιο μάλ' ἀτρέμας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα 40  
πλευρὰ διεξώϊξεν εὐμμελίῃ, ὑπ' Ἐπειῷ.  
βαῖον δ' ἐξανέδν σανίδων ὕπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ  
Τρῶας παπταίνεσκεν, ἐγρηγορότ' εἶπου ἴδοιτο·  
ὥς δ' ὅταν ἀργαλέῳ λιμῷ βεβολημένος ἦτορ  
ἐξ ὀρέων ἔλθῃσι λύκος χατέων μάλ' ἔδωδῆς 45  
ποίμνης πρὸς σταθμὸν εὐρύν, ἀλενόμενος δ' ἄρα  
φῶτας

καὶ κύνας, οἳ ῥά τε μῆλα φυλασσέμεναι μεμάασι,  
βαῖνῃ ποσσὶν ἔκηλος ὑπὲρ ποιμνήιον ἔρκος·  
ὥς Ὀδυσσεὺς ἵπποιο κατήιεν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
ὄβριμοι ἄλλοι ἔποντο Πανελλήνων βασιλῆες 50  
νισσόμενοι κλίμαξι κατὰ στίχας, ἄσπερ Ἐπειὸς  
τεύξεν ἀριστήεσσιν εὖσθενέεσσι κέλευθα  
ἵππον ἐσερχομένοισι καὶ ἐξ ἵπποιο κιοῦσιν.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

When sleep had locked his fetters everywhere  
Through Troy on folk fulfilled of wine and meat,  
Then Sinon lifted high a blazing torch  
To show the Argive men the splendour of fire.  
But fearfully the while his heart beat, lest  
The men of Troy might see it, and the plot  
Be suddenly revealed. But on their beds  
Sleeping their last sleep lay they, heavy with wine.  
The host saw, and from Tenedos set sail.

Then nigh the Horse drew Sinon : softly he called,  
Full softly, that no man of Troy might hear,  
But only Achaea's chiefs, far from whose eyes  
Sleep hovered, so athirst were they for fight.  
They heard, and to Odysseus all inclined  
Their ears : he bade them urgently go forth  
Softly and fearlessly ; and they obeyed  
That battle-summons, pressing in hot haste  
To leap to earth : but in his subtlety  
He stayed them from all thrusting eagerly forth.  
But first himself with swift unfaltering hands,  
Helped of Epeius, here and there unbarred  
The ribs of the Horse of beams : above the planks  
A little he raised his head, and gazed around  
On all sides, if he haply might descry  
One Trojan waking yet. As when a wolf,  
With hunger stung to the heart, comes from the hills,  
And ravenous for flesh draws nigh the flock  
Penned in the wide fold, slinking past the men  
And dogs that watch, all keen to ward the sheep,  
Then o'er the fold-wall leaps with soundless feet ;  
So stole Odysseus down from the Horse : with him  
Followed the war-fain lords of Hellas' League,  
Orderly stepping down the ladders, which  
Epeius framed for paths of mighty men,  
For entering and for passing forth the Horse,

οἳ ῥα τότε ἄμφ' αὐτῇσι κατήιον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι,  
 θαρσαλέοις σφήκεσσιν ἐοικότες, οὓς τε κλονήσῃ 55  
 δρυτόμος, οἳ δ' ἅμα πάντες ὀρινόμενοι περὶ θυμῷ  
 ὄζου ὑπεκπροχέονται, ὅτε κτύπον εἰσαΐουσιν·  
 ὥς οἳ γ' ἐξ ἵπποιο μεμαότες ἐξεχέοντο  
 ἐς Τρώων πτολίεθρον ἐϋκτιτον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσι  
 πάλλετ' ἐνὶ στέρνοισι κέαρ \* \* \*

\* \* \* τάχα δ' οἳ μὲν ἔναιρον  
 δυσμενέας \* \* \* \*

\* τοὶ δ' ἔτ' ἔρессου ἔσω ἁλός· αἱ δ' ἐφέροντο  
 νῆες ὑπὲρ μέγα χεῦμα· Θέτις δ' ἵθυνε κέλευθα  
 οὖρον ἐπιπροΐεισα· νόος δ' ἄρ' ἰαίνειτ' Ἀχαιῶν·  
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἐλθόντες ἐπ' ἥϊνας Ἑλλησπόντου,  
 ἔνθ' αὖθις στήσαντο νέας, σὺν δ' ἄρμενα πάντα 65  
 εἶλον ἐπισταμένως, ὅσα νήεσιν αἰὲν ἔπονται.  
 αὐτοὶ δ' αἰψ' ἐκβάντες ἐς Ἴλιον ἐσσεύοντο  
 ἄβρομοι, ἥντε μῆλα ποτὶ σταθμὸν αἰτσοῦντα  
 ἐκ νομοῦ ὑλήεντος ὀπωρινὴν ὑπὸ νύκτα·  
 ὥς οἳ γ' αὐίαχοι Τρώων ποτὶ ἄστνυ νέοντο 70  
 πάντες ἀριστήεσσιν ἀρηγέμεναι μεμαῶτες.  
 οἳ δ' ὥς σμερνὰ λύκοι<sup>1</sup> λιμῷ περιπαιφάσσοντες  
 σταθμῷ ἐπιβρίσωσι κατ' οὖρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην  
 εὐδοντος μογεροῦ σημάντορος, ἄλλα δ' ἐπ' ἄλλοις  
 δάμνανθ' ἔρκεος ἐντὸς ὑπὸ κνέφας, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ<sup>2</sup> 75

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἀργαλέφ of v.

<sup>2</sup> All editors agree that there is a long lacuna here. In the translation is given a summary of what the missing lines may be conjectured to have contained.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Who down them now on this side, that side, streamed.  
As fearless wasps startled by stroke of axe  
In angry mood pour all together forth  
From the tree-bole, at sound of woodman's blow ;  
So battle-kindled forth the Horse they poured  
Into the midst of that strong city of Troy  
With hearts that leapt expectant. [With swift hands  
Snatched they the brands from dying hearths, and fired  
Temple and palace. Onward then to the gates  
Sped they,] and swiftly slew the slumbering guards,  
[Then held the gate-towers till their friends should  
come.]

Fast rowed the host the while ; on swept the ships  
Over the great flood : Thetis made their paths  
Straight, and behind them sent a driving wind  
Speeding them, and the hearts Achaean glowed.  
Swiftly to Hellespont's shore they came, and there  
Beached they the keels again, and deftly dealt  
With whatso tackling appertains to ships.  
Then leapt they aland, and hasted on to Troy  
Silent as sheep that hurry to the fold  
From woodland pasture on an autumn eve ;  
So without sound of voices marched they on  
Unto the Trojans' fortress, eager all  
To help those mighty chiefs with foes begirt.  
Now these—as famished wolves fierce-glaring round  
Fall on a fold mid the long forest-hills,  
While sleeps the toil-worn watchman, and they rend  
The sheep on every hand within the wall  
In darkness, and all round [are heaped the slain ;  
So these within the city smote and slew,  
As swarmed the awakened foe around them ; yet,  
Fast as they slew, aye faster closed on them  
Those thousands, mad to thrust them from the gates.]

αἵματι καὶ νεκύεσσιν, ὁρώρει δ' αἰνὸς ὄλεθρος,  
καίπερ ἔτι πλεόνων Δαναῶν ἔκτοσθεν ἑόντων·

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πάντες ἔβαν ποτὶ τείχεα  
Τροίης,

δὴ τότε μαιμώνωντες ἀνηλεγέως ἐσέχυντο  
ἐς Πριάμοιο πόλῃα μένος πνεύοντες Ἄρης. 80

πάν δ' εὖρον πτολίεθρον ἐνίπλειον πολέμοιο  
καὶ νεκύν· πάντῃ δὲ πυρὶ στονόεντα μέλαθρα  
καίόμεν' ἀργαλέως· μέγα δὲ φρεσὶν ἰαίνοντο.

ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέοντες ὄρουσαν·  
μαίνεται δ' ἐν μέσσοισιν Ἄρης στονόεσσα τ' Ἐννώ· 85

πάντῃ δ' αἶμα κελαινὸν ὑπέρρεε, δεύετο δὲ χθῶν  
Τρώων τ' ὀλλυμένων ἢ δ' ἄλλοδαπῶν ἐπικούρων·

τῶν οἱ μὲν θανάτῳ δεδμημένοι ὀκρυόεντι  
κεῖντο κατὰ πτολίεθρον ἐν αἵματι· τοὶ δ' ἐφύπερθε  
πίπτον ἀποπνεύοντες ἐὼν μένος· οἱ δ' ἄρα χερσὶ 90

δράγδην ἔγκατ' ἔχοντες οἷζυρῶς ἀλάληντο  
ἀμφὶ δόμους· ἄλλοι δὲ ποδῶν ἐκάτερθε κοπέντων  
ἀμφὶ νεκροὺς εἵρπυζον ἀάσπετα κωκύνοντες·

πολλῶν δ' ἐν κονίῃσι μαχέσσασθαι μεμαώτων  
χεῖρες ἀπηράχθησαν ὁμῶς κεφαλῇσι καὶ αὐτῆς· 95

φευγόντων δ' ἐτέρων μελίσαι διὰ νῶτα πέρησαν  
ἄντικρυς ἐς μαζούς, τῶν δ' ἰξύας ἄχρισ ἰκέσθαι  
αἰδοίων ἐφύπερθε διαμπερές, ἦχι μάλιστα

Ἄρεος ἀκαμάτοιο πέλει πολυνώδυνος αἰχμῇ.  
πάντῃ δ' ἀμφὶ πόλῃα κυνῶν ἀλεγεινὸς ὁρώρει 100

ὠρυθμός· στοναχὴ δὲ δαΐκταμένων αἰζιγῶν  
ἔπλετο λευγαλή· περὶ δ' ἴαχε πάντα μέλαθρα  
ἄσπετον· οἰμωγὴ δὲ πέλε στονόεσσα γυναικῶν  
εἰδομένων γεράνοισιν, ὅτ' αἰετὸν ἀθρήσωσιν

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Slipping in blood and stumbling o'er the dead  
[Their line reeled,] and destruction loomed o'er them,  
Though Danaan thousands near and nearer drew.

But when the whole host reached the walls of Troy,  
Into the city of Priam, breathing rage

Of fight, with reckless battle-lust they poured ;

And all that fortress found they full of war

And slaughter, palaces, temples, horribly

Blazing on all sides ; glowed their hearts with joy.

In deadly mood then charged they on the foe.

Ares and fell Enyo maddened there :

Blood ran in torrents, drenched was all the earth,

As Trojans and their alien helpers died.

Here were men lying quelled by bitter death

All up and down the city in their blood ;

Others on them were falling, gasping forth

Their life's strength ; others, clutching in their hands

Their bowels that looked through hideous gashes  
forth,

Wandered in wretched plight around their homes :

Others, whose feet, while yet asleep they lay,

Had been hewn off, with groans unutterable

Crawled mid the corpses. Some, who had rushed  
to fight,

Lay now in dust, with hands and heads hewn off.

Some were there, through whose backs, even as they  
fled,

The spear had passed, clear through to the breast,  
and some

Whose waists the lance had pierced, impaling them

Where sharpest stings the anguish-laden steel.

And all about the city dolorous howls

Of dogs uprose, and miserable moans

Of strong men stricken to death ; and every home

With awful cries was echoing. Rang the shrieks

Of women, like to screams of cranes, which see

ὑψόθεν αἵσσοντα δι' αἰθέρος, οὐδ' ἄρα τῇσι 105  
 θαρσαλέον στέρνοισι πέλει μένος, ἀλλὰ ἐ μῶνον  
 μακρὸν ἀνατρύζουσι φοβεύμεναι ἱερὸν ὄρνιν·  
 ὥς ἄρα Τρωιάδες μέγα κώκυν ἀλλοθεν ἄλλαι,  
 αἱ μὲν ἀνεγρόμεναι λέχεων ἄπο, ταῖ δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν  
 θρώσκουσιν· τῆς δ' οὔτι μίτρης ἔτι μέμβλετο  
 λυγρῆς, 110

ἀλλ' αὐτως ἀλάληντο περὶ μελέεσσι χιτῶνα  
 μῶνον ἐφессάμεναι· ταῖ δ' οὐ φθάσαν οὔτε  
 καλύπτρην  
 οὔτε βαθὺν μελέεσσιν ἐλεῖν πέπλον, ἀλλ' ἐπιόντας  
 δυσμενέας τρομέουσιν ἀμηχανίῃ πεπέδηντο  
 παλλόμεναι κραδίην, μῶνον δ' ἄρα χερσὶ θοῇσιν 115  
 αἰδῶ ἀπεκρύψαντο δυσάμμοροι· αἱ δ' ἀλεγεινῶς  
 ἐκ κεφαλῆς τίλλοντο κόμην καὶ στήθεα χερσὶ  
 θεινόμεναι γοάσκειν ἄδην· ἕτεραι δὲ κυδοιμὸν  
 δυσμενέων ἔτλησαν ἐναντίον, ἐκ δ' ἐλάθοντο  
 δείματος, ὄλλυμένοισιν ἀρηγέμεναι μεμαυῖαι 120  
 ἀνδράσιν ἢ τεκέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ μέγα θάρσος ἀνάγκη  
 ὤπασεν· οἰμωγὴ δ' ἀταλάφρονας ἐκβαλεν ὕπνου  
 νηπιάχους, τῶν οὔπω ἐπίστατο κήδεα θυμός·  
 ἄλλοι δ' ἀμφ' ἄλλοισιν ἀπέπνεον· οἱ δ' ἐπέχυντο  
 πῶτον ὁμῶς ὀρόωντες ὀνείρασιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ λυγραὶ 125  
 Κῆρες οἰζυρῶς ἐπεγήθεον ὄλλυμένοισιν.  
 οἱ δ' ὥς ἀφνειοῖο σύες κατὰ δώματ' ἀνακτος  
 εἰλαπίνην λαοῖσιν ἀπείριτον ἐντύνοντος  
 μυριοὶ ἐκτείνοντο· λυγρῶ δ' ἀνεμίσγετο λύθρῳ  
 οἶνος ἔτ' ἐν κρητῆρσι λελειμμένος· οὐδέ τις ἦεν, 130  
 ὃς κεν ἀνευθε φόνοιο φέρε στυγνὰ σίδηρον,  
 οὐδ' εἴ τις μαλ' ἀναλκίς ἦεν· ὀλέκοντο δὲ Τρῶες.  
 ὥς δ' ὑπὸ θῶεσι μῆλα δαΐζεται ἡ δὲ λυκοῖσι  
 καύματος ἐσσυμένοιο δυσσαέος ἡματι μέσσω



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

An eagle stooping on them from the sky,  
Which have no courage to resist, but scream  
Long terror-shrieks in dread of Zeus's bird ;  
So here, so there the Trojan women wailed,  
Some starting from their sleep, some to the ground  
Leaping : they thought not in that agony  
Of robe and zone ; in naught but tunics clad  
Distraught they wandered : others found nor veil  
Nor cloak to cast about them, but, as came  
Onward their foes, they stood with beating hearts  
Trembling, as fettered by despair, essaying,  
All-hapless, with their hands alone to hide  
Their nakedness. And some in frenzy of woe :  
Their tresses tore, and beat their breasts, and  
screamed.

Others against that stormy torrent of foes  
Recklessly rushed, insensible of fear,  
Through mad desire to aid the perishing,  
Husbands or children ; for despair had given  
High courage. Shrieks had startled from their  
sleep

Soft little babes whose hearts had never known  
Trouble—and there one with another lay  
Gasping their lives out ! Some there were whose  
dreams

Changed to a sudden vision of doom. All round  
The fell Fates gloated horribly o'er the slain.  
And even as swine be slaughtered in the court  
Of a rich king who makes his folk a feast,  
So without number were they slain. The wine  
Left in the mixing-bowls was blent with blood  
Gruesomely. No man bare a sword unstained  
With murder of defenceless folk of Troy,  
Though he were but a weakling in fair fight.  
And as by wolves or jackals sheep are torn,  
What time the furnace-breath of noon-heat

ποιμένος οὐ παρεόντος, ὅτε σκιερῷ ἐνὶ χώρῳ 135  
Ἰλαδὸν ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμῶς συναρηρότα πάντα  
μῖμνωσιν, κείνοιο γλάγος ποτὶ δῶμα φέροντος,

\* \* \* \* \*

νηδυά πλησάμενοι πολυχανδέα πάντ' ἐπιόντες  
αἷμα μέλαν πίνουσιν, ἅπαν δ' ὀλέκουσι μένοντες  
πῶϋ, κακὴν δ' ἄρα δαῖτα λυγρῷ τεύχουσι νομῇ· 140  
ὥς Δαναοὶ Πριάμοιο κατὰ πτόλιν ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ  
κτεῖνουν ἐπεσσύμενοι πυμάτην ἀνὰ δηϊοτήτα·  
οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔην Τρώων τις ἀνούτατος, ἀλλ' ἅμα  
πάντων

γναμπτὰ μέλη πεπάλακτο μελαινόμεν' αἵματι  
πολλῷ.

Οὐδὲ μὲν Ἀργείοισιν ἀνούτατος ἔπλετο δῆρις, 145  
ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν δεπάεσσι τετυμμένοι, οἱ δὲ τραπέζαις,  
οἱ δ' ἔτι καιομένοισιν ἐπ' ἐσχαρεῶνι τυπέντες  
δαλοῖς, οἱ δ' ὀβελοῖσι πεπαρμένοι ἐκπνεύεσκον,  
οἷς ἔτι πού καὶ σπλάγχνα συῶν περὶ θερμὰ  
λέλειπτο

Ἐφαίστου μαλεροῖο περιζέοντος αὐτμῇ· 150  
ἄλλοι δ' αὖ πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀξίνησι θοῇσιν  
ἥσπαιρον δμηθέντες ἐν αἵματι· τῶν δ' ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
δάκτυλοι ἐτμήθησαν, ἐπὶ ξίφος εὖτε βάλοντο  
χεῖρας ἐελδόμενοι στυγεράς ἀπὸ Κῆρας ἀμύνειν·  
καὶ πού τις βρεχμόν τε καὶ ἐγκέφαλον συνέχευε 155  
λᾶα βαλὼν ἐτάροιο κατὰ μόθον· οἱ δ' ἄτε θῆρες  
οὐτάμενοι σταθμοῖς ἐνὶ ποιμένος ἀγραύλοιο  
ἀργαλέως μαίνοντο διεγρομένοιο χόλοιο  
νύχθ' ὑπὸ λευγαλέην· μέγα δ' ἰσχανόωντες Ἄρῃος  
ἀμφὶ δόμους Πριάμοιο κυδοίμεον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον 160  
σεύοντες. πολλοὶ δὲ καὶ ἐγχείησι δάμησαν  
Ἀργείων· Τρῶες γὰρ ὅσοι φθάσαν ἐν μεγάροισιν  
ἢ ξίφος ἢ δόρυ μακρὸν ἐῆς ἀνὰ χερσὶν ἀεῖραι,  
δυσμενέας δάμναντο καὶ ὥς βεβαρηότες οἶνω.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Darts down, and all the flock beneath the shade  
Are crowded, and the shepherd is not there,  
But to the homestead bears afar their milk;  
And the fierce brutes leap on them, tear their throats,  
Gorge to the full their ravenous maws, and then  
Lap the dark blood, and linger still to slay  
All in mere lust of slaughter, and provide  
An evil banquet for that shepherd-lord;  
So through the city of Priam Danaans slew  
One after other in that last fight of all.  
No Trojan there was woundless, all men's limbs  
With blood in torrents spilt were darkly dashed.

Nor scatheless were the Danaans in the fray:  
With beakers some were smitten, with tables some,  
Thrust in the eyes of some were burning brands  
Snatched from the hearth; some died transfixed  
with spits

Yet left within the hot flesh of the swine  
Whereon the red breath of the Fire-god beat;  
Others struck down by bills and axes keen  
Gasped in their blood: from some men's hands  
were shorn

The fingers, who, in wild hope to escape  
The imminent death, had clutched the blades of  
swords.

And here in that dark tumult one had hurled  
A stone, and crushed the crown of a friend's head.  
Like wild beasts trapped and stabbed within a fold  
On a lone steading, frenziedly they fought,  
Mad with despair-enkindled rage, beneath  
That night of horror. Hot with battle-lust  
Here, there, the fighters rushed and hurtled through  
The palace of Priam. Many an Argive fell  
Spear-slain; for whatso Trojan in his halls  
Might seize a sword, might lift a spear in hand,  
Slew foes—ay, heavy though he were with wine.

Αἴγλη δ' ἄσπετος ὦρτο δι' ἄστεος, οὔνεκ' Ἰ  
Ἀχαιῶν

165

πολλοὶ ἔχον χεῖρεςσι πυρὸς σέλας, ὅφρ' ἀνὰ δῆριν  
δυσμενέας τε φίλους τε μάλ' ἀτρεκέως ὀρόωσι.

Καὶ τότε Τυδέος υἱὸς ἀνὰ μόθον ἀντιόωντα  
αἰχμητῆρα Κόροιβον ἀγανοῦ Μύγδονος υἷα  
ἐγχείῃ κοῖλοιο διὰ στομάχοιο πέρησεν,

170

ἦχι θοαὶ πόσιός τε καὶ εἰδατός εἰσι κέλευθοι.  
καὶ τὸν μὲν περὶ δουρὶ μέλας ἐκιχήσατο πότμος·  
κάππεσε δ' ἐς μέλαν αἷμα καὶ ἄλλων ἔθνεα νε-  
κρῶν,

νήπιος, οὐδ' ἀπόνητο γάμων, ὧν οὔνεχ' ἵκανε  
χθιζὸς ὑπὸ Πριάμοιο πόλιν

\* \* \* \*

καὶ ὑπέσχετ' Ἀχαιοὺς

175

Ἰλίου ἂψ ὥσαι· τῷ δ' οὐ θεὸς ἐξετέλεσσε  
ἐλπωρήν· Κῆρες γὰρ ἐπιπροέηκαν ὄλεθρον.

σὺν δέ οἱ Εὐρυδάμαντα κατέκτανεν ἀντιόωντα  
γαμβρὸν εὐμμελίην Ἀντήνορος, ὃς ῥα μάλιστα  
θυμὸν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι σαοφροσύνησι κέकाστο.

180

ἔνθα καὶ Ἰλιονῆι συνήντετο δημογέροντι,  
καὶ οἱ ἔπι ξίφος αἰνὸν ἐρύσσατο· τοῦ δ' ἄρα πάγχυ  
γηραλέου κλάσθησαν ἄδην ἐπὶ σώματι γυῖι·

καὶ ῥα περιτρομέων ἅμα χεῖρεσιν ἀμφοτέρησι  
τῇ μὲν ἄορ συνέδραξε θοόν, τῇ δ' ἤψατο γούνων  
ἀνδροφόνου ἥρωος· ὁ δ' ἐς μόθον ἐσσύμενός περ

185

ἢ χόλου ἀμβολίῃ, ἣ καὶ θεοῦ ὀτρύνοντος,  
βαιὸν ἀπέσχε γέροντος ἐὼν ξίφος, ὅφρα τι εἴπη  
λισσόμενος θοὸν ἄνδρα καὶ ὄβριμον· ὃς δ' ἄλε-  
γεινὸν

ἴαχεν ἐσσυμένως· στυγερὸν δέ μιν ἄμφεχε δεῖμα·

190

“ γουνουμαί σ', ὅτις ἐσσί πολυσθενέων Ἀργείων,  
αἰδεσαι ἀμφιπεσόντος ἐμᾶς χέρας, ἀργαλέον τε  
λῆγε χόλου· καὶ γάρ ῥα πέλει μακρὸν ἀνέρι κῦδος  
ἄνδρα νέον κτείναντι καὶ ὄβριμον· ἦν δὲ γέροντα

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Upflashed a glare unearthly through the town,  
For many an Argive bare in hand a torch  
To know in that dim battle friends from foes.

'Then Tydeus' son amid the war-storm met  
Spearman Coroebus, lordly Mygdon's son,  
And 'neath the left ribs pierced him with the lance  
Where run the life-ways of man's meat and drink ;  
So met him black death borne upon the spear :  
Down in dark blood he fell mid hosts of slain.  
Ah fool ! the bride he won not, Priam's child  
Cassandra, yea, his loveliest, for whose sake  
To Priam's burg but yesterday he came,  
And vaunted he would thrust the Argives back  
From Ilium. Never did the Gods fulfil  
His hope : the Fates hurled doom upon his head.  
With him the slayer laid Eurydamas low,  
Antenor's gallant son-in-law, who most  
For prudence was pre-eminent in Troy.  
Then met he Ilioneus the elder of days,  
And flashed his terrible sword forth. All the limbs  
Of that grey sire were palsied with his fear :  
He put forth trembling hands, with one he caught  
The swift avenging sword, with one he clasped  
The hero's knees. Despite his fury of war,  
A moment paused his wrath, or haply a God  
Held back the sword a space, that that old man  
Might speak to his fierce foe one word of prayer.  
Piteously cried he, terror-overwhelmed :  
" I kneel before thee, whosoe'er thou be  
Of mighty Argives. Oh compassionate  
My suppliant hands ! Abate thy wrath ! To slay  
The young and valiant is a glorious thing ;  
But if thou smite an old man, small renown

κτείνης, οὐ νύ τοι αἶνος ἐφέψεται εἵνεκεν ἀλκῆς· 195  
τοῦνεκ' ἐμεῦ ἄπο νόσφιν ἐς αἰζηοὺς τρέπε χεῖρας  
ἐλπόμενός ποτε γῆρας ὁμοῖον εἰσαφικέσθαι."

Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπε κραταιοῦ Τυδέος υἱός·  
"ὦ γέρον, ἔλπομ' ἔγωγ' ἐσθλὸν ποτὶ γῆρας ἰκέ-  
σθαι·

ἀλλὰ μοι ἔως ἔτι κάρτος ἀέξεται, οὔτιν' ἐάσω 200  
ἐχθρὸν ἐμῆς κεφαλῆς, ἀλλ' Ἄϊδι πάντας ἰάψω,  
οὔνεκ' ἄρ' ἐσθλὸς ἀνὴρ ὃς δῆϊον ἄνδρ' ἀπαμύνει."

Ὡς εἰπὼν λαιμοῖο διήλασε λοίγιον ἄορ  
δεινὸς ἀνὴρ· ἴθυνε δ' ὅπη θνητοῖς ἐπὶ πότμον  
ψυχῆς εἰσι τάχιστα καὶ αἵματος αἰνὰ κέλευθα· 205  
καὶ τὸν μὲν μόρος αἰνὸς ὑπέκλασε δῶθεντα  
Τυδείδαο χέρεσσιν. ὁ δ' εἰσέτι Τρῶας ἐναίρων  
ἔσσυτ' ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ἐὼ μέγα κάρτεϊ θύων·  
δάμνατο δ' ἦν Ἀβαντα· βάλεν δ' ὑπὸ δούρατι  
μακρῷ

νῖα Περιμνήστοιο περικλυτὸν Εὐρυκόωντα· 210  
Αἴας δ' Ἀμφιμέδοντα, Δαμαστορίδην δ' Ἀγα-  
μέμνων,

Ἰδομενεὺς δὲ Μίμαντα, Μέγης δ' ἔλε Δηιοπίτην.

Τῖος δ' αὖτ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀμαιμακέτῳ ὑπὸ δουρὶ  
Πάμμονα δῖον ὄλεσσε, βάλεν δ' ἐπίοντα Πολίτην,  
Ἀντίφονόν τ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι κατέκτανε, τοὺς ἅμα  
πάντας 215

νύκτας Πριάμοιο· καὶ ἀντιόωντ' ἀνὰ δῆριν  
δάμνατ' Ἀγήνορα δῖον· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνε  
ἡρώων· πάντῃ δὲ μέλας ἀνεφαίνεται ὄλεθρος  
ὀλλυμένων· ὁ δὲ πατὴρ ἐοῦ καταειμένος ἀλκὴν  
μαιμῶων ἐδάϊζεν ὅσους κίχεν· ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτῷ 220  
δυσμενέων βασιλῇ κακὰ φρονέων ἐνέκυρσεν  
Ἑρκείου ποτὶ βωμόν· ὁ δ' ὥς ἶδεν νῖ' Ἀχιλῆος,  
ἔγνω ἄφαρ τὸν εἶντα καὶ οὐ τρέσεν, οὔνεκ' ἄρ'  
αὐτὸς



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Waits on thy prowess. Therefore turn from me  
Thine hands against young men, if thou dost hope  
Ever to come to grey hairs such as mine."

So spake he ; but replied strong Tydeus' son :  
" Old man, I look to attain to honoured age ;  
But while my strength yet waxeth, will not I  
Spare any foe, but hurl to Hades all.  
The brave man makes an end of every foe."

Then through his throat that terrible warrior  
drave  
The deadly blade, and thrust it straight to where  
The paths of man's life lead by swiftest way  
Blood-paved to doom : death palsied his poor  
strength

By Diomedes' hands. Thence rushed he on  
Slaying the Trojans, storming in his might  
All through their fortress : pierced by his long spear  
Eurycoon fell, Perimnestor's son renowned.  
Amphimedon Aias slew : Agamemnon smote  
Damastor's son : Idomeneus struck down  
Mimas : by Meges Deiopites died.

Achilles' son with his resistless lance  
Smote godlike Pammon ; then his javelin pierced  
Polites in mid-rush : Antiphonus  
Dead upon these he laid, all Priam's sons.  
Agenor faced him in the fight, and fell :  
Hero on hero slew he ; everywhere  
Stalked at his side Death's black doom manifest :  
Clad in his sire's might, whomso he met he slew.  
Last, on Troy's king in murderous mood he came.  
By Zeus the Hearth-lord's altar. Seeing him,  
Old Priam knew him and quaked not ; for he  
longed

θυμὸν ἐέλδετο παισὶν ἐπὶ σφετέροισιν ὀλέσσαι·  
 τοῦνεκά μιν προσέειπε λιλαιόμενος θανέεσθαι· 225  
 “ὦ τέκος ὀβριμόθυμον εὐπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος,  
 κτείνων, μῆδ’ ἐλέαιρε δυσάμμορον· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε  
 τοῖα παθὼν καὶ τόσσα λιλαίομαι εἰσοράασθαι  
 ἡελίοιο φάος πανδερκέος, ἀλλὰ που ἤδη  
 φθειῖσθαι ὁμῶς τεκέεσσι καὶ ἐκλελαθέσθαι ἀνίης 230  
 λευγαλέης, ὁμάδου τε δυσηχέος. ὥς ὄφελόν με  
 σείο πατὴρ κατέπεφνε, πρὶν αἰθομένην ἐσιδέσθαι  
 Ἴλιον, ὅππότε ἄποινα περὶ κταμένοιο φέρεσκον  
 Ἔκτορος, ὃν μοι ἔπεφνε πατὴρ τεός· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν  
 που

Κῆρες ἐπεκλώσαντο· σὺ δ’ ἡμετέριο φόνοιο 235  
 ἅασον ὀβριμον ἦτορ, ὅπως λελάθωμ’ ὀδυνάων.”

Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν Ἀχιλλέος ὀβριμος υἱός·  
 “ὦ γέρον, ἐμμεμαῶτα καὶ ἐσσύμενόν περ ἀνώγεις·  
 οὐ γάρ σ’ ἐχθρὸν εἶντα μετὰ ζωοῖσιν ἐάσω·  
 οὐ γάρ τι ψυχῆς πέλει ἀνδράσι φίλτερον ἄλλο.” 240

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέκοψε κάρην πολιοῖο γέροντος  
 ῥηιδίως, ὥς εἴ τις ἀπὸ στάχυν ἀμήσηται  
 ληίου ἀζαλέοιο θέρευς εὐθαλπέος ὥρη.  
 ἡ δὲ μέγα μύζουσα κυλίνδετο πολλὸν ἐπ’ αἶαν  
 νόσφ’ ἄλλων μελέων, ὅπόσοις ἐγκίνυται ἀνήρ· 245  
 κείτο δ’ ἄρ’ ἐς μέλαν αἷμα καὶ εἰς ἐτέρων φόνον  
 ἀνδρῶν

\* \* \* \* \*

ὄλβῳ καὶ γενεῇ καὶ ἀπειρεσίοις τεκέεσσιν·  
 οὐ γὰρ δὴν ἐπὶ κῦδος ἀέξεται ἀνθρώποισιν,  
 ἀλλ’ ἄρα που καὶ ὄνειδος ἐπέσσυνται ἀπρότιοπτον·  
 καὶ τὸν μὲν πότμος εἶλε· κακῶν δ’ ὃ γε λήσατο  
 πάντων. 250

Οἱ δὲ καὶ Ἀστυάνακτα βάλον Δαναοὶ ταχύ-  
 πωλοι

πύργου ἀφ’ ὑψηλοῖο, φίλον δέ οἱ ἦτορ ὄλεσαν

Himself to lay his life down midst his sons ;  
 And craving death to Achilles' seed he spake :  
 " Fierce-hearted son of Achilles strong in war,  
 Slay me, and pity not my misery.  
 I have no will to see the sun's light more,  
 Who have suffered woes so many and so dread.  
 With my sons would I die, and so forget  
 Anguish and horror of war. Oh that thy sire  
 Had slain me, ere mine eyes beheld aflame  
 Ilium, had slain me when I brought to him  
 Ransom for Hector, whom thy father slew.  
 He spared me—so the Fates had spun my thread  
 Of destiny. But thou, glut with my blood  
 Thy fierce heart, and let me forget my pain."  
 Answered Achilles' battle-eager son :

" Fain am I, yea, in haste to grant thy prayer.  
 A foe like thee will I not leave alive ;  
 For naught is dearer unto men than life."

With one stroke swept he off that hoary head  
 Lightly as when a reaper lops an ear  
 In a parched cornfield at the harvest-tide.  
 With lips yet murmuring low it rolled afar  
 From where with quivering limbs the body lay  
 Amidst dark-purple blood and slaughtered men.  
 So lay he, chiefest once of all the world  
 In lineage, wealth, in many and goodly sons.  
 Ah me, not long abides the honour of man,  
 But shame from unseen ambush leaps on him  
 So clutched him Doom, so he forgot his woes.

Yea, also did those Danaan ear-lords hurl  
 From a high tower the babe Astyanax,

μητρὸς ἀφαρπάξαντες ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἔοντα  
 Ἕκτορι χωόμενοι, ἐπεὶ ἦ σφισι πῆμα κόρυσσε  
 ζωὸς ἐὼν τῷ καὶ οἱ ἀπηχθήραντο γενέθλην, 255  
 καὶ οἱ παῖδ' ἐβάλοντο καθ' ἕρκεος αἰπεινοῖο,  
 νήπιον, οὐπω δῆριν ἐπιστάμενον πολέμοιο.  
 ἤϋτε πόρτιν ὄρεσφι λύκοι χατέοντες ἐδωδῆς  
 κρημνὸν ἐς ἡχήμεντα κακοφραδίῃσι βάλονται  
 μητρὸς ἀποτμήξαντες εὐγλαγέων ἀπὸ μαζῶν, 260  
 ἡ δὲ θέῃ γοόωσα φίλον τέκος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα  
 μακρὰ κινυρομένη, τῇ δ' ἐξόπιθεν κακὸν ἄλλο  
 ἔλθῃ, ἐπεὶ ἐλέοντες ἀναρπάξωσι καὶ αὐτὴν·  
 ὥς τὴν ἀσχαλώσαν ἄδην περὶ παιδὸς ἐοῖο  
 ἦγον δῆϊοι ἄνδρες ἅμ' ἄλλης ληιάδεσσι 265  
 κούρην Ἡετίωνος ἀμύμονος αἰνὰ βοῶσαν.  
 ἡ δ' ἄρα παιδὸς ἐοῖο καὶ ἀνέρος ἡδὲ τοκῆος  
 μνησαμένη φόνον αἰνὸν εὐσφυρος Ἡετιῶνῃ  
 ὥρμηεν θανέεσθαι, ἐπεὶ βασιλεῦσιν ἄμεινον  
 τεθνάμεν ἐν πολέμῳ ἢ χείροσιν ἀμφιπολεύειν 270  
 καὶ ῥ' ὀλοφυδνὸν αὔσε μέγ' ἀχρυνμένη κέαρ ἔνδον·  
 “ εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο δέμας κατὰ τείχεος αἰνοῦ  
 ἢ κατὰ πετράων ἢ ἔσω πυρὸς αἶψα βάλεσθε,  
 Ἀργεῖοι· μάλα γάρ μοι ἀάσπετα πῆματ' ἔασι·  
 καὶ γάρ μεν πατέρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐνήρατο Πηλέος υἱὸς 275  
 Θῆβῃ ἐνὶ ζαθέῃ, Τροίῃ δ' ἐνὶ φαίδιμον ἄνδρα,  
 ὅς μοι ἔην μάλα πάντα, τά τ' ἔλδετο θυμὸς ἐμεῖο·  
 καὶ μοι κάλλιπε τυτθὸν ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἔτι παῖδα,  
 ᾧ ἐπὶ κυδιάσσκον ἀπείριτον, ᾧ ἐπὶ πολλὰ  
 ἐλπομένην ἀπάφησε κακὴ καὶ ἀτάσθαλος Αἴσα. 280  
 τῷ νύ μ' ἀκηχεμένην πολυτειρέος ἐκ βιότοιο  
 νοσφίσατ' ἐσσυμένως, μῆδ' εἰς ἐὰ δώματ' ἄγεσθε  
 μίγδα δορυκτῆτοισιν, ἐπεὶ νύ μοι οὐκέτι θυμῷ  
 εὐαδεν ἀνθρώποισι μετέμμεναι, οὐνεκα δαίμων

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Dashing him out of life. They tore the child  
 Out of his mother's arms, in wrathful hate  
 Of Hector, who in life had dealt to them  
 Such havoc ; therefore hated they his seed,  
 And down from that high rampart flung his child—  
 A wordless babe that nothing knew of war !  
 As when amid the mountains hungry wolves  
 Chase from the mother's side a suckling calf,  
 And with malignant cunning drive it o'er  
 An echoing cliff's edge, while runs to and fro  
 Its dam with long moans mourning her dear child,  
 And a new evil followeth hard on her,  
 For suddenly lions seize her for a prey ;  
 So, as she agonized for her son, the foe  
 To bondage haled with other captive thralls  
 That shrieking daughter of King Eëtion.  
 Then, as on those three fearful deaths she thought  
 Of husband, child, and father, Andromache  
 Longed sore to die. Yea, for the royally-born  
 Better it is to die in war, than do  
 The service of the thrall to baser folk.  
 All piteously the broken-hearted cried :  
 " Oh hurl my body also from the wall,  
 Or down the cliff, or cast me midst the fire,  
 Ye Argives ! Woes are mine unutterable !  
 For Peleus' son smote down my noble father  
 In Thebe, and in Troy mine husband slew,  
 Who unto me was all mine heart's desire,  
 Who left me in mine halls one little child,  
 My darling and my pride—of all mine hopes  
 In him fell merciless Fate hath cheated me !  
 Oh therefore thrust this broken-hearted one  
 Now out of life ! Hale me not overseas  
 Mingled with spear-thralls ; for my soul henceforth  
 Hath no more pleasure in life, since God hath  
 slain

κηδεμονήας ὄλεσσαν· ἄχος δέ με δέχνυται αἰνὸν 285  
ἐκ Τρώων στυγεροῖσιν ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν οἴωθεῖσαν."

Ἡ ῥα λιλαιομένη χθόνα δύμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε  
ζώεμεναι κείνοισιν, ὅσων μέγα κῦδος ὄνειδος  
ἀμφιχάνη· δεινὸν γὰρ ὑπόψιον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.  
οἱ δὲ βίῃ ἀέκουσαν ἄγον ποτὶ δούλιον ἡμαρ. 290

Ἄλλοι δ' αὐτ' ἄλλοις ἐν δώμασι θυμὸν ἔλειπον  
ἄνερες· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσι βοή πολὺδακρυς ὀρώρει·  
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐν μεγάροις Ἀντήνορος, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ  
Ἀργεῖοι μνήσαντο φιλοξενίης ἐρατεινῆς,  
ὥς ξείνισσε πάροιθε κατὰ πτόλιν ἠδ' ἐσάωσεν 295  
ἰσόθεον Μενέλαον ὁμῶς Ὀδυσῇ μολόντα·  
τῷ δ' ἐπίηρα φέροντες Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι νῆες  
αὐτὸν μὲν ζῶοντα λίπον καὶ κτῆσιν ἔασαν<sup>1</sup>  
καὶ Θέμιν ἀζόμενοι πανδερκέα καὶ φίλον ἄνδρα.

Καὶ τότε δὴ πάϊς ἐσθλὸς ἀμύμονος Ἀγχίσαιο 300  
πολλὰ καμὼν περὶ ἄστρῳ θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο  
δουρὶ καὶ ἡνорέῃ, πολλῶν δ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσας,  
ὥς ἴδε δυσμενέων ὑπὸ χεῖρεσι λευγαλέησιν  
αἰθόμενον πτολίεθρον, ἀπολλυμένους θ' ἅμα λαοὺς  
πανσυδίῃ, καὶ κτῆσιν ἀπείριτον, ἔκ τε μελάθρων 305  
ἐλκομένας ἀλόχους ἅμα παίδεσιν, οὐκέτ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ  
ἐλπωρὴν ἔχε θυμὸς ἰδεῖν εὐτειχέα πάτρην,  
ἀλλὰ οἱ ὀρμαίνεσκε νόος μέγα πῆμ' ὑπαλύξαι.  
ὥς δ' ὅθ' ἀλὸς κατὰ βένθος ἀνὴρ οἰήϊα νωμῶν  
νηὸς ἐπισταμένως ἄνεμον καὶ κῦμ' ἀλεείνων<sup>2</sup> 310  
πάντοθεν ἐσσύμενον στυγερῇ ὑπὸ χείματος ὥρῃ  
χεῖρα κάμη καὶ θυμὸν, ὑποβρυχίης δ' ἄρα νηὸς  
ὀλλυμένης ἀπάνευθε λιπῶν οἰήϊα μούνα  
τυτθὸν ἐπὶ σκάφος εἴσι, μέλει δέ οἱ οὐκέτι νηὸς  
φορτίδος· ὥς πάϊς ἐσθλὸς εὐφρονος Ἀγχίσαιο, 315

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἔασαν of v.

<sup>2</sup> Zimmermann, for ἀλεγεινὸν of MS.



My nearest and my dearest ! For me waits  
Trouble and anguish and lone homelessness ! ”

So cried she, longing for the grave ; for vile  
Is life to them whose glory is swallowed up  
Of shame : a horror is the scorn of men.  
But, spite her prayers, to thraldom dragged they her.

In all the homes of Troy lay dying men,  
And rose from all a lamentable cry,  
Save only Antenor's halls ; for unto him  
The Argives rendered hospitality's debt,  
For that in time past had his roof received  
And sheltered godlike Menelaus, when  
He with Odysseus came to claim his own.  
Therefore the mighty sons of Achaea showed  
Grace to him, as to a friend, and spared his life  
And substance, fearing Themis who seeth all.

Then also princely Anchises' noble son—  
Hard had he fought through Priam's burg that night  
With spear and valour, and many had he slain—  
When now he saw the city set aflame  
By hands of foes, saw her folk perishing  
In multitudes, her treasures spoiled, her wives  
And children dragged to thraldom from their homes,  
No more he hoped to see the stately walls  
Of his birth-city, but bethought him now  
How from that mighty ruin to escape.  
And as the helmsman of a ship, who toils  
On the deep sea, and matches all his craft  
Against the winds and waves from every side  
Rushing against him in the stormy time,  
Forspent at last, both hand and heart, when now  
The ship is foundering in the surge, forsakes  
The helm, to launch forth in a little boat,  
And heeds no longer ship and lading ; so

ἄστυ λιπὼν δηϊόισι καταιθόμενον πυρὶ πολλῷ,  
 υἷα καὶ πατέρα σφὸν ἀναρπάξας φορέεσκε,  
 τὸν μὲν ἐπὶ πλατὺν ὦμον ἐφессάμενος κρατερῇσι  
 χερσὶ πολυτλήτῳ ὑπὸ γήραϊ μοχθίζοντα,  
 τὸν δ' ἀπαλῆς ἅμα χειρὸς ἐπιψάοντα πόδεσσι 320  
 γαίης· οὐλομένου τε φοβεύμενον ἔργα μόθοιο  
 ἐξῆγεν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος· ὃς δ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης  
 ἐκρέματ' ἐμπεφυῶς ἀταλὸς πάϊς· ἀμφὶ δὲ δάκρυ  
 χεύατό οἱ ἀπαλῇσι παρηίσιν· αὐτὰρ ὁ νεκρῶν  
 σώμαθ' ὑπέρθορε πολλὰ θοοῖς ποσὶ, πολλὰ δ' ἐν

ὄρφνῃ

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οὐκ ἐθέλων στείβεσκε· Κύπρις δ' ὁδὸν ἡγεμόνευεν  
 υἱῶνδ' καὶ παῖδα καὶ ἀνέρα πῆματος αἰνοῦ  
 πρόφρων ῥυομένη· τοῦ δ' ἐσσυμένου ὑπὸ ποσσὶ  
 πάντῃ πῦρ ὑπόεικε· περισχίζοντο δ' αὐτμαὶ  
 Ἥφαιστου μαλεροῖο· καὶ ἔγχεα καὶ βέλε' ἀνδρῶν 330  
 πίπτου ἐτώσια πάντα κατὰ χθονὸς, ὅππός' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 κείνῳ ἐπέρριψαν πολέμῳ ἐνὶ δακρυόεντι.  
 καὶ τότε δὴ Κάλχας μεγάλ' ἔαχε λαὸν ἑέργων·  
 “ ἴσχεσθ' Αἰνείας κατ' ἰφθίμοιο καρῆνον  
 βάλλοντες στονόεντα βέλη καὶ λοίγια δοῦρα· 335  
 τὸν γὰρ θέσφατόν ἐστι θεῶν ἐρικυδέϊ βουλῇ  
 Θύμβριν ἐπ' εὐρυρέεθρον ἀπὸ Ξάνθοιο μολόντα  
 τευξέμεν ἱερὸν ἄστυ καὶ ἐσσομένοισιν ἀγητὸν  
 ἀνθρώποις, αὐτὸν δὲ πολυσπερέεσσι βροτοῖσι  
 κοιρανέειν· ἐκ τοῦ δὲ γένος μετόπισθεν ἀνάξειν 340  
 ἄχρῃς ἐπ' ἀντολίην τε καὶ ἀκαμάτου δύσιν ἡοῦς·  
 καὶ δ' αὐτῷ θέμις ἐστὶ μετέμμεναι ἀθανάτοισιν,  
 οὐνεκα δὴ πάϊς ἐστὶν ἐϋπλοκάμου Ἀφροδίτης.  
 καὶ δ' ἄλλως τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς ἑὰς ἀπεχώμεθα χεῖρας,  
 οὐνεκα καὶ χρυσοῖο καὶ ἄλλ' ὅσα οἱ κτέατ' ἐστίν, 345  
 ἄνδρ' ἂ σαιοῖ<sup>1</sup> φεύγοντα καὶ ἀλλοδαπὴν ἐπὶ γαίαν,

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἄλλων [lacuna] ἄλλοις ἐν κτεάτεσσιν  
 ἄνδρα σάοι of Koehly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Anchises' gallant son forsook the town  
And left her to her foes, a sea of fire.  
His son and father alone he snatched from death ;  
The old man broken down with years he set  
On his broad shoulders with his own strong hands,  
And led the young child by his small soft hand,  
Whose little footsteps lightly touched the ground ;  
And, as he quaked to see that work of death,  
His father led him through the roar of fight,  
And clinging hung on him the tender child,  
Tears down his soft cheeks streaming. But the  
man

O'er many a body sprang with hurrying feet,  
And in the darkness in his own despite  
Trampled on many. Cypris guided them,  
Earnest to save from that wild ruin her son,  
His father, and his child. As on he pressed,  
The flames gave back before him everywhere :  
The blast of the Fire-god's breath to right and left  
Was cloven asunder. Spears and javelins hurled  
Against him by the Achaeans harmless fell.  
Also, to stay them, Calchas cried aloud :  
" Forbear against Aeneas' noble head  
To hurl the bitter dart, the deadly spear !  
Fated he is by the high Gods' decree  
To pass from Xanthus, and by Tiber's flood  
To found a city holy and glorious  
Through all time, and to rule o'er tribes of men  
Far-sundered. Of his seed shall lords of earth  
Rule from the rising to the setting sun.  
Yea, with the Immortals ever shall he dwell,  
Who is son of Aphrodite lovely-tressed.  
From him too is it meet we hold our hands  
Because he hath preferred his father and son  
To gold, to all things that might profit a man

τῶν πάντων προβέβουλεν ἔδν πατέρ' ἠδὲ καὶ νῖα·  
νῦξ δὲ μί' ἡμιν ἔφηνε καὶ νῖέα πατρὶ γέροντι  
ἡπίον ἐκπάγλως καὶ ἀμεμφέα παιδὶ τοκῆα."

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἐπίθοντο καὶ ὡς θεὸν εἰσο-  
ράασκον

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πάντες· ὁ δ' ἐσσυμένως ἐξ ἄστεος οἴο βεβήκει,  
ἦχί ἐ ποιπνύοντα πόδες φέρον· οἱ δ' ἔτι Τροίης  
Ἀργεῖοι πτολίεθρον εὐκτίμενον διέπερθον.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Μενέλαος ὑπὸ ξίφει στονόοντι  
Δηΐφοβον κατέπεφνε καρηβαρέοντα κιχήσας  
ἀμφ' Ἑλένης λεχέεσσι δυσάμμορον· ἡ δ' ὑπὸ φύξῃ  
κεύθετ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν· ὁ δ' αἵματος ἐκχυμένοιο  
γῆθεεν ἀμφὶ φόνῳ· τοῖον δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

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“ὦ κύον, ὥς τοι ἔγωγε φόνον στονόοντ' ἐφέηκα  
σήμερον· οὐδέ σε διὰ κιχήσεται Ἥριγένεια  
ζῶν ἔτ' ἐν Τρώεσσι, καὶ εἰ Διὸς εὐχεαὶ εἶναι  
γαμβρὸς ἐρισμαράγοιο· μέλας δέ σε δέξατ' ὄλεθρος  
ἡμετέρης ἀλόχοιο παρὰ μεγάροισι δαμέντα  
ἀργαλέως· ὥς εἴθε καὶ οὐλομένοιο πάροιθε  
θυμὸν Ἀλεξάνδροιο κατὰ μόθον ἀντιώωντος  
νοσφισάμην· καὶ κέν μοι ἐλαφρότερον πέλεν  
ἄλγος·

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ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἤδη ἵκανε ὑπὸ ζόφον ὀκρυόεντα  
τίσας αἵσιμα πάντα· σὲ δ' οὐκ ἄρα μέλλεν ὀνήσειν  
ἡμετέρη παράκοιτις, ἐπεὶ Θέμιν οὐποτ' ἀλιτροὶ  
ἀνέρες ἐξαλέονται ἀκήρατον, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοὺς  
εἰσοράα νυκτός τε καὶ ἡματος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ  
ἀνθρώπων ἐπὶ φύλα διηερίη πεπότηται  
τινυμένη σὺν Ζηνὶ κακῶν ἐπίστορας ἔργων."

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Ὡς εἰπὼν δηΐοισιν ἀνηλέα τεῦχεν ὄλεθρον·  
μαίνεται γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ὑπὸ κραδίῃ μέγ' ἀέζων  
ζηλήμων· καὶ πολλὰ περὶ φρεσὶ θαρσαλέησι  
Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέεσκε, τὰ δὴ θεὸς ἐξετέλεσσε  
πρέσβα Δίκη· κεῖνοι γὰρ ἀτάσθαλα πρῶτοι ἔρεξαν

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## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Who fleeth exiled to an alien land.

This one night hath revealed to us a man  
Faithful to death to his father and his child."

Then hearkened they, and as a God did all  
Look on him. Forth the city hasted he  
Whither his feet should bear him, while the foe  
Made havoc still of goodly-built Troy.

Then also Menelaus in Helen's bower  
Found, heavy with wine, ill-starred Deiphobus,  
And slew him with the sword : but she had fled  
And hidden her in the palace. O'er the blood  
Of that slain man exulted he, and cried :  
" Dog ! I, even I have dealt thee unwelcome death  
This day ! No dawn divine shall meet thee again  
Alive in Troy—ay, though thou vaunt thyself  
Spouse of the child of Zeus the thunder-voiced !  
Black death hath trapped thee slain in my wife's  
bower !

Would I had met Alexander too in fight  
Ere this, and plucked his heart out ! So my grief  
Had been a lighter load. But he hath paid  
Already justice' debt, hath passed beneath  
Death's cold dark shadow. Ha, small joy to thee  
My wife was doomed to bring ! Ay, wicked men  
Never elude pure Themis : night and day  
Her eyes are on them, and the wide world through  
Above the tribes of men she floats in air,  
Holpen of Zeus, for punishment of sin."

On passed he, dealing merciless death to foes,  
For maddened was his soul with jealousy.  
Against the Trojans was his bold heart full  
Of thoughts of vengeance, which were now fulfilled  
By the dread Goddess Justice, for that theirs

ἀμφ' Ἑλένης, πρῶτοι δὲ καὶ ὄρκια πημήναντο,  
σχέτλιοι, ὅππότε κείνο διέκ μέλαν αἷμα καὶ ἱρὰ 380  
ἀθανάτων πατέοντο παραιβασίησι νόοιο·  
τῷ καὶ σφιν μετόπισθεν Ἑριννύες ἄλγεα τεῦχον·  
τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' οἱ μὲν ὄλοντο πρὸ τείχεος, οἱ δ' ἀνὰ  
ἄστρῳ

τερπόμενοι παρὰ δαιτὶ καὶ ἡυκόμοις ἀλόχοισιν.  
Ὅψέ δὲ δὴ Μενέλαος ἐνὶ μυχάτοισι δόμοιο 385  
εὗρεν ἔην παράκοιτιν ὑποτρομέουσιν ὁμοκλῆν  
ἀνδρὸς κουριδίοιο θρασύφρονος, ὅς μιν ἀθρήσας  
ὤρμηκε κτανέειν ζηλημοσύνησι νόοιο,  
εἰ μὴ οἱ κατέρυξε βίην ἐρώεσσ' Ἀφροδίτῃ,  
ἢ ῥά οἱ ἐκ χειρῶν ἔβαλε ξίφος, ἔσχε δ' ἐρωήν· 390  
τοῦ γὰρ ζῆλον ἐρεμνὸν ἀπώσατο, καὶ οἱ ἔνερθεν  
ἡδὺν ὑφ' ἡμέρον ὤρσε κατὰ φρενὸς ἡδὲ καὶ ὄσσω·  
τῷ δ' ἄρα θάμβος ἄελπτον ἐπήλυθεν· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ'  
ἔτλη

κάλλος ἰδὼν ἀρίδηλον ἐπὶ ξίφος αὐχένι κῦρσαι,  
ἀλλ' ὥστε ξύλον αὖτον ἐν οὐρεὶ ὑλῆεντι 395  
εἰστήκει, τὸ μὲν οὔτε θοαὶ βορέας θύελλαι  
ἐσσύμεναι κλονέουσι δι' ἡέρος οὔτε νότοιο·  
ὥς ὁ ταφῶν μένε δηρόν· ὑπεκλάσθη δέ οἱ ἀλκὴ  
δερκομένου παράκοιτιν· ἄφαρ δ' ὅ γε λήσατο  
πάντων,

ὅσσα οἱ ἐν λεχέεσσι παρήλιτε κουριδίοισι· 400  
πάντα γὰρ ἡμάλδυνε θεὴ Κύπρις, ἣ περ ἀπάντων  
ἀθανάτων δάμνησι νόον θνητῶν τ' ἀνθρώπων.  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς θοὸν ἄορ ἀπὸ χθονὸς αὐθις αἰείρας  
κουριδίῃ ἐπόρουσε· νόος δέ οἱ ἄλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
ὠρμᾶτ' ἐσσυμένοιο· δόλῳ δ' ἄρα θέλγεν Ἀχαιοῦς. 405  
καὶ τότε μιν κατέρυξεν ἀδελφεὸς ἰεμένον περ  
μειλιχίοις μάλα πολλὰ παραυδήσας ἐπέεσσι·  
δείδιε γὰρ μὴ δὴ σφιν ἐγώσια πάντα γένηται·



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Was that first outrage touching Helen, theirs  
That profanation of the oaths, and theirs  
That trampling on the blood of sacrifice  
When their presumptuous souls forgot the Gods.  
Therefore the Vengeance-friends brought woes on  
them

Thereafter, and some died in fighting field,  
Some now in Troy by board and bridal bower.

Menelaus mid the inner chambers found  
At last his wife, there cowering from the wrath  
Of her bold-hearted lord. He glared on her,  
Hungering to slay her in his jealous rage.  
But winsome Aphrodite curbed him, struck  
Out of his hand the sword, his onrush reined,  
Jealousy's dark cloud swept she away, and stirred  
Love's deep sweet well-springs in his heart and  
eyes.

Swept o'er him strange amazement : powerless all  
Was he to lift the sword against her neck,  
Seeing her splendour of beauty. Like a stock  
Of dead wood in a mountain forest, which  
No swiftly-rushing blasts of north-winds shake,  
Nor fury of south-winds ever, so he stood,  
So dazed abode long time. All his great strength  
Was broken, as he looked upon his wife.  
And suddenly had he forgotten all—  
Yea, all her sins against her spousal-troth ;  
For Aphrodite made all fade away,  
She who subdueth all immortal hearts  
And mortal. Yet even so he lifted up  
From earth his sword, and made as he would rush  
Upon his wife—but other was his intent,  
Even as he sprang : he did but feign, to cheat  
Achaean eyes. Then did his brother stay  
His fury, and spake with pacifying words,  
Fearing lest all they had toiled for should be lost :

“ ἴσχεο νῦν, Μενέλαε, χολούμενος· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε  
 κουριδίην παράκοιτιν ἐναιρέμεν, ἧς πέρι πολλὰ 410  
 ἄλγε’ ἀνέτλημεν Πριάμῳ κακὰ μητιόωντες·  
 οὐ γάρ τοι Ἑλένη πέλει αἰτίη, ὥς σύ γ’ ἔολπας,  
 ἀλλὰ Πάρις ξενίοιο Διὸς καὶ σείῳ τραπέζης  
 λησάμενος· τῷ καὶ μιν ἐν ἄλγεσι τίσατο δαίμων.”

Ὡς φάθ’· ὁ δ’ αἰψ’ ἐπίθησε. θεοὶ δ’ ἐρικυδέα  
 Τροίην 415

κυανέοις νεφέεσσι καλυψάμενοι γοάασκον,  
 νόσφιν εὐπλοκάμου Τριτωνίδος ἡδὲ καὶ Ἥρης.  
 αἱ μέγα κυδιάασκον ἀνὰ φρένας, εὖτ’ ἐσίδοντο  
 περθόμενον κλυτὸν ἄστρ’ ἠεὶ θεγενέος Πριάμοιο.  
 ἀλλ’ οὐ μὰν οὐδ’ αὐτὴ εὐφρων Τριτογένεια 420  
 πάμπαν ἄδακρυς ἔην, ἐπεὶ ἦ ῥά οἱ ἐνδοθι νηοῦ  
 Κασσάνδρην ἥσχυεν Ὀϊλέος ὄβριμος υἱὸς  
 θυμοῦ τ’ ἡδὲ νόοιο βεβλαμμένος· ἦ δέ οἱ αἰνὸν  
 εἰσοπίσω βάλε πῆμα καὶ ἀνέρα τίσατο λώβης·  
 οὐδὲ μὲν ἔργον αἰεὶ ἐσέδρακεν, ἀλλὰ οἱ αἰδῶς 425  
 καὶ χόλος ἀμφεχύθη· βλοσυρὰς δ’ ἔτρεψεν ὀπωπὰς  
 νηὸν ἐς ὑψόροφον· περὶ δ’ ἔβραχε θεῖον ἄγαλμα,  
 καὶ δάπεδον νηοῖο μέγ’ ἔτρεμεν· οὐδ’ ὅ γε λυγρῆς  
 λῆγεν ἀτασθαλίας, ἐπεὶ ἦ φρένας ἄασε Κύπρις.

Πάντῃ δ’ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα κατηρεῖποντο μέλαθρα 430  
 ὑψόθεν· ἄζαλέῃ δὲ κόνις συνεμίσγετο καπνῷ·  
 ὦρτο δ’ ἄρα κτύπος αἰνός, ὑπετρομέοντο δ’ ἀγνυαί·  
 καίετο δ’ Αἰνεῖο δόμος,<sup>1</sup> καίοντο δὲ πάντα  
 Ἀντιμάχοιο μέλαθρα· καταίθετο δ’ ἄσπετος ἄκρη  
 Πέργαμον ἀμφ’ ἐρατὴν περί θ’ ἱερὸν Ἀπόλλωνος  
 νηὸν τε ζάθεον Τριτωνίδος ἀμφί τε βωμὸν 435  
 Ἑρκείου· θάλαμοι δὲ κατεπρήθοντ’ ἐρατεινοὶ  
 υἱῶν ὧν Πριάμοιο πόλις δ’ ἀμαθύνετο πᾶσα.

<sup>1</sup> Two hemistichs supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

“Forbear wrath, Menelaus, now : ’twere shame  
To slay thy wedded wife, for whose sake we  
Have suffered much affliction, while we sought  
Vengeance on Priam. Not, as thou dost deem,  
Was Helen’s the sin, but his who set at naught  
The Guest-lord, and thine hospitable board ;  
So with death-pangs hath God requited him.”

Then hearkened Menelaus to his rede.

But the Gods, palled in dark clouds, mourned for  
Troy,

A ruined glory—save fair-tressed Tritonis  
And Hera : their hearts triumphed, when they saw  
The burg of god-descended Priam destroyed.  
Yet not the wise heart Triton-born herself  
Was wholly tearless ; for within her fane  
Outraged Cassandra was of Oileus son  
Lust-maddened. But grim vengeance upon him  
Ere long the Goddess wreaked, repaying insult  
With mortal sufferance. Yea, she would not look  
Upon the infamy, but clad herself  
With shame and wrath as with a cloak : she turned  
Her stern eyes to the temple-roof, and groaned  
The holy image, and the hallowed floor  
Quaked mightily. Yet did he not forbear  
His mad sin, for his soul was lust-distraught.

Here, there, on all sides crumbled flaming homes  
In ruin down : scorched dust with smoke was blent :  
Trembled the streets to the awful thunderous crash.  
Here burned Aeneas’ palace, yonder flamed  
Antimachus’ halls : one furnace was the height  
Of fair-built Pergamus ; flames were roaring round  
Apollo’s temple, round Athena’s fane,  
And round the Hearth-lord’s altar : flames licked up  
Fair chambers of the sons’ sons of a king ;  
And all the city sank down into hell.

Τρῶες δ' οἱ μὲν παισὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων ὀλέκοντο,  
 οἱ δ' ὑπὸ λευγαλέου τε πυρὸς σφετέρων τε  
 μελάθρων,  
 ἔνθα σφιν καὶ μοῖρα κακὴ καὶ τύμβος ἐτύχθη, 440  
 ἄλλοι δὲ ξιφέεσσιν ἐὼν διὰ λαιμὸν ἔλασσαν  
 πῦρ ἅμα δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπὶ προθύροισιν ἰδόντες,  
 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ὁμῶς τεκέεσσι κατακτείναντες ἄκοιτιν  
 κάππεσον ἄσχετον ἔργον ἀναπλήσαντες ἀνάγκη.  
 καὶ ῥά τις οἴομενος δηῖων ἐκὰς ἔμμεν' αὐτὴν 445  
 ἔκποθεν Ἑφαίστοιο θοῶς ἀνὰ κάλπιν αἰείρας  
 ὥρμηεν πονέεσθαι ἐφ' ὕδατι· τὸν δὲ παραφθὰς  
 Ἀργείων τις ἔτυψεν ὑπ' ἔγχει καὶ οἱ ὄλεσσε  
 θυμὸν ὑπ' ἀκρήτῳ βεβαρημένον· ἥριπε δ' εἴσω  
 δώματος· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κενεὴ περικάππεσε κάλπις. 450  
 ἄλλω δ' αὖ φεύγουσι διὰ μεγάροιο μεσόδμῃ  
 ἔμπεσε καιομένη, ἐπὶ δ' ἥριπεν αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.  
 πολλαὶ δ' αὖτε γυναῖκες ἀνιερὴν ἐπὶ φύζαν  
 ἐσσύμεναι μνήσαντο φίλων ὑπὸ δώματι παίδων,  
 οὓς λίπον ἐν λεχέεσσιν· ἄφαρ δ' ἀνὰ ποσσὶν  
 ἰοῦσαι 455  
 παισὶν ὁμῶς ἀπόλοντο δόμων ἐφύπερθε πεσόντων.  
 ἵπποι δ' αὖτε κύνες τε δι' ἄστεος ἐπτοίηντο  
 φεύγοντες στυγεροῖο πυρὸς μένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ  
 στεῖβον ἀποκταμένους, ζωῶσι δὲ πῆμα φέροντες  
 αἰὲν ἐνερρήγνυντο.<sup>1</sup> βοὴ δ' ἀμφίαχεν ἄστυ. 460  
 καὶ τινος αἰζηοῖο διὰ φλογὸς ἐσσυμένοιο  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 φθεγγομένου· τοὺς δ' ἔνδον ἀμείλιχος Αἴσα δά-  
 μασσεν·  
 ἄλλον δ' ἄλλα κέλευθα φέρον στονόεντος ὀλέθρου.  
 φλόξ δ' ἄρ' ἐς ἡέρα δῖαν ἀνέγρετο· πέπτατο δ'  
 αἴγλη  
 ἄσπετος· ἀμφὶ δὲ φύλα περικτιόνων ὀρόωντο 465

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, ex P, for ἐπερρώοντο of Koechly.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Of Trojans some by Argos' sons were slain,  
Some by their own roofs crashing down in fire,  
Giving at once ill death and tomb to them :  
Some in their own throats plunged the steel, when  
foes

And fire were in the porch together seen :  
Some slew their wives and children, and flung them-  
selves

Dead on them, when despair had done its work  
Of horror. One, who deemed the foe afar,  
Caught up a vase, and, fain to quench the flame,  
Hasted for water. Leapt unmarked on him  
An Argive, and his spirit, heavy with wine,  
Was thrust forth from the body by the spear.  
Clashed the void vase above him, as he fell  
Backward within the house. As through his hall  
Another fled, the burning roof-beam crashed  
Down on his head, and swift death came with it.  
And many women, as in frenzied flight  
They rushed forth, suddenly remembered babes  
Left in their beds beneath those burning roofs :  
With wild feet sped they back—the house fell in  
Upon them, and they perished, mother and child.  
Horses and dogs in panic through the town  
Fled from the flames, trampling beneath their feet  
The dead, and dashing into living men  
To their sore hurt. Shrieks rang through all the  
town.

In through his blazing porchway rushed a man  
To rescue wife and child. Through smoke and flame  
Blindly he groped, and perished while he cried  
Their names, and pitiless doom slew those within.

The fire-glow upward mounted to the sky,  
The red glare o'er the firmament spread its wings,  
And all the tribes of folk that dwelt around

μέχρις ἐπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ὑψηλὰ κάρηνα  
 Θρηκίης τε Σάμοιο καὶ ἀγχιάλου Τενέδοιο·  
 καὶ τις ἄλὸς κατὰ βένθος ἔσω νεὸς ἔκφατο μῦθον·  
 “ ἦνυσαν Ἀργεῖοι κρατερόφρονες ἄσπετον ἔργον  
 πολλὰ μάλ' ἀμφ' Ἑλένης ἐλικοβλεφάριοι κα-  
 μόντες,

470

πᾶσα δ' ἄρ' ἡ τὸ πάροιθε πανόλβιος ἐν πυρὶ Τροίῃ  
 καίεται· οὐδὲ θεῶν τις ἐελδομένοισιν ἄμυνε·  
 πάντα γὰρ ἄσχετος Αἴσα βροτῶν ἐπιδέρκεται  
 ἔργα·

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀκλέα πολλὰ καὶ οὐκ ἀρίδηλα γεγῶτα  
 κυδῆεντα τίθησι, τὰ δ' ὑψόθι μείον ἔθηκε·  
 πολλάκι δ' ἐξ ἀγαθοῖο πέλει κακόν, ἐκ δὲ κακοῖο  
 ἐσθλὸν ἀμειβομένοιο πολυτλήτου βιότοιο.”

475

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη μερόπων τις ἀπόπροθεν ἄσπετον  
 αἶγλην

εἰσορόων· στονόεσσα δ' ἔτ' ἄμφεχε Τρῶας οἰζύς·  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἀνὰ ἄστνυ κυδοίμεον, ἧῦτ' ἀῆται

480

λάβροι ἀπείρουνα πόντον ὀρινόμενοι κλονέουσιν,  
 ὀππότε ἄρ' ἀντιπέρηθε δυσαέος Ἀρκτούριοι  
 βηλὸν ἐς ἀστερόεντα Θυτήριον ἀντέλλησιν  
 ἐς νότον ἡερόεντα τετραμμένον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
 πολλαὶ ὑπόβρυχα νῆες ἀμαλδύνοντ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ  
 ὀρνυμένων ἀνέμων· τοῖς εἵκελοι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν  
 πόρθεον Ἴλιον αἰπύ· τὸ δ' ἐν πυρὶ καίετο πολλῶ.

485

ἧῦτ' ὄρος λασίησιν ἄδην καταείμενον ὕλης  
 ἐσσυμένως καίηται ὑπαὶ πυρὸς ὀρνυμένοιο  
 ἐξ ἀνέμων, δολιχαὶ δὲ περιβρομέουσι κολῶναι,  
 τῷ δ' ἄρα λευγαλέως ἐνιτείρεται ἄγρια πάντα  
 Ἥφαίστοιο βίηφι περιστρεφθέντα καθ' ὕλην·

490

ὥς Τρῶες κτείνοντο κατὰ πτόλιν· οὐδέ τις αὐτοὺς  
 ῥύετ' ἐπουρανίων· περὶ γὰρ λῖνα πάντοθε Μοῖραι  
 μακρὰ περιστήσαντο, τά περ βροτὸς οὐποτ' ἄλυξε.

495



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Beheld it, far as Ida's mountain-crests,  
And sea-girt Tenedos, and Thracian Samos.  
And men that voyaged on the deep sea cried :  
" The Argives have achieved their mighty task  
After long toil for star-eyed Helen's sake.  
All Troy, the once queen-city, burns in fire :  
For all their prayers, no God defends them now ;  
For strong Fate oversees all works of men,  
And the renownless and obscure to fame  
She raises, and brings low the exalted ones.  
Oft out of good is evil brought, and good  
From evil, mid the travail and change of life."

So spake they, who from far beheld the glare  
Of Troy's great burning. Compassed were her folk  
With wailing misery : through her streets the foe  
Exulted, as when madding blasts turmoil  
The boundless sea, what time the Altar ascends  
To heaven's star-pavement, turned to the misty south  
Overagainst Arcturus tempest-breathed,  
And with its rising leap the wild winds forth,  
And ships full many are whelmed 'neath ravening  
seas ;

Wild as those stormy winds Achaea's sons  
Ravaged steep Ilium while she burned in flame.  
As when a mountain clothed with shaggy woods  
Burns swiftly in a fire-blast winged with winds,  
And from her tall peaks goeth up a roar,  
And all the forest-children this way and that  
Rush through the wood, tormented by the flame ;  
So were the Trojans perishing : there was none  
To save, of all the Gods. Round these were staked  
The nets of Fate, which no man can escape.

Καὶ τότε Δημοφώντι μενεπτολέμῳ τ' Ἀκά-  
μαντι

Θησῆος μέγαλοιο δι' ἄστεος ἦντετο μήτηρ  
Λίθρῃ ἐελδομένη· μακάρων δέ τις ἡγεμόνευεν,  
ὅς μιν ἄγεν κείνοισι καταντίον· ἥ δ' ἀλάλукτο  
φεύγουσ' ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ ἐκ πυρός· οἱ δ' ἐσ-  
ιδόντες

500

αἴγλῃ ἐν Ἡφαίστοιο δέμας μέγεθός τε γυναικὸς  
αὐτὴν ἔμμεν ἔφαντο θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο  
ἀντιθέην παράκοιτιν· ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἐμμεμαῶτες  
χεῖρας ἐπερρίψαντο λιλαιόμενοί μιν ἄγεσθαι  
ἐς Δαναούς· ἥ δ' αἶνὸν ἀναστενάχουσα μετηύδα· 505  
“μή νύ με, κύδιμα τέκνα φιλοπτολέμων Ἀργείων,  
δήϊον ὥς ἐρύοντες ἕας ἐπὶ νῆας ἄγεσθε·  
οὐ γὰρ Τρωιάδων γένος εὖχομαι, ἀλλὰ μοι ἐσθλὸν  
αἶμα πέλει Δαναῶν μάλ' εὖκλεές, οὐνεκα Πιτθεὺς  
γείνατό μ' ἐν Τροίῃ· γάμῳ δ' ἐδνώσατο δῖος 510  
Αἰγεύς· ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ἐμείο κλυτὸς πάϊς ἔπλετο  
Θησεύς.

ἀλλὰ με, πρὸς μέγαλοιο Διός, τερπνῶν τε τοκῆων,  
εἰ ἐτεὸν Θησῆος ἀμύμονος ἐνθάδ' ἵκοντο  
νῆες ἅμ' Ἀτρεΐδῃσι, φίλοις παίδεσσιν ἐκείνου  
δείξατ' ἐελδομένοισι κατὰ στρατόν, οὓς περ οἶω 515  
ὑμῖν ὁμήλικας ἔμμεν· ἀναπνεύσει δέ μεν ἦτορ,  
ἦν κείνους ζῶοντας ἴδω καὶ ἀριστέας ἅμφω.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' αἶοντες ἐοῦ μνήσαντο τοκῆος,  
ἀμφ' Ἑλένης ὅσ' ἔρεξε, καὶ ὥς διέπερσαν Ἀφίδνας  
κοῦροι ἐριγδούποιο Διὸς πάρος, ὅππότε ἄρ' αὐτοὺς 520  
ὑσμίνης ἀπάνευθεν ἀπεκρύψαντο τιθῆναι  
νηπιάρχους ἔτ' ἐόντας· ἀνεμνήσαντο δ' ἀγαυῆς  
Αἰθρης, ὅσση ἐμόγησε δορυκτῆτῳ ὑπ' ἀνάγκῃ,  
ἅμφω ὁμῶς ἐκυρή τε καὶ ἀμφίπολος γεγαυῖα  
ἀντιθέης Ἑλένης· σὺν δ' ἀμφασίῃ κεχάροντο. 525  
Δημοφῶν δέ μιν ἡὺς ἐελδομένην προσέειπεν·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Then were Demophoon and Acamas  
By mighty Theseus' mother Aethra met.  
Yearning to see them was she guided on  
To meet them by some Blessed One, the while  
'Wildered from war and fire she fled. They saw  
In that red glare a woman royal-tall,  
Imperial-moulded, and they weened that this  
Was Priam's queen, and with swift eagerness  
Laid hands on her, to lead her captive thence  
To the Danaans ; but piteously she moaned :  
" Ah, do not, noble sons of warrior Greeks,  
To your ships hale me, as I were a foe !  
I am not of Trojan birth : of Danaans came  
My princely blood renowned. In Troezen's halls  
Pittheus begat me, Aegeus wedded me,  
And of my womb sprang Theseus glory-crowned.  
For great Zeus' sake, for your dear parents' sake,  
I pray you, if the seed of Theseus came  
Hither with Atreus' sons, O bring ye me  
Unto their yearning eyes. I trow they be  
Young men like you. My soul shall be refreshed  
If living I behold those chieftains twain."

Hearkening to her they called their sire to mind,  
His deeds for Helen's sake, and how the sons  
Of Zeus the Thunderer in the old time smote  
Aphidnae, when, because these were but babes,  
Their nurses hid them far from peril of fight ;  
And Aethra they remembered—all she endured  
Through wars, as mother-in-law at first, and thrall  
Thereafter of Helen. Dumb for joy were they,  
Till spake Demophoon to that wistful one :

“ σοὶ μὲν δὴ τελέουσι θεοὶ θυμηδὲς ἐέλδωρ  
αὐτίκ’, ἐπεὶ ῥα δέδορκας ἀμύμονος νιέος νῆας  
ἡμέας, οἳ σε φίλης συναειράμενοι παλάμῃσιν  
οἴσομεν ἐς νῆας, καὶ ἐς Ἑλλάδος ἱερὸν οὐδας 530  
ἄξομεν ἀσπασίως, ὅθι περ πάρος ἐμβασίλευες.”

Ὡς φάμενον μέγαλοιο πατρὸς προσπτύξατο  
μήτηρ  
χείρεσιν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα, κύσεν δέ οἱ εὐρέας ὦμους  
καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα γένειά τε λαχνήεντα·  
ὥς δ’ αὐτῶς Ἀκάμαντα κύσεν, περὶ δέ σφισι  
δάκρυ 535

ἡδὺ κατὰ βλεφάροισιν ἐχέυατο μυρομένοισιν·  
ὥς δ’ ὁπότε αἰζηοῖο μετ’ ἀλλοδαποῖσιν ἐόντος  
λαοὶ φημίξωσι μόρον, τὸν δ’ ἔκποθεν νῆες  
ὑστερον ἀθρήσαντες ἐς οἰκία νοστήσαντα  
κλαίουσιν μάλα τερπνόν· ὁ δ’ ἔμπαλι παισὶ καὶ  
αὐτὸς 540

μύρεται ἐν μεγάροισιν ἐπωμαδόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δῶμα  
ἡδὺ κινυρομένων γοερὴ περιπέπτατ’ ἰωή·  
ὥς τῶν πυρομένων λαρὸς γόος ἀμφιδεδέη.

Καὶ τότε που Πριάμοιο πολυκτῆτοιο θύγατρα  
Λαοδίκην ἐνέπουνσιν ἐς αἰθέρα χεῖρας ὀρέξαι 545  
εὐχομένην μακάρεσσιν ἀτειρέσιν, ὅφρα ἔ γαῖα  
ἀμφιχάνῃ, πρὶν χεῖρα βαλεῖν ἐπὶ δούλια ἔργα.  
τῆς δὲ θεῶν τις ἄκουσε καὶ αὐτίκα γαῖαν ἐνερθεν  
ῥῆξεν ἀπειρεσίην· ἡ δ’ ἐννεσίῃσι θεοῖο  
κούρην δέξατο διὰν ἔσω κοῖλοιο βερέθρου, 550

Ἰλίου ὀλλυμένης, ἧς εἵνεκά φασι καὶ αὐτὴν  
Ἥλέκτρην βαθύπεπλον ἐὼν δέμας ἀμφικαλύψαι  
ἀχλύϊ καὶ νεφέεσσιν ἀποιχομένην χοροῦ ἄλλων  
Πληιάδων, αἱ δὴ οἱ ἀδελφειαὶ γεγάασιν·  
ἀλλ’ αἱ μὲν μογεροῖσιν ἐπόψαι ἀνθρώποισιν 555  
ἰλαδὸν ἀντέλλουσιν ἐς οὐρανόν· ἡ δ’ ἄρα μούνη  
κεύθεται αἰὲν ἄϊστος, ἐπεὶ ῥα οἱ νιέος ἐσθλοῦ  
564

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

“ Even now the Gods fulfil thine heart’s desire :  
We whom thou seest are the sons of him,  
Thy noble son : thee shall our loving hands  
Bear to the ships : with joy to Hellas’ soil  
Thee will we bring, where once thou wast a queen.”

Then his great father’s mother clasped him round  
With clinging arms : she kissed his shoulders broad,  
His head, his breast, his bearded lips she kissed,  
And Acamas kissed withal, the while she shed  
Glad tears on these who could not choose but weep.  
As when one tarries long mid alien men,  
And folk report him dead, but suddenly  
He cometh home : his children see his face,  
And break into glad weeping ; yea, and he,  
His arms around them, and their little heads  
Upon his shoulders, sobs : echoes the home  
With happy mourning’s music-beating wings ;  
So wept they with sweet sighs and sorrowless moans.

Then, too, affliction-burdened Priam’s child,  
Laodice, say they, stretched her hands to heaven,  
Praying the mighty Gods that earth might gape  
To swallow her, ere she defiled her hand  
With thralls’ work ; and a God gave ear, and rent  
Deep earth beneath her : so by Heaven’s decree  
Did earth’s abysmal chasm receive the maid  
In Troy’s last hour. Electra’s self withal,  
The Star-queen lovely-robed, shrouded her form  
In mist and cloud, and left the Pleiad-band,  
Her sisters, as the olden legend tells.  
Still riseth up in sight of toil-worn men  
Their bright troop in the skies ; but she alone  
Hides viewless ever, since the hallowed town

Δαρδάνου ἱερὸν ἄστυ κατήριπεν· οὐδέ οἱ αὐτὸς  
 Ζεὺς ὕπατος χραίσμησεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, οὐνεκα  
 Μοίραις

εἵκει καὶ μεγάλοιο Διὸς μένος· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν που 560  
 ἀθανάτων τάχ' ἔρεξεν ἐὺς νόος, ἥ καὶ αὐταί.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἔτι θυμὸν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ὄρινον  
 πάντη ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον· Ἔρις δ' ἔχε πείρατα  
 χάρμης.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for οὐκί of v.

<sup>2</sup> Verse supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Of her son Dardanus in ruin fell,  
When Zeus most high from heaven could help her  
not,

Because to Fate the might of Zeus must bow ;  
And by the Immortals' purpose all these things  
Had come to pass, or by Fate's ordinance.

Still on Troy's folk the Argives wreaked their  
wrath,  
And battle's issues Strife Incarnate held.

## ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ.

Καὶ τότε ἅπ' Ὀκεανοῖο θεὰ χρυσόθρονος Ἡὼς  
οὐρανὸν εἰσανόρουσε· χάος δ' ὑπεδέξατο νύκτα.  
οἱ δὲ βίη Τροίην εὐερκέα δηώσαντο

Ἀργεῖοι καὶ κτήσιν ἀπείρονα λήισσαντο,  
χειμάρροις ποταμοῖσιν ἐοικότες, οἳ τε φέρονται 5  
ἐξ ὀρέων καναχηδὸν ὀρινομένου ὑετοῖο,  
πολλὰ δὲ δένδρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὀππόσα φύετ'  
ὄρεσφιν

αὐτοῖς σὺν πρόνεσσιν ἔσω φορέουσι θαλάσσης·  
ὥς Δαναοὶ πέρσαντες ὑπαὶ πυρὶ Τρώιον ἄστν  
κτῆματα πάντα φέρεσκον ἐϋσκάρθμους ἐπὶ νῆας. 10  
σὺν δ' ἄρα Τρωιάδας καταγίνεον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλας,  
τὰς μὲν ἔτ' ἀδμήτας καὶ νηίδας οἷο γάμοιο,  
τὰς δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' αἰζηοῖσι νέον φιλότῃτι δαμείσας,  
ἄλλας δ' αὖ πολιοπλοκάμους, ἐτέρας δ' ἄρ' ἐκεί-  
νων

ὀπλοτέρας, ὧν παῖδας ἀπειρύσαντ' ἀπὸ μαζῶν 15  
ὑστάτιον χεῖλεσσι γλάγος περιμαιμώωντας.

Τοῖσιν δὲ Μενέλαος ἐνὶ μέσσοισι καὶ αὐτὸς  
ἦγεν ἐὼν παράκοιτιν ἅπ' ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο  
ἐξανύσας μέγα ἔργον· ἔχεν δέ ἐ χάρμα καὶ αἰδώς.  
Κασσάνδρην δ' ἄγε διὰν εὐμμελῆς Ἀγαμέμνων· 20  
Ἀνδρομάχην δ' Ἀχιλῆος εὖς παῖς· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσ-  
σεὺς

εἶλκε βίη Ἑκάβην· τῆς δ' ἀθρόα δάκρυ' ἅπ' ὄσσων

## BOOK XIV.

*How the conquerors sailed from Troy unto judgment of  
tempest and shipwreck.*

THEN rose from Ocean Dawn the golden-throned  
Up to the heavens ; night into Chaos sank.  
And now the Argives spoiled fair-fencèd Troy,  
And took her boundless treasures for a prey.  
Like river-torrents seemed they, that sweep down,  
By rain-floods swelled, in thunder from the hills,  
And seaward hurl tall trees and whatsoe'er  
Grows on the mountains, mingled with the wreck  
Of shattered cliff and crag ; so the long lines  
Of Danaans who had wasted Troy with fire  
Seemed, streaming with her plunder to the ships.  
Troy's daughters therewithal in scattered bands  
They haled down seaward—virgins yet unwed,  
And new-made brides, and matrons silver-haired,  
And mothers from whose bosoms foes had torn  
Babes for the last time closing lips on breasts.

Amidst of these Menelaus led his wife  
Forth of the burning city, having wrought  
A mighty triumph—joy and shame were his.  
Cassandra heavenly-fair was haled the prize  
Of Agamemnon : to Achilles' son  
Andromache had fallen : Hecuba  
Odysseus dragged unto his ship. The tears

πίδακος ὥς ἐχέοντο· περιτρομέεσκε δὲ γυῖα,  
 καὶ κραδίη ἀλάλукτο φόβῳ, δεδάϊκτο δὲ χαίτας  
 κράατος ἐκ πολιοῖο· τέφρῃ δ' ἐπεπέπτατο πολλή, 25  
 τήν που ἀπ' ἐσχαρεῶνος ἄδην κατεχεύατο χερσὶν  
 ὀλλυμένον Πριάμοιο καὶ ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο·  
 καὶ ῥα μέγα στονάχιζεν, ὅτ' ἄμφεχε δούλιον ἡμαρ  
 μὰ ψ ἀεκαζομένην· ἕτερος δ' ἐτέρην γοόωσαν  
 ἦγεν Τρωιάδων σφετέρας ἐπὶ νῆας ἀνάγκη· 30  
 αἱ δ' ἀδινὸν γοόωσαι ἀνίαχον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαι  
 νηπιάχοις ἅμα παισὶ κινυρόμεναι μάλα λυγρῶς·  
 ὥς δ' ὅπότη' ἀργιόδουσιν ὁμῶς συσὶ νήπια τέκνα  
 σταθμοῦ ἀπὸ προτέροιο ποτὶ σταθμὸν ἄλλον  
 ἄγωσιν

ἄνερες ἐγρομένῳ ὑπὸ χείματι, τοὶ δ' ἀλεγεινὸν 35  
 μίγδα περιτρύζουσι διηνεκὲς ἀλλήλοισιν·  
 ὥς Τρῳαὶ Δαναοῖσιν ὑπ' ἐστενάχοντο δαμείσαι·  
 ἴσῃν δ' αὖ καὶ ἄνασσα φέρεν καὶ δμῶις ἀνάγκην.  
 Ἄλλ' οὐ μὰν Ἑλένην γόος ἄμφεχεν· ἀλλὰ οἱ  
 αἰδῶς

ὄμμασι κυανέοισιν ἐφίζανε, καὶ οἱ ὕπερθεν 40  
 καλὰς ἀμφερύθηκε παρηίδας· ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ  
 ἄσπετα πορφύρεσκε κατὰ φρένα, μὴ ἐκιοῦσαν  
 κυανέας ἐπὶ νῆας ἀεικίσσωνται Ἀχαιοί·  
 τοῦνεχ' ὑποτρομέουσα φίλῳ περιπάλλετο θυμῷ.  
 καὶ ῥα καλυψαμένη κεφαλὴν ἐφύπερθε καλύπτρη 45  
 ἔσπετο νισσομένοιο κατ' ἵχνιον ἀνδρὸς ἐοῖο  
 αἰδοῖ πορφύρουσα παρήιον, ἥ ὕτε Κύπρις,  
 εὖτέ μιν Οὐρανίῳνες ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν Ἄρηος  
 ἀμφαδὸν εἰσενόησαν ἐὼν λέχος αἰσχύνουσαν  
 δεσμοῖς ἐν θαμινοῖσι δαήμονος Ἡφαίστοιο, 50  
 τοῖς ἐνὶ κείτ' ἀχέουσα περὶ φρεσὶν αἰδομένη τε  
 ἰλαδὸν ἀγρομένων μακάρων γένος ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν  
 Ἡφαιστον· δεινὸν γὰρ ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἀκοίτεω  
 ἀμφαδὸν εἰσοράασθαι ἐπ' αἰσχεῖ θηλυτέρῃοι.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Poured from her eyes as water from a spring ;  
Trembled her limbs, fear-frenzied was her heart ;  
Rent were her hoary tresses and besprent  
With ashes of the hearth, cast by her hands  
When she saw Priam slain and Troy aflame.  
And aye she deeply groaned for thralldom's day  
That trapped her vainly loth. Each hero led  
A wailing Trojan woman to his ship.  
Here, there, uprose from these the wild lament,  
The woeful-mingling cries of mother and babe.  
As when with white-tusked swine the herdmen  
drive

Their younglings from the hill-pens to the plain  
As winter closeth in, and evermore  
Each answereth each with mingled plaintive cries ;  
So moaned Troy's daughters by their foes enslaved,  
Handmaid and queen made one in thralldom's lot.

But Helen raised no lamentation : shame  
Sat on her dark-blue eyes, and cast its flush  
Over her lovely cheeks. Her heart beat hard  
With sore misgiving, lest, as to the ships  
She passed, the Achaeans might mishandle her.  
Therefore with fluttering soul she trembled sore ;  
And, her head darkly mantled in her veil,  
Close-following trod she in her husband's steps,  
With cheek shame-crimsoned, like the Queen of  
Love,

What time the Heaven-abiders saw her clasped  
In Ares' arms, shaming in sight of all  
The marriage-bed, trapped in the myriad-meshed  
Toils of Hephaestus : tangled there she lay  
In agony of shame, while thronged around  
The Blessed, and there stood Hephaestus' self :  
For fearful it is for wives to be beheld  
By husbands' eyes doing the deed of shame.

τῇ Ελένῃ εἰκυῖα δέμας καὶ ἀκήρατον αἰδῶ 55  
 ἦε σὺν Τρωῆσι δορυκτῆτοισι καὶ αὐτῇ  
 νῆας ἔπ' Ἀργείων εὐήρεας· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
 θάμβεον ἀθρήσαντες ἀμωμήτοιο γυναικὸς  
 ἀγλατῆν καὶ κάλλος ἐπήρατον· οὐδέ τις ἔτλη  
 κείνην οὔτε κρυφῆδὸν ἐπεσβολίῃσι χαλέψαι, 60  
 οὔτ' οὖν ἀμφαδίην, ἀλλ' ὥς θεὸν εἰσορόωντο  
 ἀσπασίως· πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐέλδομένοισι φαάνθη.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀλωομένοισι δι' ἀκαμάτοιο θαλάσσης  
 πατρίς ἐῖ μετὰ δηρὸν ἐέλδομένοισι φανείη,  
 οἱ δὲ καὶ ἐκ πόντοιο καὶ ἐκ θανάτοιο φυγόντες 65  
 πάτρῃ χειρ' ὀρέγουσι γεγηθότες ἄσπετα θυμῷ·  
 ὥς Δαναοὶ περὶ πάντες ἐγήθεον· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτοῖς  
 μνήστis ἦν καμάτοιο δυσαλγέος οὐδὲ κυδοιμοῦ·  
 τοῖον γὰρ Κυθήρεια νόον ποιήσατο πάντων  
 ἦρα φέρουσ' Ἑλένῃ ἐλικώπιδι καὶ Διὶ πατρί. 70  
 Καὶ τότε ἄρ', ὥς ἐνόησε φίλον δεδαῖγμένον ἄστν  
 Ξάνθος ἔθ' αἵματόεντος ἀναπνεύων ὀρυμαγδοῦ  
 μύρετο σὺν Νύμφῃσιν, ἐπεὶ κακὸν ἔμπεσε Τροίῃ  
 ἔκποθε καὶ Πριάμοιο κατημάλδυνε πόλῃα· 75  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε λήιον αὖτον ἐπιβρίσασα χάλαζα  
 τυτθὰ διατμήξῃ, στάχνας δ' ἀπὸ πάντας ἀμέρσῃ  
 ῥιπῇ ὑπ' ἀργαλέῃ, καλάμη δ' ἄρα χεύατ' ἔραζε  
 μαψιδίῃ καρποῖο κατ' οὔδεος ὀλλυμένοιο  
 λευγαλέως, λυγρῷ δὲ πέλει μέγα πένθος ἄνακτι·  
 ὥς ἄρα καὶ Ξάνθοιο περὶ φρένας ἤλυθεν ἄλγος 80  
 Ἰλίου οἰωθέντος· ἔχεν δέ μιν αἰὲν οἴζυς  
 ἀθάνατόν περ ἑόντα· μακρὴ δ' ἀμφέστενεν Ἰδῇ  
 καὶ Σιμόεις· μύροντο δ' ἀπόπροθι πάντες ἔναυλοι  
 Ἰδαῖοι Πριάμοιο πόλιν περικυκλόντες.  
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐπὶ νῆας ἔβαν μέγα καγχαλόωντες 85  
 μέλποντες νίκης ἐρικυδέος ὄβριμον ἀλκῇν,  
 ἄλλοτε δὲ ζάθεον μακάρων γένος ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτῶν  
 θυμὸν τολμήεντα καὶ ἄφθιτον ἔργον Ἐπειοῦ.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Lovely as she in form and roseate blush  
Passed Helen mid the Trojan captives on  
To the Argive ships. But the folk all around  
Marvelled to see the glory of loveliness  
Of that all-flawless woman. No man dared  
Or secretly or openly to cast  
Reproach on her. As on a Goddess all  
Gazed on her with adoring wistful eyes.  
As when to wanderers on a stormy sea,  
After long time and passion of prayer, the sight  
Of fatherland is given ; from deadly deeps  
Escaped, they stretch hands to her joyful-souled ;  
So joyed the Danaans all, no man of them  
Remembered any more war's travail and pain.  
Such thoughts Cytherea stirred in them, for grace  
To Helen starry-eyed, and Zeus her sire.

Then, when he saw that burg beloved destroyed,  
Xanthus, scarce drawing breath from bloody war,  
Mourned with his Nymphs for ruin fallen on Troy,  
Mourned for the city of Priam blotted out.  
As when hail lashes a field of ripened wheat,  
And beats it small, and smites off all the ears  
With merciless scourge, and levelled with the ground  
Are stalks, and on the earth is all the grain  
Woefully wasted, and the harvest's lord  
Is stricken with deadly grief ; so Xanthus' soul  
Was utterly whelmed in grief for Ilium made  
A desolation ; grief undying was his,  
Immortal though he was. Mourned Simois  
And long-ridged Ida : all who on Ida dwelt  
Wailed from afar the ruin of Priam's town.

But with loud laughter of glee the Argives sought  
Their galleys, chanting the triumphant might  
Of victory, chanting now the Blessed Gods,  
Now their own valour, and Epeius' work  
Ever renowned. Their song soared up to heaven,

μολπή δ' οὐρανὸν ἵκε δι' αἰθέρος, εὖτε κολοιῶν  
 κλαγγὴ ἀπειρεσίη, ὅπότε εὐδιον ἡμαρ ἵκηται  
 χείματος ἐξ ὀλοοῖο, πέλει δ' ἄρα νήμενος αἰθήρ·  
 ὥς τῶν παρ νήεσσι μέγ' ἐνδοθι γηθομένων κῆρ

90

\* \* \* \* \*

ἀθάνατοι τέρποντο κατ' οὐρανόν, ὅσσοι ἄρωγοὶ  
 ἐκ θυμοῖο πέλοντο φιλοπτολέμων Ἀργείων·  
 ἄλλοι δ' αὖ χαλέπαινον, ὅσοι Τρώεσσιν ἄμυνον,  
 δερκόμενοι Πριάμοιο καταιθόμενον πτολίεθρον·  
 ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ὑπὲρ Αἴσαν ἐελδόμενοί περ ἄμύνειν  
 ἔσθενον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς ὑπὲρ μόρον οὐδὲ Κρονίων  
 ῥηιδίως δύνατ' Αἴσαν ἀπώσέμεν, ὃς περὶ πάντων  
 ἰθανάτων σθένος ἐστί, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα πέ-  
 λονται.

95

100

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἄρα πολλὰ βοῶν ἐπὶ μηρία θέντες  
 καῖον ὁμῶς σχίζησι, καὶ ἐσσύμενοι περὶ βωμοὺς  
 λείβεσκον μέθυ λαρὸν ἐπ' αἰθομένησι θυηλῆς  
 ἦρα θεοῖσι φέροντες, ἐπεὶ μέγα ἤνυσαν ἔργον.  
 πολλὰ δ' ἐν εἰλαπίνῃ θυμηδέϊ κυδαίνεσκον  
 πάντας, ὅσους ὑπέδεκτο σὺν ἔντεσι δούριος ἵππος·  
 θαύμαζον δὲ Σίνωνα περικλυτόν, οὐνεχ' ὑπέτλη  
 λώβην δυσμενέων πολυκηδέα· καὶ ῥά ἐ πάντες  
 μολπῇ καὶ γεράεσσιν ἀπειρεσίοισι τίεσκον·  
 ὃς δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἐγήθεε τλήμονι θυμῷ  
 νίκη ἔπ' Ἀργείων, σφετέρῃ δ' οὐκ ἄχυντο λώβῃ·  
 ἀνέρι γὰρ πινυτῷ καὶ ἐπίφρονι πολλὸν ἄμεινον  
 κῦδος καὶ χρυσοῖο καὶ εἵδεος ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλων  
 ἐσθλῶν, ὅππόσα τ' ἐστὶ καὶ ἔσσεται ἀνθρώποισιν.  
 οἱ δ' ἄρα παρ νήεσσιν ἀταρβέα θυμὸν ἔχοντες  
 δόρπεον ἀλλήλοισι διηνεκέως ἐνέποντες·

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110

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“ ἡνύσαμεν πολέμοιο μακροῦ τέλος· ἡράμεθ' εὐρὺ  
 κῦδος ὁμῶς δηῖοισι μέγα πτολίεθρον ἐλόντες·  
 ἀλλά, Ζεῦ, καὶ νόστον ἐελδομένοις κατάνευσον.”

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Like multitudinous cries of daws, when breaks  
A day of sunny calm and windless air  
After a ruining storm : from their glad hearts  
So rose the joyful clamour, till the Gods  
Heard and rejoiced in heaven, all who had helped  
With willing hands the war-fain Argive men.  
But chafed those others which had aided Troy,  
Beholding Priam's city wrapped in flame,  
Yet powerless for her help to override  
Fate ; for not Cronos' Son can stay the hand  
Of Destiny, whose might transcendeth all  
The Immortals, and Zeus sanctioneth all her deeds.

The Argives on the flaming altar-wood  
Laid many thighs of oxen, and made haste  
To spill sweet wine on their burnt offerings,  
Thanking the Gods for that great work achieved.  
And loudly at the feast they sang the praise  
Of all the mailed men whom the Horse of Tree  
Had ambushed. Far-famed Sinon they extolled  
For that dire torment he endured of foes :  
Yea, song and honour-guerdons without end  
All rendered him : and that resolvèd soul  
Glad-hearted joyed for the Argives' victory,  
And for his own misfeaturing sorrowed not.  
For to the wise and prudent man renown  
Is better far than gold, than goodlihead,  
Than all good things men have or hope to win.

So, feasting by the ships all void of fear,  
Cried one to another ever and anon :  
“ We have touched the goal of this long war, have  
won  
Glory, have smitten our foes and their great town !  
Now grant, O Zeus, to our prayers safe home-  
return ! ”

Ὡς ἔφαν· ἄλλ' οὐ πάσι πατὴρ ἐπὶ νόστον  
ἔνευσε.

120

τοῖς δέ τις ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐπιστάμενος

οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτοῖς

δεῖμα πέλεν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ἄλλ' ἐπὶ ἔργα  
εὐνομίης ἐτράποντο καὶ εὐφροσύνης ἐρατεινῆς.

ὃς δ' ἦτοι πρῶτον μὲν ἐελδομένοισιν ἄειδεν,

125

λαοὶ ὅπως συνάγερθεν ἐς Αὐλίδος ἱερὸν οὐδας,

ἥδ' ὥς Πηλεῖδαο μέγα σθένος ἀκαμάτοιο

δώδεκα μὲν κατὰ πόντον ἰὼν διέπερσε πόλῃας,

ἔνδεκα δ' αὖ κατὰ γαῖαν ἀπείριτον, ὅσσα τ' ἔρεξε

Τήλεφον ἀμφὶς ἄνακτα καὶ ὄβριμον Ἡετίωνα,

130

ὥς δὲ Κύνκρον κατέπεφνευ ὑπέρβριον, ἥδ' ὅσ'

Ἀχαιοὶ

μαρνάμενοι κατὰ μῆνιν Ἀχιλλέος ἔργα κάμοντο,

Ἐκτορα δ' ὥς εἵρυσσεν ἐῆς περὶ τείχεα πάτρης,

ὥς τ' ἔλε Πενθεσίλειαυ ἀνὰ μόθον, ὥς τ' ἐδά-

μασσεν

υῖέα Τιθωνοῖο, καὶ ὥς κτάνε καρτερὸς Αἴας

135

Γλαῦκον εὐμμελίην, ἥδ' ὥς ἐρικυδέα φῶτα

Εὐρύπυλον κατέπεφνε θοοῦ πάϊς Αἰακίδαο,

ὥς δὲ Πάριν δαμάσαντο Φιλοκτήταο βέλεμνα,

ἥδ' ὅποσοι δολόεντος ἐσήλυθον ἐνδοθεν ἵππου

ἄνδρες, ὥς τε πόλῃα θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο

140

πέρσαντες δαίνυντο κακῶν ἀπὸ νόσφι κυδοιμῶν.

ἄλλα δ' ἄρ' ἄλλος ἄειδεν, ὃ τι φρεσὶν ἦσι μενοίνα.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δαινυμένοισι μέσον περιτέλλετο

νυκτός,

δὴ τότε που δόρποιο καὶ ἀκρήτοιο πότοιο

πανσάμενοι πάντες λαθικηδέα κοῖτον ἔλοντο·

145

χθιζὸν γὰρ καμάτοιο μένος κατεδάμνατο πάντας·

τῷ καὶ παννύχιοι λεληημένοι εἰλαπινάζειν

παύσανθ', οὐνεκεν ὕπνος ἄδην ἀέκοντας ἔρυκεν·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

But not to all the Sire vouchsafed return.

Then rose a cunning harper in their midst,  
And sang the song of triumph and of peace  
Re-won, and with glad hearts untouched by care  
They heard ; for no more fear of war had they,  
But of sweet toil of law-abiding days  
And blissful-fleeting hours henceforth they dreamed.  
All the War's Story in their eager ears  
He sang—how leaguèd peoples gathering met  
At hallowed Aulis—how the invincible strength  
Of Peleus' son smote fencèd cities twelve  
In sea-raids, how he marched o'er leagues on leagues  
Of land, and spoiled eleven—all he wrought  
In fight with Telephus and Eëtion—  
How he slew giant Cycnus—all the toil  
Of war that through Achilles' wrath befell  
The Achaeans—how he dragged dead Hector round  
His own Troy's wall, and how he slew in fight  
Penthesileia and Tithonus' son :—  
How Aias laid low Glaucus, lord of spears,  
Then sang he how the child of Aeacus' son  
Struck down Eurypylus, and how the shafts  
Of Philoctetes dealt to Paris death.  
Then the song named all heroes who passed in  
To ambush in the Horse of Guile, and hymned  
The fall of god-descended Priam's burg ;  
The feast he sang last, and peace after war ;  
Then many another, as they listed, sang.

But when above those feasters midnight's stars  
Hung, ceased the Danaans from the feast and wine,  
And turned to sleep's forgetfulness of care,  
For that with yesterday's war-travail all  
Were wearied ; wherefore they, who fain all night  
Had revelled, needs must cease : how loth soe'er,  
Sleep drew them thence ; here, there, soft slumbered  
they.

ἄλλη δ' ἄλλος ἴαυεν· ὁ δ' ἐν κλισίῃσιν ἐῆσιν  
 Ἀτρείδης ὀάριζε μετ' ἡὔκόμοιο γυναικός· 150  
 οὐ γάρ πω κείνοισιν ἐπ' ὄμμασιν ὕπνος ἔπιπτεν,  
 ἀλλὰ Κύπρις πεπόνητο περὶ φρένας, ὅφρα παλαιοῦ  
 λέκτρον ἐπιμνήσωνται, ἄχος δ' ἀπὸ νόσφι βά-  
 λωνται.

πρώτῃ δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένη τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπε·  
 “μή νύ μοι, ὦ Μενέλαε, χόλον ποτιβάλλεο θυμῷ· 155  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐθέλουσα λίπον σέο δῶμα καὶ εὐνὴν,  
 ἀλλὰ μ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο βίῃ καὶ Τρώιοι νῆες  
 σεῦ ἀπὸ νόσφιν ἐόντος ἀνηρεῖψαντο κιόντες,  
 καὶ μ' ἄμοτον μεμαυῖαν οἷζυρῶς ἀπολέσθαι  
 ἢ βρόχῳ ἀργαλέῳ ἢ καὶ ξίφεϊ στονόεντι 160  
 εἵργον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι παρηγορέοντες ἔπεσσι  
 σεῦ ἔνεκ' ἀχθυμένην καὶ τηλυγέτοιο θυγατρός·  
 τῆς νύ σε πρὸς τε γάμου πολυγηθέος ἡδὲ σεῦ  
 αὐτοῦ

λίσσομαι, ἀμφ' ἐμέθεν στυγερῆς λελαθέσθαι  
 ἀνίης.”

“Ὡς φαμένην προσέειπε πύκα φρονέων Μενέ-  
 λαος· 165

“μηκέτι νῦν μέμνησ', ἀλλ' ἰσχέμεν ἄλγεα θυμῷ·  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μέν που πάντα μέλας δόμος ἐντὸς ἔργοι  
 λήθης· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε κακῶν μεμιῆσθαι ἔτ' ἔργων.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τὴν δ' ἔλε χάρμα, δέος δ' ἐξέσσυτο  
 θυμοῦ·

ἔλπετο γὰρ παύσασθαι ἀνιηροῖο χόλοιο 170  
 ὃν πόσιν· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν βάλε πῆχες· καὶ σφιν ἄμ'  
 ἄμφω

δάκρυ κατὰ βλεφάρουιν ἐλείβετο ἡδὺ γοώντων.  
 ἰσπασίως δ' ἄρα τῷ γε παρ' ἀλλήλοισι κλιθέντε  
 τφωιτέρου κατὰ θυμὸν ἀνεμνήσαντο γάμοιο·  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε που κισσός τε καὶ ἡμερὶς ἀμφιβάλωνται 175  
 ἀλλήλους περὶ πρέμνα, τὰ δ' οὔποτε ἰς ἀνέμοιο



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

But in his tent Menelaus lovingly  
With bright-haired Helen spake ; for on their eyes  
Sleep had not fallen yet. The Cyprian Queen  
Brooded above their souls, that olden love  
Might be renewed, and heart-ache chased away.

Helen first brake the silence, and she said :  
“ O Menelaus, be not wroth with me !  
Not of my will I left thy roof, thy bed,  
But Alexander and the sons of Troy  
Came upon me, and snatched away, when thou  
Wast far thence. Oftentimes did I essay  
By the death-noose to perish wretchedly,  
Or by the bitter sword ; but still they stayed  
Mine hand, and still spake comfortable words  
To salve my grief for thee and my sweet child.  
For her sake, for the sake of olden love,  
And for thine own sake, I beseech thee now,  
Forget thy stern displeasure against thy wife.”

Answered her Menelaus wise of wit :  
“ No more remember past griefs : seal them up  
Hid in thine heart. Let all be locked within  
The dim dark mansion of forgetfulness.  
What profits it to call ill deeds to mind ? ”

Glad was she then : fear flitted from her heart,  
And came sweet hope that her lord's wrath was  
dead.

She cast her arms around him, and their eyes  
With tears were brimming as they made sweet  
moan ;

And side by side they laid them, and their hearts  
Thrilled with remembrance of old spousal joy.  
And as a vine and ivy entwine their stems  
Each around other, that no might of wind

σφῶν ἄπο νόσφι βαλέσθαι ἐπισθένει· ὥς ἄρα τῷ γε ἀλλήλοισιν συνέχοντο λιλαιόμενοι φιλότητος.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ τοῖσιν ἐπήλυθεν ὕπνος ἀπήμων,

δὴ τότε Ἀχιλλῆος κρατερόν κῆρ ἰσοθέοιο 180

ἔστη ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς οὐ νιέος, οἷος ἔην περ ζῶς ἐών, ὅτε Τρῶσιν ἄχος πέλε, χάρμα δ'

Ἀχαιοῖς.

κύσσε δέ οἱ δειρὴν καὶ φάεα μαρμαίροντα ἀσπασίως· καὶ τοῖα παρηγορέων προσέειπε·

“χαῖρε, τέκος, καὶ μήτι δαΐζεις πένθει θυμὸν 185

εἵνεκ' ἐμείο θανόντος, ἐπεὶ μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν ἤδη ὁμέστιός εἰμι· σὺ δ' ἴσχεις τειρομένους κῆρ ἄμφ' ἐμέθεν, καὶ κάρτος ἄδην ἐμὸν ἔνθεο θυμῷ.

αἰεὶ δ' Ἀργείων πρόμος ἴστασο μηδενὶ εἰκῶν ἡνωρῆ· ἀγορῇ δὲ παλαιότεροισι βροτοῖσι 190

πέιθεο· καὶ νῦν σε πάντες εὐφρονα μυθήσονται.

τίε δ' ἀμύμονας ἄνδρας, ὅσοις νόος ἔμπεδός ἐστιν· ἐσθλῷ γὰρ φίλος ἐσθλὸς ἀνὴρ, χαλεπῷ δ' ἄλεγεινός.

ἦν δ' ἀγαθὸν φρονέης, ἀγαθῶν καὶ τεύξεαι ἔργων· κείνος δ' οὐποτ' ἀνὴρ Ἀρετῆς ἐπὶ τέρμαθ' ἵκανε, 195

ὥτινι μὴ νόος ἐστὶν ἐναΐσιμος· οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῆς πρέμνον δύσβατόν ἐστι, μακρὸν δὲ οἱ ἄχρῖς ἐπ' αἶθρην

ὅζοι ἀνῆξηνθ'· ὅποσοισι δὲ κάρτος ὀπηδεῖ καὶ πόνος, ἐκ καμάτου πολυγηθέα καρπὸν ἀμῶνται εἰς Ἀρετῆς ἀναβάντες εὖστεφάνου κλυτὸν ἔρνος. 200

ἀλλ' ἄγε, κύδιμος ἔσσο, καὶ ἐν φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι μήτ' ἐπὶ πῆματι πάγχυ δαΐζεις θυμὸν ἀνίη,

μήτ' ἐσθλῷ μέγα χαῖρε· νόος δὲ τοι ἡπιός ἐστω ἔς τε φίλους ἐτάρους ἔς θ' νιέας ἔς τε γυναῖκα<sup>1</sup> μνωμένῳ κατὰ θυμόν, ὅτι σχεδὸν ἀνθρώποισιν 205

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, ex P, for γυναῖκας of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Avails to sever them, so clung these twain  
Twined in the passionate embrace of love.

When came on these too sorrow-drowning sleep,  
Even then above his son's head rose and stood  
Godlike Achilles' mighty shade, in form  
As when he lived, the Trojans' bane, the joy  
Of Greeks, and kissed his neck and flashing eyes  
Lovingly, and spake comfortable words :  
" All hail, my son ! Vex not thine heart with grief  
For thy dead sire ; for with the Blessèd Gods  
Now at the feast I sit. Refrain thy soul  
From sorrow, and plant my strength within thy  
mind.

Be foremost of the Argives ever ; yield  
To none in valour, but in council bow  
Before thine elders : so shall all acclaim  
Thy courtesy. Honour princely men and wise ;  
For the true man is still the true man's friend,  
Even as the vile man cleaveth to the knave.  
If good thy thought be, good shall be thy deeds :  
But no man shall attain to Honour's height,  
Except his heart be right within : her stem  
Is hard to climb, and high in heaven spread  
Her branches : only they whom strength and toil  
Attend, strain up to pluck her blissful fruit,  
Climbing the Tree of Honour glory-crowned.  
Thou therefore follow fame, and let thy soul  
Be not in sorrow afflicted overmuch,  
Nor in prosperity over-glad. To friends,  
To comrades, child and wife, be kindly of heart,  
Remembering still that near to all men stand

οὐλομένοιο μόροιο πύλαι καὶ δώματα νεκρῶν·  
 ἀνδρῶν γὰρ γένος ἐστὶν ὁμοίον ἄνθεσι ποίης,  
 ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖσι· τὰ μὲν φθινύθει, τὰ δ' ἀέξει·  
 τοῦνεκα μείλιχος ἔσσο. καὶ Ἀργείοισιν ἔνισπε  
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ δὲ μάλιστ' Ἀγαμέμνονι, εἴ γέ τι θυμῷ 210  
 μέμνηθ', ὅσσ' ἐμόγησα περὶ Πριάμοιο πόλῃα,  
 ἥδ' ὅσα ληισάμην πρὶν Τρώιον οὐδας ἰκέσθαι,  
 τῷ μοι νῦν ποτὶ τύμβον ἐελδομένῳ περ ἀγόντων<sup>1</sup>  
 ληίδος ἐκ Πριάμοιο Πολυξείνῃν εὖπεπλον

\* \* \* \* \*

ὄφρα θοῶς ῥέξωσιν, ἐπεὶ σφισι χῶομαι ἔμπησ 215  
 μᾶλλον ἔτ' ἢ τὸ πάρος Βρισηίδος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'  
 οἶδμα

κινήσω πόντοιο, βαλῶ δ' ἐπὶ χεῖματι χεῖμα,  
 ὄφρα καταφθινύθοντες ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ἐῆσι  
 μίμνῳσ' ἐνθάδε πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον, εἰσόκ' ἔμοιγε  
 λοιβὰς ἀμφιχέωνται ἐελδόμενοι μέγα νόστου· 220  
 αὐτὴν δ', εἴ κ' ἐθέλωσιν, ἐπὴν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλονται,  
 κούρην ταρχύσασθαι ἀπόπροθεν οὔτι μεγαίρω."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπόρουσε θοῇ ἐναλίγκιος αὖρῃ·  
 αἶψα δ' ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδίου κίεν, ἥχι τέτυκται  
 οὐρανοῦ ἐξ ὑπάτοιο καταιβασίῃ τ' ἄνοδός τε 225  
 ἀθανάτοις μακάρεσσιν· ὁ δ', ὁππότε μιν λίπεν  
 ὕπνος,

μνήσατο πατὴρ ἑοῖο· νόος δέ οἱ ἦν ἰάνθη.

Ἄλλ' ὅτ' ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἀνήιεν Ἠριγένεια  
 νύκτα διασκεδάσασα, φάνη δ' ἄρα γαῖα καὶ  
 αἰθήρ,

δὴ τότε Ἀχαιῶν νῆες ἀπὲκ λεχέων ἀνόρουσαν 230  
 ἰέμενοι νόστοιο, νέας δ' ἐς βένθεα πόντου  
 εἵλκον καγχαλόωντες ἀνὰ φρένας, εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αὐτοὺς  
 ἐσσυμένους κατέρυκεν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱός,

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for κατὰ θυμὸν ἐελδ. περὶ πάντων of v.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

The gates of doom, the mansions of the dead :  
For humankind are like the flower of grass,  
The blossom of spring ; these fade the while those  
bloom :

Therefore be ever kindly with thy kind.  
Now to the Argives say—to Atreus' son  
Agamemnon chiefly—if my battle-toil  
Round Priam's walls, and those sea-raids I led  
Or ever I set foot on Trojan land,  
Be in their hearts remembered, to my tomb  
Be Priam's daughter Polyxeina led—  
Whom as my portion of the spoil I claim—  
And sacrificed thereon : else shall my wrath  
Against them more than for Briseis burn.  
The waves of the great deep will I turmoil  
To bar their way, upstirring storm on storm,  
That through their own mad folly pining away  
Here they may linger long, until to me  
They pour drink-offerings, yearning sore for home.  
But, when they have slain the maiden, I grudge not  
That whoso will may bury her far from me."

Then as a wind-breath swift he fled thence,  
And came to the Elysian Plain, whereto  
A path to heaven reacheth, for the feet  
Ascending and descending of the Blest.  
Then the son started up from sleep, and called  
His sire to mind, and glowed the heart in him.

When to wide heaven the Child of Mist uprose,  
Scattering night, unveiling earth and air,  
Then from their rest upsprang Achaea's sons  
Yearning for home. With laughter 'gan they hale  
Down to the sea the keels : but lo, their haste  
Was reined in by Achilles' mighty son :

εἰς ἀγορὴν τ' ἐκάλεσσε καὶ ἔκφατο πατρὸς ἐφετμὴν·  
 “κέκλυτέ μεν, φίλα τέκνα μενεπτολέμων Ἀρ-  
 γείων,

235

πατρὸς ἐφημοσύνην ἐρικυδέος, ἣν μοι ἔνισπε  
 χθιζὸς ἐνὶ λεχέεσσι διὰ κνέφας ὑπνώνοντι·  
 φῆ γὰρ αἰεγενέεσσι μετέμμεναι ἀθανάτοισιν·  
 ἡνώγει δ' ὑμέας τε καὶ Ἀτρεΐδην βασιλῆα,  
 ὄφρα οἱ ἐκ πολέμοιο γέρας περικαλλὲς ἄγοιτε <sup>1</sup> 240  
 τύμβον ἐπ' εὐρώεντα Πολυξείνην εὐπεπλον·  
 καί μιν ἔφη ῥέξαντας ἀπόπροθι ταρχύσασθαι·  
 εἰ δέ οἱ οὐκ ἀλέγοντες ἐπιπλώοιτε θάλασσαν,  
 ἡπείλει κατὰ πόντον ἐναντία κύματ' αἰείρας  
 λαὸν ὁμῶς νήεσσι πολλὴν χρόνον ἐνθάδ' ἐρύξειν.” 245

Ὡς φαμένον πείθοντο, καὶ ὡς θεῶ εὐχετόωντο·  
 καὶ γὰρ δὴ κατὰ βένθος ἀέξετο κῦμα θυέλλῃ  
 εὐρύτερον καὶ μᾶλλον ἐπήτριμον, ἢ πάρος ἦεν,  
 μαινομένου ἀνέμοιο· μέγας δ' ὀροθύνετο πόντος  
 χερσὶ Ποσειδάωνος· ὁ γὰρ κρατερῶ Ἀχιλῆϊ 250  
 ἦρα φέρεν· πᾶσαι δὲ θοῶς ἐνόρουσαν ἅελλαι  
 ἐς πέλαγος· Δαναοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὐχόμενοι Ἀχιλῆϊ  
 πάντες ὁμῶς μάλα τοῖα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ὀάριζον·  
 “ἀτρεκέως γενεὴ μεγάλου Διὸς ἦεν Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 τῷ καὶ νῦν θεὸς ἐστι, καὶ εἰ πάρος ἔσκε μεθ'  
 ἡμῖν.” 255

οὐ γὰρ ἀμαλδύνει μακάρων γένος ἄμβροτος αἰὼν.”  
 Ὡς φάμενοι ποτὶ τύμβον Ἀχιλλέος ἀπονέοντο·  
 τὴν δ' ἄγον, ἥντε πόρτιν ἐς ἀθανάτοιο θνητὰς  
 μητρὸς ἀπειρύσαντες ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι βοτῆρες,  
 ἡ δ' ἄρα μακρὰ βοῶσα κινύρεται ἀχθυμένη κῆρ· 260  
 ὥς τῆμος Πριάμοιο πᾶϊς περικωκύεσκε  
 δυσμενέων ἐν χερσίν· ἄδην δέ οἱ ἔκχυτο δάκρυ·  
 ὥς δ' ὅποτε βριαρῶ ὑπὸ χέρματι καρπὸς ἐλαίης

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἄροιτε of v.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

He assembled them, and told his sire's behest :  
" Hearken, dear sons of Argives battle-staunch,  
To this my glorious father's hest, to me  
Spoken in darkness slumbering on my bed :  
He saith, he dwells with the Immortal Gods :  
He biddeth you and Atreus' son the king  
To bring, as his war-guerdon passing-fair,  
To his dim dark tomb Polyxeina queenly-robed,  
To slay her there, but far thence bury her.  
But if ye slight him, and essay to sail  
The sea, he threateneth to stir up the waves  
To bar your path upon the deep, and here  
Storm-bound long time to hold you, ships and men."

Then hearkened they, and as to a God they  
prayed ;  
For even now a storm-blast on the sea  
Upheaved the waves, broad-backed and thronging  
fast

More than before beneath the madding wind.  
Tossed the great deep, smit by Poseidon's hands  
For a grace to strong Achilles. All the winds  
Swooped on the waters. Prayed the Dardans all  
To Achilles, and a man to his fellow cried :  
" Great Zeus's seed Achilles verily was ;  
Therefore is he a God, who in days past  
Dwelt among us ; for lapse of dateless time  
Makes not the sons of Heaven to fade away."

Then to Achilles' tomb the host returned,  
And led the maid, as calf by herdmen dragged  
For sacrifice, from woodland pastures torn  
From its mother's side, and lowing long and loud  
It moans with anguished heart ; so Priam's child  
Wailed in the hands of foes. Down streamed her  
tears

As when beneath the heavy sacks of sand

οὐπὼ χειμερίῃσι μελαινόμενος ψεκάδεσσι  
 χεύῃ πολλὸν ἄλειφα, περιτρίζωσι δὲ μακρὰ 265  
 ἄρμεν' ὑπὸ σπάρτοισι βιαζομένων αἰζηῶν.  
 ὥς ἄρα καὶ Πριάμοιο πολυτλήτοιο θυγατρὸς  
 ἐλκομένης ποτὶ τύμβον ἀμειλίκτου Ἀχιλλῆος  
 αἰνὸν ὁμῶς στοναχῇσι κατὰ βλεφάρων ῥέε δάκρυ·  
 καὶ οἱ κόλπος ἔνερθεν ἐπλήθετο· δεύετο δὲ χρῶς 270  
 ἀτρεκέως ἀτάλαντος εὐκτεάνῳ ἐλέφαντι.

Καὶ τότε λευγαλέοις ἐπὶ πένθεσι κύντερον  
 ἄλγος

τλήμονος ἐς κραδίην Ἐκάβης πέσεν· ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ  
 μνήσατ' οἷζυροῖο καὶ ἀλγινόεντος ὀνείρου,  
 τὸν ῥ' ἴδεν ὑπνώουσα παροιχομένη ἐνὶ νυκτί· 275  
 ἦ γὰρ ὅτετο τύμβον ἔπ' ἀντιθέου Ἀχιλλῆος  
 ἐστάμεναι γοόωσα, κόμαι δέ οἱ ἄχρισ ἐπ' οὐδας  
 ἐκ κεφαλῆς ἐκέχυντο, καὶ ἀμφοτέρων ἀπὸ μαζῶν  
 ἔρρεε φοῖνιον αἷμα ποτὶ χθόνα, δεῦε δὲ σῆμα·  
 τοῦ πέρι δειμαίνουσα καὶ ὀσσομένη μέγα πῆμα 280  
 οἰκτρὸν ἀνοιμώζεσκε, γόῳ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν αὐτεῖ·  
 εὖτε κύων προπάροιθε κινυρομένη μεγάραιο  
 μακρὸν ὑλαγμὸν ἴησι, νέον σπαραγεῦσα γάλακτι,  
 τῆς ἀπο νήπια τέκνα πάρος φάος εἰσοράασθαι  
 νόσφι βάλῳσιν ἄνακτες ἔλωρ ἔμεν οἰωνοῖσιν, 285  
 ἦ δ' ὅτε μέν θ' ὑλακῇσι κινύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε  
 ὠρυθμῷ, στυγερῇ δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἔσσυτ' αὐτή·  
 ὥς Ἐκαβη γοόωσα μέγ' ἴαχεν ἀμφὶ θυγατρί·  
 “ὦ μοι ἐγὼ, τί νυ πρῶτα, τί δ' ὕστατον ἀχυνυμένη  
 κῆρ

κωκύσω πολέεσσι περιπλήθουσα κακοῖσιν, 290  
 υἱέας ἢ πόσιν αἰνὰ καὶ οὐκ ἐπίελπτα παθόντας,  
 ἦ πόλιν ἢ θυγατρὰς ὑεικέας, ἦ ἐμὸν αὐτῆς  
 ἦμαρ ἀναγκαῖον καὶ δούλιον; οὐνεκα Κῆρες  
 σμερδαλέαι πολέεσσί μ' ἐνειλήσαντο κακοῖσι,

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Olives clear-skinned, ne'er blotched by drops of storm,

Pour out their oil, when the long levers creak  
As strong men strain the cords; so poured the tears

Of travail-burdened Priam's daughter, haled  
To stern Achilles' tomb, tears blent with moans.  
Drenched were her bosom-folds, glistened the drops  
On flesh clear-white as costly ivory.

Then, to crown all her griefs, yet sharper pain  
Fell on the heart of hapless Hecuba.  
Then did her soul recall that awful dream,  
The vision of sleep of that night overpast:  
Herseemed that on Achilles' tomb she stood  
Moaning, her hair down-streaming to the ground,  
And from her breasts blood dripped to earth the while,  
And drenched the tomb. Fear-haunted touching  
this,

Foreboding all calamity, she wailed  
Piteously; far rang her wild lament.  
As a dog moaning at her master's door,  
Utters long howls, her teats with milk distent,  
Whose whelps, ere their eyes opened to the light,  
Her lords afar have flung, a prey to kites;  
And now with short sharp cries she plains, and  
now

Long howling: the weird outcry thrills the air;  
So wailed and shrieked for her child Hecuba:  
"Ah me! what sorrows first or last shall I  
Lament heart-anguished, who am full of woes?  
Those unimagined ills my sons, my king  
Have suffered?—or my city, or daughters shamed?—  
Or my despair, my day of slavery?  
Oh, the grim fates have caught me in a net  
Of manifold ills! O child, they have spun for thee

τέκνον ἐμόν, σοὶ δ' αἰνὰ καὶ οὐκ ἐπίελπτα καὶ  
 αὐτῇ 205  
 ἄλγε' ἐπεκλώσαντο· γάμου δ' ἄπο νόσφι βάλλοντο  
 ἐγγὺς εἶνθ' Ὑμεναῖον, ἐπεκρήναντο δ' ὄλεθρον  
 ἄσχετον ἄργαλέον τε καὶ οὐ φατόν· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλ-  
 λεὺς  
 καὶ νέκυς ἡμετέρῳ ἔτ' ἰαίνεται αἵματι θυμόν·  
 ὥς μ' ὄφελον μετὰ σείῳ, φίλον τέκος, ἡματι τῷδε 300  
 γαῖα χανοῦσα κάλυψε, πάρος σέο πύτμον  
 ιδέσθαι."

Ὡς φαμένης ἄλλακτα κατὰ βλεφάρουιν ἔχυντο  
 δάκρυα· λευγαλέον γὰρ ἔχεν μετὰ πένθεσι πένθος.  
 οἱ δ' ὅτ' ἔβαν ποτὶ τύμβον Ἀχιλλῆος ζαθέοιο,  
 δὴ τότε οἱ φίλος υἱὸς ἐρυσσάμενος θοὸν ἄορ 305  
 σκαιῇ μὲν κούρην κατερήτυε, δεξιτερῇ δὲ  
 τύμβῳ ἐπιψαύων τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπε·  
 "κλῦθι, πάτερ, σέο παιδὸς ἐπευχομένοιο καὶ  
 ἄλλων

Ἀργείων, μηδ' ἡμιν ἔτ' ἄργαλέως χαλέπαινε·  
 ἤδη γάρ τοι πάντα τελέσσομεν, ὅσσα μενοινᾷς 310  
 σῆσιν ἐνὶ πραπίδεσσι· σὺ δ' ἵλαος ἄμμι γένοιο  
 τεύξας εὐχομένοισι θοῶς θυμηδέα νόστον."

Ὡς εἰπὼν κούρης διὰ λοίγιον ἤλασεν ἄορ  
 λευκανίης· τὴν δ' αἶψα λίπεν πολυήρατος αἰὼν  
 οἰκτρὸν ἀνοιμώξασαν ἐφ' ὕστατὴν βιότοιο· 315  
 καὶ ῥ' ἡ μὲν πριηνῆς χαμάδις πέσε· τῆς δ' ὑπὸ  
 δειρῇ

φοινίχθῃ περὶ πάντα, χιῶν ὥς, ἥ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
 ἢ συὸς ἢ ἄρκτοιο κατουταμένης ὑπ' ἄκοντι  
 αἵματι πορφυρόεντι θοῶς ἐρυθαίνειθ' ὕπερθεν.  
 Ἀργεῖοι δέ μιν αἶψα δόσαν ποτὶ ἄστυ φέρεσθαι 320  
 εἰς δόμον ἀντιθέου Ἀντήνορος, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτὴν  
 κείνος ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐφ' πάρος υἱεῖ δῖον  
 Εὐρυμάχῳ ἀτίταλλεν ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἄκοιτιν,  
 588

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Dread weird of unimagined misery !

They have thrust thee away, when near was Hymen's  
hymn,

From thine espousals, marked thee for destruction

Dark, unendurable, unspeakable !

For lo, a dead man's heart, Achilles' heart,

Is by our blood made warm with life to-day !

O child, dear child, that I might die with thee,

That earth might swallow me, ere I see thy doom !”

So cried she, weeping never-ceasing tears,

For grief on bitter grief encompassed her.

But when these reached divine Achilles' tomb,

Then did his son unsheathe the whetted sword,

His left hand grasped the maid, and his right hand

Was laid upon the tomb, and thus he cried :

“Hear, father, thy son's prayer, hear all the prayers

Of Argives, and be no more wroth with us !

Lo, unto thee now all thine heart's desire

Will we fulfil. Be gracious to us thou,

And to our praying grant sweet home-return.”

Into the maid's throat then he plunged the blade

Of death : the dear life straightway sobbed she  
forth,

With the last piteous moan of parting breath.

Face-downward to the earth she fell : all round

Her flesh was crimsoned from her neck, as snow

Stained on a mountain-side with scarlet blood

Rushing from javelin-smitten boar or bear.

The maiden's corpse then gave they, to be borne

Unto the city, to Antenor's home,

For that, when Troy yet stood, he nurtured her

In his fair halls, a bride for his own son

Eurymachus. The old man buried her,

ὃς δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν τάρχυσε κλυτὴν Πριάμοιο θύγατρα  
 ἐγγὺς ἐοῖο δόμοιο, παρὰ Γανυμήδεος ἱρῶ  
 σήματι<sup>1</sup> καὶ νηοῖο καταντίον Ἀτρυτώνης,  
 δὴ τότε παύσατο κῦμα, κατευνήθη δὲ θύελλα  
 σμερδαλή, καὶ χεῦμα κατεπρήνυε γαλήνη.

Οἱ δὲ θοῶς ἐπὶ νῆας ἔβαν μέγα καγχαλόωντες  
 μέλποντες μακάρων ἱερὸν γένος ἡδ' Ἀχιλλῆα.

αἶψα δὲ δαῖτ' ἐπάσαντο βοῶν ἀπὸ μῆρα ταμόντες  
 ἀθανάτοισ· ἐρατὴ δὲ θυηπολίη πέλε πάντη·  
 οἱ δὲ πού ἀργυρέοισι καὶ ἐν χρυσεόισι κυπέλλοις  
 πίνον ἀφυσσάμενοι λαρὸν μέθυ· γήθεε δέ σφι  
 θυμὸς ἐελδομένων σφετέρην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἰκέσθαι.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δόρποιο καὶ εἰλαπίνης κορέσαντο,  
 δὴ τότε Νηλέος υἱὸς ἐελδομένοισιν ἔειπεν·  
 “κλῦτε, φίλοι, πολέμοιο μακρὴν προφυγόντες  
 ὁμοκλήν,

ὄφρα λιλαιομένοισιν ἔπος θυμῆρες ἐνίσπω·  
 ἦδη γὰρ νόστοιο πέλει θυμηδέος ὥρη·  
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν· δὴ γάρ πού Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμον ἦτορ  
 παύσατ' οἷζυροῖο χόλου· κατέρυξε δὲ κῦμα  
 ὄβριμον Ἐννοσίγαιος· ἐπιπνεῖουσιν δ' αἴηται  
 μείλιχοι· οὐδ' ἔτι κῦμα κορύσσεται· ἀλλ' ἄγε  
 νῆας

εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμ' ἐρύσαντες ἀναμνησώμεθα νόστου.”

“Ὡς φάτ' ἐελδομένοις· οἱ δ' ἐς πλόον ἐντύνοντο.  
 ἔνθα τέρας θηητὸν ἐπιχθονίοισι φαάνθη,  
 οὐνεκα δὴ Πριάμοιο δάμαρ πολυδακρύτοιο  
 ἐκ βροτοῦ ἀλγινόεσσα κύων γένετ'· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
 θάμβεον ἀγρόμενοι· τῆς δ' ἄψα λαῖνα πάντα  
 θῆκε θεός, μέγα θαῦμα καὶ ἐσσομένοισι βροτοῖσι·  
 καὶ τὴν μὲν Κάλχαντος ὑπ' ἐννεσίησιν Ἀχαιοὶ  
 νηὸς ἐπ' ὠκυπόροιο πέραν θέσαν Ἑλλησπόντου.  
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἄρα νῆας ἔσω ἀλὸς εἰρύσαντες

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἱρὰ δώματα of MS.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

King Priam's princess-child, nigh his own house,  
By Ganymedes' shrine, and overagainst  
The temple of Pallas the Unwearied One.  
'Then were the waves stilled, and the blast was  
hushed

To sleep, and all the sea-flood lulled to calm.

Swift with glad laughter hied they to the ships,  
Hymning Achilles and the Blessed Ones.

A feast they made, first severing thighs of kine  
For the Immortals. Gladsome sacrifice

Steamed on all sides: in cups of silver and gold  
They drank sweet wine: their hearts leaped up with  
hope

Of winning to their fatherland again.

But when with meats and wine all these were filled,  
Then in their eager ears spake Neleus' son:

"Hear, friends, who have 'scaped the long turmoil  
of war,

That I may say to you one welcome word:

Now is the hour of heart's delight, the hour

Of home-return. Away! Achilles soul

Hath ceased from ruinous wrath; Earth-shaker stills

The stormy wave, and gentle breezes blow;

No more the waves toss high. Haste, hale the ships

Down to the sea. Now, ho for home-return!"

Eager they heard, and ready made the ships.

Then was a marvellous portent seen of men;

For all-unhappy Priam's queen was changed

From woman's form into a pitiful hound;

And all men gathered round in wondering awe.

Then all her body a God transformed to stone—

A mighty marvel for men yet unborn!

At Calchas' bidding this the Achaeans bore

In a swift ship to Hellespont's far side.

Then down to the sea in haste they ran the keels:

κτήματα πάντ' ἐβάλονθ', ὅπόσ' Ἴλιον εἰσανι-  
όντες

355

ληῖσσαντο πάροιθε περικτίονας δαμάσαντες,  
ἥδ' ὅπόσ' ἐξ αὐτῆς ἄγον Ἰλίου, οἷσι μάλιστα  
γῆθεον, οὔνεκ' ἔσαν μάλα μυρία· τοῖς δ' ἅμα  
πολλαὶ

ληιάδες συνέποντο μάλ' ἀχνύμεναι κατὰ θυμόν·  
αὐτοὶ δ' ἐντὸς ἵκοντο νεῶν. ἀλλ' οὐ σφισι

Κάλχας

360

ἔσπετ' ἐπειγομένοισιν ἔσω ἁλός, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἄλλους  
'Αργείους κατέρυκε· Καφηρίσι γὰρ περὶ πέτρης  
δείδιεν αἰνὸν ὄλεθρον ἐπεσσύμενον Δαναοῖσιν.

οἱ δέ οἱ οὔτι πίθοντο· παρήπαφε γὰρ νόον ἀνδρῶν  
Αἴσα κακὴ· μῦθος δὲ θεοπροπίας εὖ εἰδὼς

365

'Αμφίλοχος, θοὸς υἱὸς ἀμύμονος 'Αμφιαράου,  
μῖμνεν ὁμῶς Κάλχαντι περίφρονι· τοῖσι γὰρ ἦεν  
αἴσιμον ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐῆς ἀπὸ τηλόθι γαίης

Παμφύλων Κιλίκων τε ποτὶ πτολίεθρα νέεσθαι.

'Αλλὰ τὰ μὲν μετόπισθε θεοὶ θέσαν· αὐτὰρ

'Αχαιοὶ

370

νηῶν πείσματ' ἔλυσαν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἠδὲ καὶ εὐνὰς  
ἐσσυμένως ἀνάειραν· ἐπίαχε δ' Ἑλλήσποντος  
σπερχομένων· νῆες δὲ περικλύζοντο θαλάσση·

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφίσι πολλὰ περὶ πρόρησιν ἔκειντο  
ἔντε' ἀποκταμένων· καθύπερθε δὲ σήματα νίκης

375

μυρί' ἀπηώρηντο· κατεστέψαντο δὲ νῆας

καὶ κεφαλὰς καὶ δοῦρα καὶ ἀσπίδας, οἷσι μάχοντο  
ἀντία δυσμενέων· ἀπὸ δὲ πρόρηθεν ἄνακτες

εἰς ἅλα κυανέην λείβον μέθυ πολλὰ θεοῖσιν

εὐχόμενοι μακάρεσσιν ἀκηδέα νόστον ὀπάσσαι·

380

εὐχῶλαί δ' ἀνέμοισι μίγεν καὶ ἀπόπροθι νηῶν  
μαψιδίως νεφέεσσι καὶ ἥερι συμφορέοντο.

Αἱ δ' ἄρα παπταίνεσκον ἐς Ἴλιον ἀχνύμεναι κῆρ  
ληιάδες· καὶ πολλὰ κινυρόμεναι γοάασκον

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Their wealth they laid aboard, even all the spoil  
Taken, or ever unto Troy they came,  
From conquered neighbour peoples ; therewithal  
Whatso they took from Ilium, wherein most  
They joyed, for untold was the sum thereof.  
And followed with them many a captive maid  
With anguished heart : so went they aboard the ships.  
But Calchas would not with that eager host  
Launch forth ; yea, he had fain withheld therefrom  
All the Achaeans, for his prophet-soul  
Foreboded dread destruction looming o'er  
The Argives by the Rocks Capherean.  
But naught they heeded him ; malignant Fate  
Deluded men's souls : only Amphilochnus  
The wise in prophet-lore, the gallant son  
Of princely Amphiarus, stayed with him.  
Fated were these twain, far from their own land,  
To reach Pamphylian and Cilician burghs ;  
And this the Gods thereafter brought to pass.

But now the Achaeans cast the hawsers loose  
From shore : in haste they heaved the anchor-stones.  
Roared Hellespont beneath swift-flashing oars ;  
Crashed the prows through the sea. About the bows  
Much armour of slain foes was lying heaped :  
Along the bulwarks victory-trophies hung  
Countless. With garlands wreathed they all the ships,  
Their heads, the spears, the shields wherewith they  
had fought

Against their foes. The chiefs stood on the prows,  
And poured into the dark sea once and again  
Wine to the Gods, to grant them safe return.  
But with the winds their prayers mixed ; far away  
Vainly they floated blent with cloud and air.

With anguished hearts the captive maids looked  
back  
On Ilium, and with sobs and moans they wailed,

κρύβδην Ἀργείων μέγ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πένθος ἔχουσαι· 385  
καὶ ῥ' αἱ μὲν περὶ γούνατ' ἔχον χέρας· αἱ δὲ  
μέτωπα

χερσὶν ἐπηρείδοντο δυσάμμορι· αἱ δ' ἄρα τέκνα<sup>1</sup>  
ἄμφεχον ἀγκοίνησι· τὰ δ' οὐπω δούλιον ἦμαρ  
ἔστενον οὐδὲ πάτρης ἐπὶ πῆμασιν, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μαζῶ  
θυμὸν ἔχον· κηδέων γὰρ ἀπόπροθι νῆπιον ἦτορ.  
πάσῃσιν δ' ἐλέλυτο κόμαι καὶ στήθεα λυγρὰ 390  
ἀμφ' ὀνύχεσσι δέδρυπτο· παρειῇσιν δ' ἔπι δάκρυ  
αὐαλέον περίκειτο, κατείβετο δ' ἄλλ' ἐφύπερθε  
πυκνὸν ἀπὸ βλεφάρων· δέρκοντο δὲ τλήμονα  
πάτρην

αἰθομένην ἔτι πάγχυ, πολὺν δ' ἀνὰ καπνὸν ἰόντα·  
ἀμφὶ δὲ Κασσάνδρην περικυδέα παπταίνουσαι 395  
πᾶσαί μιν θηεῖντο θεοπροπίης ἀλεγεινῆς  
μνωόμεναι· ἣ δέ σφιν ἐπεγγελάσκει γοώσαις,  
καίπερ ἀκηχεμένη στυγεροῖς ἐπὶ πῆμασι πάτρης.

Τρώων δ' ὅσσοι ἄλυξαν ἀνηλέος ἐκ πολέμοιο,  
ἀγρόμενοι κατὰ ἄστυ περὶ νέκυας πονέοντο 400  
θαπτέμεναι μεμαῶτες· ἄγεν δ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἐς ἔργον  
Ἀντήνωρ· αὐτὴν δὲ πυρὴν πολέεσσι τίθεντο.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἄλληκτον ἐνὶ φρεσὶ καγχαλόωντες  
ἄλλοτε μὲν κώπησι διέπρησσον μέλαν ὕδωρ,  
ἄλλοτε δ' ἰστία νηυσὶ μεμαότες ἐντύνοντο 405  
ἐσσυμένως· ὀπίσω δὲ θοῶς ἀπελείπετο πᾶσα  
Δαρδανίη καὶ τύμβος Ἀχιλλέος· οἱ δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν  
καίπερ ἱαινόμενοι κταμένων μνησθέντες ἐταίρων  
ἀργαλέως ἀκάχοντο καὶ ἀλλοδαπῶν ἐπὶ γαῖαν  
ὅσσε βάλον· ἣ δέ σφιν ἐφαίνετο τηλόθι νηῶν 410  
χαζομένη· τοὶ δ' αἶψα παρ' ἀγχιάλιοι φέροντο  
ῤῆγμῖνας Τενέδοιο· παρημείβοντο δὲ Χρῦσαν  
καὶ Φοίβου Σμινθῆος ἔδος ζαθέοιό τε Κίλλης·

<sup>1</sup> Verse supplied by Zimmerman, ex P.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Striving to hide their grief from Argive eyes.  
Clasping their knees some sat ; in misery some  
Veiled with their hands their faces ; others nursed  
Young children in their arms : those innocents  
Not yet bewailed their day of bondage, nor  
Their country's ruin ; all their thoughts were set  
On comfort of the breast, for the babe's heart  
Hath none affinity with sorrow. All  
Sat with unbraided hair and pitiful breasts  
Scored with their fingers. On their cheeks there lay  
Stains of dried tears, and streamed thereover now  
Fresh tears full fast, as still they gazed aback  
On the lost hapless home, wherefrom yet rose  
The flames, and o'er it writhed the rolling smoke.  
Now on Cassandra marvelling they gazed,  
Calling to mind her prophecy of doom ;  
But at their tears she laughed in bitter scorn,  
In anguish for the ruin of her land.

Such Trojans as had 'scaped from pitiless war  
Gathered to render now the burial-dues  
Unto their city's slain. Antenor led  
To that sad work : one pyre for all they raised.

But laughed with triumphing hearts the Argive  
men,

As now with oars they swept o'er dark sea-ways,  
Now hastily hoised the sails high o'er the ships,  
And fled fast astern Dardania-land,  
And Hero Achilles' tomb. But now their hearts,  
How blithe soe'er, remembered comrades slain,  
And sorely grieved, and wistfully they looked  
Back to the alien's land ; it seemed to them  
Aye sliding farther from their ships. Full soon  
By Tenedos' beaches slipt they : now they ran  
By Chrysa, Sminthian Phoebus' holy place,  
And hallowed Cilla. Far away were glimpsed

Λέσβος δ' ἠνεμόεσσ' ἀνεφαίνετο· κάμπτετο δ'  
ἄκρη

ἔσσυμένως Λεκτοῖο, τόθι ῥίον ὕστατον Ἰδης. 415

λαίφεα δὲ πρησθέντα περίαχεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πρῶραις  
ἔβραχεν οἶδμα κελαινόν· ἐπεσκιόωντο δὲ μακρὰ  
κύματα· λευκαίνοντο δ' ὑπὲρ πόντοιο κέλευθοι.

Καί νύ κεν Ἀργεῖοι κίου Ἑλλάδος ἱερὸν οὐδας  
πάντες ἀλὸς κατὰ βένθος ἀκηδέες, εἰ μὴ ἄρα σφι 420

κούρη ἐριγδούποιο Διὸς νεμέσησεν Ἀθήνη·  
καὶ ῥ' ὅπότη· Εὐβοίης σχεδὸν ἤλυθον ἠνεμοέσσης,

δὴ τότε μητιώσα βαρὺν καὶ ἀνηλέα πότμον  
ἀμφὶ Λοκρῶν βασιλῆι καὶ ἄσχετον ἀσχαλώσα  
Ζηνὶ θεῶν μεδέοντι παρισταμένη φάτο μῦθον 425

ἀθανάτων ἀπάνευθε· χόλον δέ οἱ οὐ χάδε θυμός·  
“Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτὰ θεοῖς ἐπιμηχανόωνται  
ἀνέρες, οὐκ ἀλέγοντες ἀνὰ φρένας οὔτε σεῦ αὐτοῦ  
οὔτ' ἄλλων μακάρων, ἐπεὶ ἦ τίσις οὐκέτ' ὀπηδεῖ  
ἀνδράσι λευγαλέοισι, κακοῦ δ' ἄρα πολλάκις  
ἔσθλός 430

συμφέρειτ' ἄλγεσι μᾶλλον, ἔχει δ' ἄλληκτον οἷζύν·  
τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' οὔτε δίκην τις ἔθ' ἄζεται, οὐδέ τις  
αἰδὼς

ἔστι παρ' ἀνθρώποισιν· ἔγωγε μὲν οὔτ' ἐν  
Ὀλύμπῳ

ἔσσομαι, οὔτ' ἔτι σεῖο κεκλήσομαι, εἰ μὴ Ἀχαιῶν  
τίσομ' ἀτασθαλίην, ἐπεὶ ἦ νύ μοι ἔνδοθι νηοῦ 435

υἱὸς Ὀϊλῆος μέγ' ἐνήλιτεν, οὐδ' ἐλέαιρε  
Κασσάνδρην ὀρέγουσαν ἀκηδέας εἰς ἐμὲ χεῖρας  
πολλάκις, οὐδ' ὃ γ' ἔδεισεν ἐμὸν μένος, οὐδέ τι  
θυμῶ

ἠδέσατ' ἀθανάτην, ἀλλ' ἄσχετον ἔργον ἔρεξε.  
τῷ νύ μοι ἀμβροσίησι περὶ φρεσὶ μή τι μεγέρης 440  
ῥέξαι, ὅπως μοι θυμὸς ἐέλδεται, ὅφρα καὶ ἄλλοι  
αἰζηοὶ τρομέωσι θεῶν ἀρίδηλον ὁμοκλήν.”



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

The windy heights of Lesbos. Rounded now  
Was Lecton's foreland, where is the last peak  
Of Ida. In the sails loud hummed the wind,  
Crashed round the prows the dark surge : the long  
waves

Showed shadowy hollows, far the white wake gleamed.

Now had the Argives all to the hallowed soil  
Of Hellas won, by perils of the deep  
Unscathed, but for Athena Daughter of Zeus  
The Thunderer, and her indignation's wrath.  
When nigh Euboea's windy heights they drew,  
She rose, in anger unappeasable  
Against the Locrian king, devising doom  
Crushing and pitiless, and drew nigh to Zeus  
Lord of the Gods, and spake to him apart  
In wrath that in her breast would not be pent :  
“ Zeus, Father, unendurable of Gods

Is men's presumption ! They reckon not of thee,  
Of none of the Blessed reckon they, forasmuch  
As vengeance followeth after sin no more ;  
And oftentimes more afflicted are good men  
Than evil, and their misery hath no end.  
Therefore no man regardeth justice : shame  
Lives not with men ! And I, I will not dwell  
Hereafter in Olympus, not be named  
Thy daughter, if I may not be avenged  
On the Achaeans' reckless sin ! Behold,  
Within my very temple Oileus' son  
Hath wrought iniquity, hath pitied not  
Cassandra stretching unregarded hands  
Once and again to me ; nor did he dread  
My might, nor revered in his wicked heart  
The Immortal, but a deed intolerable  
He did. Therefore let not thy spirit divine  
Begrudge mine heart's desire, that so all men  
May quake before the manifest wrath of Gods.

Ὡς φασμένην προσέειπε πατὴρ ἀγανοῖς ἐπέ-  
εσσιν·

“ὦ τέκος, οὔτι ἔγωγ’ ἀνθίσταμαι εἵνεκ’ Ἀχαιῶν,  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔντεα πάντα, τὰ μοι πάρος ἦρα φέ-  
ροντες

445

χερσὶν ὑπ’ ἀκαμάτῃσιν ἐτεκτῆναντο Κύκλωπες  
δώσω ἐέλδομένη· σὺ δὲ σῶ κρατερόφρονι θυμῷ  
αὐτὴ χεῖμ’ ἀλεγεινὸν ἐπ’ Ἀργείοισιν ὄρινον.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν στεροπὴν τε θοὴν ὀλοὸν τε κεραυνὸν  
καὶ βροντὴν στονόεσσαν ἀταρβέος ἀγχόθι κούρης  
θήκατο· τῆς δ’ ἄρα θυμὸς ὑπὸ κραδίῃ μέγ’ ἰάνθη.  
αὐτίκα δ’ αἰγίδα θοῦριν ἐδύσατο παμφανώσαν,  
ἄρρηκτον βριαρὴν τε καὶ ἀθανάτοισιν ἀγῆτην·  
ἐν γάρ οἱ πεπόνητο κάρη βλοσυροῖο Μεδούσης  
σμερδαλέον· κρατεροὶ δὲ καὶ ἀκαμάτου πυρὸς  
ὄρμην

455

λάβρον ἀποπνεύοντες ἔσαν καθύπερθε δράκοντες·  
ἔβραχε δ’ αἰγὶς ἅπαντα περὶ στήθεσιν ἀνάσσης,  
οἶον ὅτε στεροπῇσιν ἐπιβρέμει ἄσπετος αἰθήρ.  
λάξετο δ’ ἔντεα πατρός, ἅπερ θεὸς οὔτις αἰεῖρει  
νόσφι Διὸς μέγαλοιο· τίναξε δὲ μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον·  
σὺν δ’ ἔχεεν νεφέλας τε καὶ ἡέρα πᾶσαν ὑπερθε·  
νύξ δ’ ἐχύθη περὶ γαῖαν, ἐπήχλυσεν δὲ θάλασσα·  
Ζεὺς δὲ μέγ’ εἰσορόων ἐπετέρπετο· κίνυντο δ’ εὐρύς  
οὐρανὸς ἀμφὶ πόδεσσι θεῆς· περὶ δ’ ἔβραχεν αἰθήρ,  
ὥς Διὸς ἀκαμάτοιο ποτὶ κλόνον ἐμμεμαῶτος.

465

ἢ δ’ ἄφαρ ἡρώεντος ὑπὲρ πόντοιο φέρεσθαι  
οὐρανόθεν προέηκεν ἐς Αἴολον ἄμβροτον Ἴριν,  
ὄφρ’ ἀνέμους ἅμα πάντας ἐπιβρίσαντας ἰάλλη  
ἐλθέμεναι κραναοῖο Καφηρέος ἐγγύθεν ἄκρων<sup>1</sup>  
νωλεμέως χριμφθέντας, ἀνοιδῆναί τε θάλασσαν,  
λευγαλέης ῥιπῇσι μεμνηότας· ἢ δ’ αἶψα  
ἔσσυμένως οἶμησε περιγναμφθεῖσα νέφεσσι·

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<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἐνθεν Ἀχαιῶν of MSS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Answered the Sire with heart-assuaging words :  
"Child, not for the Argives' sake withstand I  
thee ;

But all mine armoury which the Cyclops' might  
To win my favour wrought with tireless hands,  
To thy desire I give. O strong heart, hurl  
A ruining storm thyself on the Argive fleet."

Then down before the aweless Maid he cast  
Swift lightning, thunder, and deadly thunderbolt ;  
And her heart leapt, and gladdened was her soul.  
She donned the stormy Aegis flashing far,  
Adamantine, massy, a marvel to the Gods,  
Whereon was wrought Medusa's ghastly head,  
Fearful : strong serpents breathing forth the blast  
Of ravening fire were on the face thereof.  
Crashed on the Queen's breast all the Aegis-links,  
As after lightning crashes the firmament.  
Then grasped she her father's weapons, which  
no God

Save Zeus can lift, and wide Olympus shook.  
Then swept she clouds and mist together on high ;  
Night over earth was poured, haze o'er the sea.  
Zeus watched, and was right glad as broad heaven's  
floor

Rocked 'neath the Goddess's feet, and crashed the  
sky,

As though invincible Zeus rushed forth to war.  
Then sped she Iris unto Aeolus,  
From heaven far-flying over misty seas,  
To bid him send forth all his buffeting winds  
O'er iron-bound Caphereus' cliffs to sweep  
Ceaselessly, and with ruin of madding blasts  
To upheave the sea. And Iris heard, and swift  
She darted, through cloud-billows plunging down--

φαίης κεν πῦρ ἔμμεν ἅμ' ἡέρι καὶ μέλαν ὕδωρ.  
 ἔκετο δ' Αἰολίην, ἀνέμων ὅθι λάβρον ἀέντων  
 ἄντρα πέλει στυφελῆσιν ἀρηράμεν' ἀμφὶ πέτρῃσι 475  
 κοῖλα καὶ ἡχέεντα· δόμοι δ' ἄγχιστα πέλονται  
 Αἰόλου Ἰπποτάδαο. κίχεν δέ μιν ἔνδον ἑόντα  
 σύν τ' ἀλόχῳ καὶ παισὶ δυνώδεκα· καὶ οἱ ἔειπεν,  
 ὀππὸς' Ἀθηναίῃ Δαναῶν ἐπεμήδετο νόστω.  
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' οὐκ ἀπίθησε, μολῶν δ' ἔκτοσθε μελά-  
 θρων

480

χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτησιν ὄρος μέγα τύψε τριαίνῃ,  
 ἔνθ' ἄνεμοι κελαδεῖνὰ δυσηχέες ἠυλίζοντο  
 ἐν κενεῷ κευθμῶνι· περίαχε δ' αἰὲν ἰωῇ  
 βρυχομένη ἀλεγεινά· βίῃ δ' ἔρρηξε κολώνῃν.  
 οἱ δ' ἄφαρ ἐξεχέοντο· κέλευσε δὲ πάντας ἐρεμνῇν 485  
 λαίλαπα συμφορέοντας ἀήμεναι, ὄφρ' ἀλεγεινὸν  
 ὀρνυμένης ἀλὸς οἶδμα Καφηρέος ἄκρα καλύψῃ.  
 οἱ δὲ θοῶς ὤρνυντο πάρος βασιλῆος ἀκοῦσαι  
 πᾶν ἔπος· ἐσσυμένοισι δ' ἐπεστενάχιζε θάλασσα  
 ἄσχετον· ἡλιβάτοισι δ' εἰκότα κύματ' ὄρεσσιν 490  
 ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα φέροντο· κατεκλάσθη δ' ἄρ'

Ἀχαιῶν

θυμὸς ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν, ἐπεὶ νέας ἄλλοτε μὲν που  
 ὑψηλὸν φέρε κύμα δι' ἡέρος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε  
 οἶα κατὰ κρημνοῖο κυλινδομένας φορέεσκε  
 βυσσὸν ἐς ἡρόεντα· βίῃ δέ τις ἄσχετος αἰεὶ 495  
 ψάμμου ἀναβλύζεσκε διοιγομένοιο κλύδωνος.  
 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀμηχανίῃ βεβολημένοι οὔτ' ἐπ' ἐρετμῷ  
 χεῖρα βαλεῖν ἐδύναντο τεθηπότες οὔτ' ἄρα λαΐφῃ  
 ἔσθονον ἀμφὶ κέρα λελιημένοι εἰρύσσασθαι  
 ῥηγνύμεν' ἐξ ἀνέμων, οὐδ' ἔμπαλιν ἰθύνασθαι 500  
 ἐς πλόον· ἀργαλαίαι γὰρ ἐπεκλονέοντο θύελλαι·  
 οὐδὲ κυβερνήτησι πέλεν μένος εἰσέτι νηῶν  
 χερσὶν ἐπισταμένῃσι θοῶς οἰήϊα νωμᾶν·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Thou hadst said : " Lo, in the sky dark water and fire ! "

And to Aeolia came she, isle of caves,  
Of echoing dungeons of mad-raging winds  
With rugged ribs of mountain overarched,  
Whereby the mansion stands of Aeolus  
Hippotas' son. Him found she therewithin  
With wife and twelve sons ; and she told to him  
Athena's purpose toward the homeward-bound  
Achaeans. He denied her not, but passed  
Forth of his halls, and in resistless hands  
Upswung his trident, smiting the mountain-side  
Within whose chasm-cell the wild winds dwelt  
Tempestuously shrieking. Ever pealed  
Weird roarings of their voices round its vaults.  
Cleft by his might was the hill-side ; forth they  
poured.

He bade them on their wings bear blackest storm  
To upheave the sea, and shroud Caphereus' heights.  
Swiftly upsprang they, ere their king's command  
Was fully spoken. Mightily moaned the sea  
As they rushed o'er it ; waves like mountain-cliffs  
From all sides were uprolled. The Achaeans' hearts  
Were terror-palsied, as the uptowering surge  
Now swung the ships up high through palling mist,  
Now hurled them rolled as down a precipice  
To dark abysses. Up through yawning deeps  
Some power resistless belched the boiling sand  
From the sea's floor. Tossed in despair, fear-dazed,  
Men could not grasp the oar, nor reef the sail  
About the yard-arm, howsoever fain,  
Ere the winds rent it, could not with the sheets  
Trim the torn canvas, buffeted so were they  
By ruining blasts. The helmsman had no power  
To guide the rudder with his practised hands,  
For those ill winds hurled all confusedly.

πάντα γὰρ ἄλλυδις ἄλλα κακαὶ διέχενον ἄελλαι.  
οὐδέ τις ἑλπωρὴ βιότου πέλεν, οὔνεκ' ἔρεμνῇ 505  
νύξ ἅμα καὶ μέγα χεῖμα καὶ ἀθανάτων χόλος αἰνὸς  
ᾧρτο· Ποσειδάων γὰρ ἀνηλέα πόντον ὄρινεν  
ἦρα κασιγνήτοιο φέρων ἐρικυδέϊ κούρῃ,  
ἣ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ ὑπερθεν ἀμείλιχα μαιμώσα  
θῦνε μετ' ἀστεροπῆσιν· ἐπέκτυπε δ' οὐρανόθεν  
Ζεὺς 510

κυδαίνων ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔδν τέκος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσαι  
νῆσοί τ' ἠπειροί τε κατεκλύζοντο θαλάσση  
Εὐβοίης οὐ πολλὸν ἀπόπροθεν, ἦχι μάλιστα  
τεῦχεν ἀμειλίκοισιν ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγεα δαίμων  
Ἀργείοις. στοναχὴ δὲ καὶ οἰμωγὴ κατὰ νῆας 515  
ἔπλετ' ἀπολλυμένων· κανάχιζε δὲ δούρατα νηῶν  
ἀγνυμένων· αἱ γάρ ῥα συνωχαδὸν ἀλλήλησιν  
αἰὲν ἐπερρήγνυντο· πόνος δ' ἄπρηκτος ὀρώρει·  
καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν κώπησιν ἀπώσέμεναι μεμαῶτες  
νῆας ἐπεσσυμένας αὐτοῖς ἅμα δούρασι λυγροὶ 520  
κάππεσον ἐς μέγα βένθος, ἀμειλίκτῳ δ' ὑπὸ  
πότμῳ  
κάτθανον, οὔνεκ' ἄρα σφιν ἐπέχραον ἄλλοθεν  
ἄλλα

νηῶν δούρατα μακρά· συνηλοῖηντο δὲ πάντων  
σώματα λευγαλέως· οἱ δ' ἐν νήεσσι πεσόντες  
κεῖντο καταφθιμένοισιν ἐοικότες· οἱ δ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης 525  
νήχοντ' ἀμφιπεσόντες ἐϋξέστοισιν ἐρετμοῖς·  
ἄλλοι δ' αὖ σανίδεσσιν ἐπέπλεον· ἔβραχε δ' ἄλμῃ  
βυσσόθεν, ὥστε θάλασσαν ἰδ' οὐρανὸν ἠδὲ καὶ αἶαν  
φαίνεσθ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμῶς συναρηρότα πάντα.

Ἦ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο βαρύκτυπος Ἀτρυ-  
τώνη 530  
οὔτι καταισχύνεσκε βίην πατρός· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'  
αἰθὴρ



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

No hope of life was left them : blackest night,  
Fury of tempest, wrath of deathless Gods,  
Raged round them. Still Poseidon heaved and  
    swung

The merciless sea, to work the heart's desire  
Of his brother's glorious child ; and she on high  
Stormed with her lightnings, ruthless in her rage.  
Thundered from heaven Zeus, in purpose fixed  
To glorify his daughter. All the isles  
And mainlands round were lashed by leaping seas  
Nigh to Euboea, where the Power divine  
Scourged most with unrelenting stroke on stroke  
The Argives. Groan and shriek of perishing men  
Rang through the ships ; started great beams and  
    snapped

With ominous sound, for ever ship on ship  
With shivering timbers crashed. With hopeless toil  
Men strained with oars to thrust back hulls that  
    reeled

Down on their own, but with the shattered planks  
Were hurled into the abyss, to perish there  
By pitiless doom ; for beams of foundering ships  
From this, from that side battered out their lives,  
And crushed were all their bodies wretchedly.  
Some in the ships fell down, and like dead men  
Lay there ; some, in the grip of destiny,  
Clinging to oars smooth-shaven, tried to swim ;  
Some upon planks were tossing. Roared the surge  
From fathomless depths : it seemed as though sea,  
    sky,  
And land were blended all confusedly.

Still from Olympus thundering Atrytone  
Wielded her Father's power unshamed, and still

ἴαχεν. ἥ δ' Αἴαντι χόλον καὶ πῆμα φέρουσα  
 ἔμβαλε νηὶ κεραυνόν· ἄφαρ δέ μιν ἄλλυδὶς ἄλλη  
 ἔσκέδασεν διὰ τυτθά· περίαχε δ' αἶα καὶ αἰθήρ·  
 ἐκλύσθη δ' ἄρα πᾶσα περίδρομος Ἀμφιτρίτη. 535  
 οἱ δ' ἔκτοσθε νεὸς πέσον ἀθρόοι· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'  
 αὐτοὺς

κύματα μακρὰ φέροντο· περὶ στεροπῇσι δ' ἀ-  
 νάσσης

αἶγλη μαρμαίρεσκε διὰ κνέφας αἰσσουσα·  
 οἱ δ' ἄποτον λάπτουντες ἄλὸς πολυηχέος ἄλμην  
 θυμὸν ἀποπνέοντες ὑπὲρ πόντοιο φέροντο. 540

Ληιάσιν δ' ἄρα χάρμα καὶ ὀλλυμένῃσι τέτυκτο·  
 καὶ ῥ' αἱ μὲν κατέδυσαν ἔσω ἄλὸς ἀμφιβαλοῦσαι  
 χεῖρας ἑοῖς τεκέεσσι δυσάμμοροι· αἱ δ' ἀλεγεινὰ  
 δυσμενέων περὶ κράτα βάλλον χέρας, οἷς ἅμα  
 λυγραὶ

σπεῦδον ἀποφθίσασθαι ἐῆς ἀντάξια λώβης  
 τινύμεναι Δαναούς· ἥ δ' ὑψόθεν εἰσορόωσα  
 τέρπεθ' ἐὼν κατὰ θυμὸν ἀγαυὴ Τριτογένεια. 545

Αἴας δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν περινήχετο δούρατι νηός,  
 ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ χεῖρεσσι διήνυνεν ἄλμυρὰ βένθη  
 ἀκαμάτῳ Τιτῇνι βίην ὑπέροπλον ἐοικώς· 550

σχίζετο δ' ἄλμυρὸν οἶδμα περὶ κρατερῇσι χέρεσσιν  
 ἀνδρὸς ὑπερθύμοιο· θεοὶ δέ μιν εἰσορόωντες  
 ἠνιόρεην καὶ κάρτος ἐθάμβεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν φορέεσκε πελώριον ἥ ὕτ' ἐπ' ἄκρην  
 οὔρεος ὑψηλοῖο δι' ἡέρος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε 555  
 ὑψόθεν οἶα φάραγξιν ἐνέκρυφεν· οὐδ' ὃ γε χεῖρας  
 κάμνε πολυτλήτους· πολλοὶ γε μὲν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα  
 σβεινύμενοι σμαράγιζον ἔσω πόντοιο κεραυνοί·  
 οὔπω γάρ οἱ θυμὸν ἐμήδετο κηρὶ δαμάσσαι

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

The welkin shrieked around. Her ruin of wrath  
Now upon Aias hurled she : on his ship  
Dashed she a thunderbolt, and shivered it  
Wide in a moment into fragments small,  
While earth and air yelled o'er the wreck, and  
whirled

And plunged and fell the whole sea down thereon.  
They in the ship were all together flung  
Forth : all about them swept the giant waves,  
Round them leapt lightnings flaming through the  
dark.

Choked with the strangling surf of hissing brine,  
Gasping out life, they drifted o'er the sea.

But even in death those captive maids rejoiced,  
As some ill-starred ones, clasping to their breasts  
Their babes, sank in the sea ; some flung their arms  
Round Danaans' horror-stricken heads, and dragged  
These down with them, so rendering to their foes  
Requital for foul outrage down to them.  
And from on high the haughty Triton-born  
Looked down on all this, and her heart was glad.

But Aias floated now on a galley's plank,  
Now through the brine with strong hands oared his  
path,

Like some old Titan in his tireless might.  
Cleft was the salt sea-surge by the sinewy hands  
Of that undaunted man : the Gods beheld  
And marvelled at his courage and his strength.  
But now the billows swung him up on high  
Through misty air, as though to a mountain's peak,  
Now whelmed him down, as they would bury him  
In ravening whirlpits : yet his stubborn hands  
Toiled on unwearied. Aye to right and left  
Flashed lightnings down, and quenched them in the  
sea ;

For not yet was the Child of Thunderer Zeus

κούρη ἐριγδούποιο Διὸς μάλα περ κοτέουσα, 560  
πρὶν τλήναι κακὰ πολλὰ καὶ ἄλγεσι πάγχυ  
μογήσαι.

τοῦνεκά μιν κατὰ βένθος ἐδάμνατο δηρὸν οἷζυς  
πάντοθε τειρόμενον· περὶ γὰρ κακὰ μυρία Κῆρες  
ἄνδρὶ περιστήσαντο· μένος δ' ἐνέπνευσεν ἀνάγκη·  
φῆ δέ, καὶ εἰ μάλα πάντες Ὀλύμπιοι εἰς ἓν  
ἴκωνται 565

χωόμενοι καὶ πᾶσαν ἀναστήσωσι θάλασσαν  
ἐκφυγέειν· ἀλλ' οὔτι θεῶν ὑπάλυξεν ὁμοκλήν·  
δὴ γάρ οἱ νεμέσῃσεν ὑπέρβιος Ἐννοσίγαιος,  
εὖτέ μιν εἰσενόησεν ἐφαπτόμενον χερὶ πέτρης  
Γυραίης, καὶ οἱ μέγ' ἐχώσατο· σὺν δ' ἐτίναξε 570

πόντον ὁμῶς καὶ γαῖαν ἀπείριτον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη  
κρημνοὶ ὑπεκλονέοντο Καφηρέος· αἱ δ' ἀλεγεινὸν  
θεινόμεναι ῥηγμῖνες ἐπέβραχον οἶδματι λάβρῳ  
χωομένοιο ἄνακτος· ἀπέσχισε δ' εἰς ἄλα πέτρον  
εὐρέα, τοῦ περ ἐκείνος ἐῆς ἐπεμαίετο χερσί. 575

καὶ ῥά οἱ ἀμφὶ πάγοισιν ἐλισσομένου μάλα δηρὸν  
χεῖρες ἀπεδρύφθησαν, ὑπέδραμε δ' αἶμ' ὀνύχεσσι·  
μορμῦρον δέ οἱ αἰὲν ὀρινομένου περὶ κῦμα  
ἀφρὸς ἄδην λεύκαινε κάρη λάσιόν τε γένειον·  
καὶ νύ κεν ἐξήλυξε κακὸν μόρον, εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αὐτῷ 580

\* \* \* \* \*

ρήξας γαῖαν ἔνερθεν ἐπιπροέηκε κολώνην·  
εὖτε πάρος μέγαλοιο κατ' Ἐγκελάδοιο δαΐφρων  
Παλλὰς ἀειραμένη Σικελὴν ἐπικάββαλε νῆσον,  
ἣ ῥ' ἔτι καίεται αἰὲν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτοιο Γίγαντος  
αἰθαλόεν πνεύοντος ἔσω χθονός· ὥς ἄρα Λοκρῶν 585  
ἀμφεκάλυψεν ἄνακτα δυσάμμορον οὖρεος ἄκρη  
ὑψόθεν ἐξεριποῦσα, βάρυνε δὲ καρτερόν ἄνδρα·

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Purposed to smite him dead, despite her wrath,  
Ere he had drained the cup of travail and pain  
Down to the dregs ; so in the deep long time  
Affliction wore him down, tormented sore  
On every side. Grim Fates stood round the man  
Unnumbered ; yet despair still kindled strength.  
He cried : " Though all the Olympians banded  
come

In wrath, and rouse against me all the sea,  
I will escape them ! " But no whit did he  
Elude the Gods' wrath ; for the Shaker of Earth  
In fierceness of his indignation marked  
Where his hands clung to the Gyraean Rock,  
And in stern anger with an earthquake shook  
Both sea and land. Around on all sides crashed  
Caphereus' cliffs : beneath the Sea-king's wrath  
The surf-tormented beaches shrieked and roared.  
The broad crag rifted reeled into the sea,  
The rock whereto his desperate hands had clung ;  
Yet did he writhe up round its jutting spurs,  
While flayed his hands were, and from 'neath his  
nails

The blood ran. Wrestling with him roared the  
waves,  
And the foam whitened all his hair and beard.

Yet had he 'scaped perchance his evil doom,  
Had not Poseidon, wroth with his hardihood,  
Cleaving the earth, hurled down the chasm the rock,  
As in the old time Pallas heaved on high  
Sicily, and on huge Enceladus  
Dashed down the isle, which burns with the burning  
yet

Of that immortal giant, as he breathes  
Fire underground ; so did the mountain-crag,  
Hurled from on high, bury the Locrian king,  
Pinning the strong man down, a wretch crushed flat.

ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θανάτοιο μέλας ἐκίχήσατ' ὄλεθρος  
γαίῃ ὁμῶς δμηθέντα καὶ ἀτρυγέτῳ ἐνὶ πόντῳ.

Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι Ἀχαιοὶ ὑπὲρ μέγα λαῖτμα  
φέρουντο, 590

οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν νήεσσι τεθηπότες, οἱ δὲ πεσόντες  
ἔκτοσθεν νηῶν· ὅλοή δ' ἔχε πάντα δῖζύς·

αἱ μὲν γὰρ φορέοντ' ἐπικάρσαι εἰν ἀλὶ νῆες,  
ἄλλαι δ' ἀνστρέψασαι ἄνω τρόπιν· ὧν δέ που  
ἱστοὶ

ἐκ δοράτων<sup>1</sup> ἐάγησαν ἐπισπέρχοντος ἀήτεω· 595

τῶν δὲ διὰ ξύλα πάντα θοαὶ σκεδάσαντο θύελλαι·

αἱ δὲ καὶ ἐς μέγα βένθος ὑποβρύχιαὶ κατέδυσαν  
ὄμβρου ἐπιβρίσαντος ἀπείρονος, οὐδ' ὑπέμειναν  
λάβρον ὁμῶς ἀνέμοισι θαλάσσης καὶ Διὸς ὕδωρ  
μισγόμενον· ποταμῷ γὰρ ἀλίγκιος ἔρρεεν αἰθὴρ 600

συνεχές· ἥ δ' ὑπένερθεν ἐμαίνετο διὰ θάλασσα·  
καὶ τις ἔφη· “τάχα τοῖον ἐπέχραεν ἀνδράσι  
χεῖμα,

ὅπποτε Δευκαλίωνος ἀθέσφατος ὑετὸς ἦλθε,  
ποντώθη δ' ἄρα γαῖα, βυθὸς δ' ἐπεχεύατο πάντα.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Δαναῶν τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ χεῖμα τε-  
θηπὼς 605

λευγαλέον· πολλοὶ δὲ κατέφθιθεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶν  
πλήθεθ' ἄλὸς μέγα χεῦμα, περιστρίνοντο δὲ πᾶσαι  
ἡόνες· πολέας γὰρ ἀπέπτυσσε κῦμ' ἐπὶ χέρσον·

ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆια δοῦρα βαρύβρομον Ἀμφιτρίτην  
πᾶσαν ἄδην ἐκάλυψε· μέσον δ' ἀνεφαίνετο κῦμα. 610  
ἄλλοι δ' ἄλλην κῆρα κακὴν λάχον· οἱ μὲν ἀν'  
εὐρὺν

πόντον ὀρινομένης ἄλὸς ἄσχετον, οἱ δ' ἐνὶ πέτρῃς  
ἄξαντες περὶ νῆας δῖζυρῶς ἀπόλουντο

Ναυπλίου ἐννεσίησιν· ὁ γὰρ κοτέων μάλα παιδὸς

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for κερμάτων of v.



## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

And so on him death's black destruction came  
Whom land and sea alike were leagued to slay.

Still over the great deep were swept the rest  
Of those Achaeans, crouching terror-dazed  
Down in the ships, save those that mid the waves  
Had fallen. Misery encompassed all;  
For some with heavily-plunging prows drave on,  
With keels upturned some drifted. Here were  
masts

Snapped from the hull by rushing gusts, and there  
Were tempest-rifted wrecks of scattered beams;  
And some had sunk, whelmed in the mighty deep,  
Swamped by the torrent downpour from the clouds:  
For these endured not madness of wind-tossed sea  
Leagued with heaven's waterspout; for streamed  
the sky

Ceaselessly like a river, while the deep  
Raved round them. And one cried: "Such floods  
on men

Fell only when Deucalion's deluge came,  
When earth was drowned, and all was fathomless  
sea!"

So cried a Danaan, seeing soul-appalled  
That wild storm. Thousands perished; corpses  
thronged

The great sea-highways: all the beaches were  
Too strait for them: the surf belched multitudes  
Forth on the land. The heavy-booming sea  
With weltering beams of ships was wholly paved,  
And here and there the grey waves gleamed  
between.

So found they each his several evil fate,  
Some whelmed beneath broad-rushing billows, some  
Wretchedly perishing with their shattered ships  
By Nauplius' devising on the rocks.  
Wroth for that son whom they had done to death,

χείματος ὀρρυμένοιο καὶ ὀλλυμένων Ἀργείων 615  
καίπερ ἀκηχέμενος μέγ' ἐγήθεεν, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
δῶκε τίσιν θεὸς αἶψα καὶ ἔδρακεν ἐχθρὸν ὁμίλον  
τειρόμενον κατὰ βένθος, ἐῷ δ' ἄρα πολλὰ τοκῇ  
εὖχεθ' ὁμῶς νήεσσιν ὑπόβρυχα πάντας ὀλέσθαι.  
τοῦ δὲ Ποσειδάων μάλ' ἐπέκλυεν, ἄγχι δὲ  
πάντας<sup>1</sup> 620

ἄμ<sup>2</sup> μέλαν οἶδμα φέρεσκεν· ὁ δ' οὐρεὺς ὥς<sup>3</sup> χερὶ  
πεύκην  
αἰθομένην ἀνάειρε· δόλῳ δ' ἐπέλασσε· Ἀχαιοὺς  
ἐλπομένους εὖορμον ἔδος λιμένων ἀφικέσθαι·  
αἰνῶς γὰρ πέτρῃσι περὶ στυφελῇσι δάμησαν  
αὐτῆς σὺν νήεσσι· κακῷ δ' ἐπὶ κύντερον ἄλγος 625  
τλήσαν ἀνιηρῇσι προσαγνύμενοι περὶ πέτρης  
νυκτὶ θοῇ· παῦροι δὲ φύγον μόρον, οὓς τ' ἐσάωσε  
ἢ θεὸς ἢ δαίμων τις ἐπίρροθος· αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη  
ἄλλοτε μὲν θυμῷ μέγ' ἐγήθεεν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε  
ἄχυντ' Ὀδυσσῆος πινυτόφρονος, οὔνεκ' ἔμελλε 630  
πάσχειν ἄλγεα πολλὰ Ποσειδάωνος ὁμοκλή,  
ὅς ῥα τότε ἀκαμάτῃσι περὶ φρεσὶ πάγχυ μεγαίρων  
τείχεσι καὶ πύργοισιν εὖσθενέων Ἀργείων,  
οὓς ἔκαμον Τρώων στυγερῆς ἔμεν ἄλκαρ αὐτῆς,  
ἔσσυμένως μάλα πᾶσαν ἀνεπλήμμυρε θάλασσαν, 635  
ὅσση ἀπ' Εὐξείνιοι κατέρχεται Ἑλλήσποντον,  
καί μιν ἐπ' ἡϊόνας Τροίης βάλεν· ὕε δ' ὕπερθε  
Ζεὺς ἐπίηρα φέρων ἐρικυδέϊ Ἐννοσιγαίῳ·  
οὐ μὲν οὐδ' Ἐκάεργος ἄτερ καμάτοιο τέτυκτο,  
ἀλλ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων μάλα πάντα ῥέεθρα 640  
εἰς ἓνα χῶρον ἄγεσκε, κατέκλυσε δ' ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν·  
ἐκλύσθη δὲ θάλασσα καὶ εἰσέτ' ἴσαν<sup>4</sup> κελάδοντες

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann's reading.

<sup>2</sup> Zimmermann, for ἄψ of v.

<sup>3</sup> Zimmermann, for ἀψάμενος of Koechly.

<sup>4</sup> Zimmermann, καὶ τόσση δ. θ. κ. εἰσέτι of MSS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

He, when the storm rose and the Argives died,  
Rejoiced amid his sorrow, seeing a God  
Gave to his hands revenge, which now he wreaked  
Upon the host he hated, as o'er the deep  
They tossed sore-harassed. To his sea-god sire  
He prayed that all might perish, ships and men  
Whelmed in the deep. Poseidon heard his prayer,  
And on the dark surge swept them nigh his land.  
He, like a harbour-warder, lifted high  
A blazing torch, and so by guile he trapped  
The Achæan men, who deemed that they had won  
A sheltering haven : but sharp reefs and crags  
Gave awful welcome unto ships and men,  
Who, dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks  
In the black night, crowned ill with direr ill.  
Some few escaped, by a God or Power unseen  
Plucked from death's hand. Athena now rejoiced  
Her heart within, and now was racked with fears  
For prudent-souled Odysseus ; for his weird  
Was through Poseidon's wrath to suffer woes  
Full many.

But Earth-shaker's jealousy now  
Burned against those long walls and towers upplied  
By the strong Argives for a fence against  
The Trojans' battle-onset. Swiftly then  
He swelled to overbrimming all the sea  
That rolls from Euxine down to Hellespont,  
And hurled it on the shore of Troy : and Zeus,  
For a grace unto the glorious Shaker of Earth,  
Poured rain from heaven : withal Far-darter bare  
In that great work his part ; from Ida's heights  
Into one channel led he all her streams,  
And flooded the Achæans' work. The sea  
Dashed o'er it, and the roaring torrents still

χείμαρροι ἀλεγεινὸν ἀεζόμενοι Διὸς ὄμβρῳ,  
 τοὺς μέλαν οἶδμ' ἀνέεργε πολυστόνου Ἀμφιτρίτης  
 πόντον ἐπελθέμεναι, πρὶν τείχεα πάντ' ἀμαθῦναι 645  
 ἀργαλέως Δαναῶν· αὐτὸς δ' ἄρα γαῖαν ἔνερθε  
 ῥῆξε Ποσειδάων, ἀνὰ δ' ἔβλυσεν ἄσπετον ὕδωρ  
 ἰλὺν τε ψάμαθόν τε· βίῃ δ' ἐλέλιξε κραταιῇ  
 Σίγῃ· ἡιόνες δὲ μέγ' ἔβραχον ἠδὲ θέμεθλα  
 Δαρδανίης,<sup>1</sup> καὶ ἄϊστον ὑποβρύχιόν τ' ἐκαλύφθη 650  
 ἔρκος ἀπειρέσιον, κατεδύσατο δ' ἔνδοθι γαίης  
 μακρὰ δισταμένης· ψάμαθος δ' ἔτι φαίνεται μούνης  
 χασσαμένου πόντου, καὶ ἀπ' ἀκτάων<sup>2</sup> ἐριδούπων  
 νόσφιν ἀπ' αἰγιαλοῖο κατεκτάθη. ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν

που

ἀθανάτων ἐτέλεσσε κακὸς νόος· οἱ δ' ἐνὶ νηυσὶν 655  
 Ἀργεῖοι πλώεσκον, ὅσους διὰ χεῖμα κέδασσεν·  
 ἄλλη δ' ἄλλος ἵκανε, ὅπῃ θεὸς ἤγεν ἕκαστον,  
 ὅσσοι ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λυγρὰς ὑπάλυξαν ἀέλλας.

<sup>1</sup> Zimmermann, for ἐκ δὲ θέμεθλα Δαρδανίη of v.

<sup>2</sup> Zimmermann, for πόντοιο καὶ ἐκ δαναῶν of MSS.

## THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Rushed on it, swollen by the rains of Zeus ;  
And the dark surge of the wide-moaning sea  
Still hurled them back from mingling with the deep,  
Till all the Danaan walls were blotted out  
Beneath their desolating flood. Then earth  
Was by Poseidon chasm-cleft : up rushed  
Deluge of water, slime and sand, while quaked  
Sigeum with the mighty shock, and roared  
The beach and the foundations of the land  
Dardanian. So vanished, whelmed from sight,  
That mighty rampart. Earth asunder yawned,  
And all sank down, and only sand was seen,  
When back the sea rolled, o'er the beach outspread  
Far down the heavy-booming shore. All this  
The Immortals' anger wrought. But in their ships  
The Argives storm-dispersed went sailing on.  
So came they home, as heaven guided each,  
Even all that 'scaped the fell sea-tempest blasts.





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